



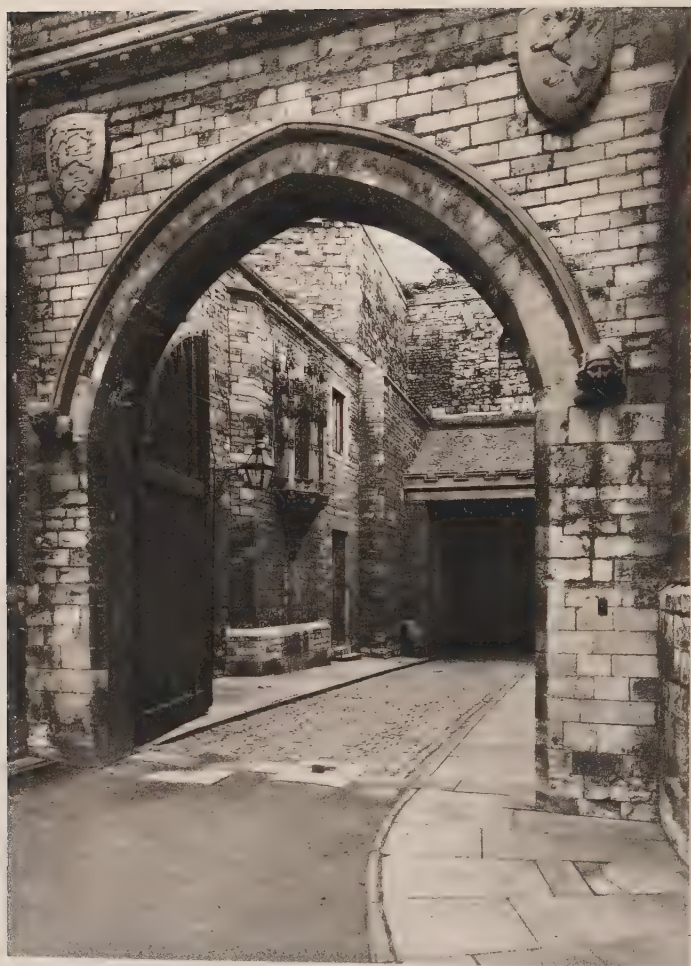






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ENGLAND

PICTURESQUE AND DESCRIPTIVE

REMINISCENCES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL

BY

JOEL COOK

ILLUSTRATED

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

PHILADELPHIA

HENRY T. COATES & CO.

1900

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HARROGATE.

FROM the ancient city of York we resume our pleasant journey to the attractive regions beyond.

Passing near Marston Moor, the scene of Cromwell's victory over the royal army in 1644, we mount the high elevation of the Yorkshire moors, to the noted Spa of Harrogate. This is the most aristocratic of the great English spas, ranking with Bath and Buxton, its wells including the chief sulphur springs of England and also chalybeate springs much similar to those of Homburg and Kissingen. These waters have been used for three centuries, and so profitable is the aristocratic custom of this noted spa, that a most sumptuous establishment known as the "New Baths" was built and opened in 1897, at a cost of nearly \$500,000.

CASTLE HOWARD.

Proceeding north-east along the pretty valley of the Derwent, and not far from the borders of the stream, we come to the magnificent seat of the Earls of Carlisle—Castle Howard. More than a century ago Walpole wrote of it: "Lord Strafford had told me that I should see one of the finest places in Yorkshire, but nobody had informed me that I should at one view see a palace, a town, a fortified city; temples on high places; woods worthy of being each a metropolis of the Druids; vales connected to hills by other woods; the noblest lawn in the world, fenced by half the horizon; and a mausoleum that would tempt one to be buried alive. In short, I have seen gigantic places before, but never a sublimer one." Castle

Howard was the work of Vanbrugh, the designer of Blenheim, and in plan is somewhat similar, but much more sober and simple, with a central cupola that gives it dignity. It avoids many of the faults of Blenheim: its wings are more subdued, so that the central colonnade stands out to greater advantage, and there are few more imposing country-houses in England than this palace of the Howards. This family are scions of the ducal house of Norfolk, so that "all the blood of all the Howards," esteemed the bluest blood in the kingdom, runs in their veins. The Earls of Carlisle are descended from "Belted Will"—Lord William Howard, the lord warden of the Marches in the days of the first Stuart—whose stronghold was at Naworth Castle, twelve miles north-east of Carlisle. His grandson took an active part in the restoration of Charles II., and in recompense was created in 1661 the first Earl of Carlisle. His bones lie in York Minster. His grandson, the third earl, who was deputy earl-marshal at the coronation of Queen Anne, built Castle Howard. The seventh earl, George William Frederick, was for eight years viceroy in Ireland, resigning in 1864 on account of ill-health; and it is said that he was one of the few English rulers who really won the affections of the people of that country. He died soon afterwards. George James Howard is the present Earl of Carlisle.

Leaving the railway-station in the well-wooded

valley of the Derwent, and mounting the hills to the westward, a little village is reached on the confines of the park. Beyond the village the road to the park-gates passes through meadow-land, and is bordered by beautiful beech trees arranged in clusters of about a dozen trees in each, producing an unusual but most happy effect. The gateway is entered, a plain building in a castellated wall—this being Walpole's "fortified city"—and, proceeding up a slope, the fine avenue of beeches crosses another avenue of lime trees. Here is placed an obelisk erected in honor of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, which also bears an inscription telling of the erection of Castle Howard. It recites that the house was built on the site of the old castle of Hinderskelf, and was begun in 1702 by Charles, the third Earl of Carlisle, who set up this inscription in 1731. The happy earl, pleased with the grand palace and park he had created, thus addresses posterity on the obelisk:

"If to perfection these plantations rise,
 If they agreeably my heirs surprise,
 This faithful pillar will their age declare
 As long as time these characters shall spare.
 Here, then, with kind remembrance read his name
 Who for posterity performed the same."

The avenue then leads on past the north front of the castle, standing in a fine situation upon a ridge between two shallow valleys. The bed of the north-

ern valley has been converted into a lake, while on the southern slopes are beautiful and extensive lawns and gardens. The house forms three sides of a hollow square, and within, it is very interesting in pictures, sculpture, bronzes, tapestry old glass and china, and ornaments. It is cut up, however, into small rooms and long, chilly corridors, which somewhat detract from its good effect. The entrance-hall is beneath the central dome and occupies the whole height of the structure, but it is only about thirty-five feet square, giving a sense of smallness. Frescoes decorate the walls and ceilings. The public apartments, which are in several suites opening into each other and flanked by long corridors, are like a museum, so full are they of rare works of art, china, glass, and paintings. Much of the collection originally came from the Orleans Gallery. There are also many portraits in black and red chalk by Janet, a French artist who flourished in the sixteenth century. Some of the paintings are of great value, and are by Rubens, Velazquez, Caracci, Canaletto, Tintoretto, Titian, Hogarth, Bellini, Mabuse, Holbein, Lely, Van Dyck, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and others. The castle Howard collection is exceptionally valuable in historical portraits. The windows of the drawing-room look out upon extensive flower-gardens, laid out in rather formal style with antique vases and statues. Beyond these gardens is seen a circular temple placed

upon a knoll, the "mausoleum" which so moved Walpole. Here the former owners of the castle are buried, a constant *memento mori* to the occupants of the house, though the taste certainly seems peculiar that has made the family tomb the most prominent object in the view from the drawing-room windows.

Not far from Castle Howard are the ivy-clad ruins of Kirkham Priory. A charming fragment of this noble church remains in a grassy valley on the margin of the Derwent. Here, nearly eight hundred years ago, the Augustinians established the priory, the founder being Sir Walter P'Essec, one of the leaders of the English who drove back King David's Scottish invasion in 1138, at the battle of the Standard, near Durham. Sir Walter had an only son, who was one day riding near the site of Kirkham when a wild boar suddenly rushed across his path. The horse plunged and threw his rider, who, striking head-foremost against a projecting stone, was killed. Sir Walter, being childless, determined to devote his wealth to the service of God, and founded three religious houses—one in Bedfordshire, another at Rievaulx, where he sought refuge from his sorrows, and the third at the place of his son's death at Kirkham. Legend says that the youth was caught by his foot in the stirrup when thrown, and was dragged by his runaway horse to the spot where the high altar was afterwards located.

Sir Walter's sister married into the family of De Ros, among the ancestors of the Dukes of Rutland, and they were patrons of Kirkham until the dissolution of the monasteries. Little remains of it: the gate-house still stands, and in front is the base of a cross said to have been made from the stone against which the boy was thrown. Alongside this store they hold a "bird-fair" every summer, where jackdaws, starlings, and other birds are sold, with a few rabbits thrown in; but the fair now is chiefly an excuse for a holiday. The church was three hundred feet long, with the convent-buildings to the southward, but only scant ruins remain. Beyond the ruins, at the edge of the greensward, the little river glides along under a gray stone bridge. At Howsham, in the neighborhood, Hudson the railway king was born, and at Foston-le-Clay Sydney Smith lived, having for his friends the Earl and Countess of Carlisle of that day, who made their first call upon him in a gold coach on a muddy day and got stuck fast in the clay. Here the witty vicar resided, having been presented to a living, and built himself a house, which he described as "the ugliest in the county," but admitted by all critics to be "one of the most comfortable," though located "twelve miles from a lemon." His living at Foston-le-Clay was worth twenty-five hundred dollars a year, but the place was too forlorn for him, and he subsequently removed to Somersetshire.

SCARBOROUGH AND WHITBY.

The coast of Yorkshire affords the boldest and grandest scenery on the eastern shore of England. A great protruding backbone of chalk rocks projects far into the North Sea at Flamborough Head, and makes one of the most prominent landmarks on all that rugged, iron-bound coast, some of the cliffs rising perpendicularly four hundred and fifty feet. This is the *Ocellum Promontorium* of Ptolemy, and its lighthouse is three hundred and thirty feet above the sea-level, while far away over the waters the view is superb. From Flamborough Head northward beyond Whitby the coast-line is a succession of abrupt white cliffs and bold headlands, presenting magnificent scenery. About twenty-three miles north of Flamborough is the "Queen of Northern Watering-places," as Scarborough is pleased to be called, where another bold headland three hundred feet high juts into the North Sea for a mile, having on each side semicircular bays, each about a mile and a quarter wide. At the extreme point of the lozenge-shaped promontory stands the ruined castle, dating from the twelfth century, which named the town *Scar-burgh*, with the sea washing the rocky base of its foundations on three sides. Steep cliffs run precipitously down to the narrow beach that fringes these bays around, and on the cliffs is the town of Scarborough, while myriads of

fishing-vessels cluster about the breakwater-piers that have been constructed to make a harbor of refuge. It would be difficult to find a finer situation, and art has improved it to the utmost, especially as mineral springs add the attractions of a spa to the sea air and bathing. The old castle, battered by war and the elements, is a striking ruin, the precipitous rock on which it stands being a natural fortress. The Northmen when they first invaded Britain made its site their stronghold, but the present castle was not built until the reign of King Stephen, when its builder, William le Gros, Earl of Albemarle, was so powerful in this part of Yorkshire that it was said he was "in Stephen's days the more real king." But Henry II. compelled the proud earl to submit to his authority, though "with much searching of heart and choler," and Scarborough afterwards became one of the royal castles, Edward I. in his earlier years keeping court there. It was there that Edward II. was besieged, and his favorite Gaveston starved into surrender and then beheaded on Blacklow Hill in violation of the terms of his capitulation. Scarborough was repeatedly attacked by the Scots, but it subsequently enjoyed an interval of peace until the Reformation. In Wyatt's rebellion his friends secured possession of the castle by stratagem. A number of his men, disguised as peasants, on market-day strolled one by one into the castle, and then at a given signal overpowered

the sentinels and admitted the rest of their band. The castle however, was soon recaptured from the rebels, and Thomas Stafford, the leader in this enterprise, was beheaded. From this event is derived the proverb of a "Scarborough warning"—a word and a blow, but the blow first. In Elizabeth's reign Scarborough was little else but a fishing-village, and became so unfortunate that it appealed to the queen for aid. In the Civil War the castle was held by the Royalists, and was besieged for six months. While the guns could not reduce it, starvation did, and the Parliamentary army took possession. Three years later the governor declared for the king, and the castle again stood a five months' siege, finally surrendering. Since then it has fallen into decay, but it was a prison-house for George Fox the Quaker, who was treated with severity there. A little way down the hill are the ruins of the ancient church of St. Mary, which has been restored.

The cliffs on the bay to the south of Castle Hill have been converted into a beautifully-terraced garden and promenade. Here, amid flowers and summer-houses and terraced walks, is the fashionable resort, the footpaths winding up and down the face of the cliffs or broadening into the gardens, where music is provided and there are nightly illuminations. Inclined-plane railways connect the beach with the hotels on the top of the cliffs, a fine Marine Drive protected by a sea-wall is constructed around the

base of Castle Hill, and a promenade pier one thousand feet long is extended into the North Bay. There are also an aquarium and a museum. Millions of money have been expended in beautifying the front of the cliffs adjoining the Spa, which is on the seashore, and to which Scarborough owed its original fame as a watering-place. The springs were discovered in 1620, and by the middle of the last century had become fashionable, and the present ornamental Spa buildings were erected about sixty years ago, costing some \$400,000. There is a broad esplanade in front. There are two springs, one containing more salt, lime, and magnesia sulphates than the other. In the season, this esplanade—in fact, the entire front of the cliffs—is full of visitors, while before it are rows of little boxes on wheels, the bathing-houses that are drawn into the water. The surf is usually rather gentle, however, though the North Sea can knock things about at a lively rate in a storm.

North of Scarborough the coast extends, a grand escarpment of cliffs and headlands, past Robin Hood's Bay, with its rocky barriers, the North Cheek and the South Cheek, to the little harbor of another watering-place, Whitby. The cliffs here are more precipitous and the situation even more picturesque than at Scarborough. The river Esk has carved a deep glen in the Yorkshire moorland, and in this the town nestles, its red-tiled houses climbing

the steep banks on either side of the river. The ruins of Whitby Abbey are located high up on the side of the ravine opposite to the main part of the town, and they still present a noble if dilapidated pile. The nave fell after a storm in the eighteenth century, and a similar cause threw down the central tower in 1830. The choir and northern transept are still standing, extremely beautiful Early English work; only fragments of other portions of the abbey remain. This was in olden times the Westminster of Northumbria, containing the tombs of Eadwine and of Oswy, with kings and nobles grouped around them. It has been over twelve hundred years since a religious house was founded at Whitby, at first known as the White Homestead, an outgrowth of the abbey, which was established by Oswy, and presided over by the sainted Hilda, who in the twelfth century selected the spot upon the lonely crags by the sea. The fame of Whitby as a place of learning soon spread, and here lived as a monk the cowherd Caedmon, the first English poet. The Danes sacked and burned it, but after the Norman Conquest, under the patronage of the Percys, the abbey grew in wealth and fame. Fragments of the monastery yet remain, and on the hill a little lower down is the parish church of St. Mary, with a long flight of (one hundred and ninety-nine) steps leading up to it from the harbor along which the people go, and when there is a funeral the coffin

has to be slung in order to be safely carried up the steps. Whitby is famous for its jet, which is worked into numerous ornaments: this is a variety of fossil wood capable of being cut and taking a high polish. It is also celebrated for its herrings and for its production of iron-ore, which indeed is a product of all this part of Yorkshire; while at night, along the valley of the Tees, not far north of Whitby, the blaze of the myriads of furnaces lights up the heavens like the fire of Vesuvius in the Bay of Naples. In the olden time Whitby was a noted shipbuilding port, and it saw the start in life of the great English navigator, Captain James Cook. He was the son of a laborer, and was born in Yorkshire in 1728, being apprenticed to a Whitby haberdasher. Cook desired to go to sea, and persuaded his master to release him, and then engaged as cabin-boy in a Whitby coasting-vessel. This began his famous career, and one of his voyages of exploration around the globe was made in a Whitby vessel, of which a model is shown in the museum. Cook's house is still standing in Grape Street.

Among the interesting legends of the ancient Whitby Abbey is that which

"Whitby's nuns exulting told,
How to their house three barons bold
Must menial service do."

It appears that three gentlemen—De Bruce, De Percy, and Allaston—were hunting boars on the

abbey-lands in 1159, and roused a fine one, which their dogs pressed hard and chased to the hermitage, where it ran into the chapel and dropped dead. The hermit closed the door against the hounds, and the hunters, coming up, were enraged to find the dogs balked of their prey, and on the hermit's opening the door they attacked him with their boar-spears and mortally wounded him. It was not long before they found that this was dangerous sport, and they took sanctuary at Scarborough. The Church, however, did not protect those who had insulted it, and they were given up to the abbot of Whitby, who was about to make an example of them, when the dying hermit summoned the abbot and the prisoners to his bedside and granted them their lives and lands. But it was done upon a peculiar tenure: upon Ascension Day at sunrise they were to come to the wood on Eskdale-side, and the abbot's officer was to deliver to each "ten stakes, eleven stout stowers, and eleven yethers, to be cut by you, or some of you, with a knife of one penny price;" these they were to take on their backs to Whitby before nine o'clock in the morning. Then said the hermit, "If it be full sea, your labor and service shall cease; and if low water, each of you shall set your stakes to the brim, each stake one yard from the other, and so yether them on each side with your yethers, and so stake on each side with your stout stowers, that they may stand three tides with-

out removing by the force thereof. You shall faithfully do this in remembrance that you did most cruelly slay me, and that you may the better call to God for mercy, repent unfeignedly of your sins, and do good works. The officer of Eskdale-side shall blow, ‘Out on you, out on you, out on you for this heinous crime!’” Failure of this strange service was to forfeit their lands to the abbot of Whitby.

DURHAM.

We have now come northward into a region of coal and iron, with mines and furnaces in abundance, and tall chimneys in the villages pouring out black smoke. All the country is thoroughly cultivated, and the little streams bubbling over the stones at the bottoms of the deep valleys, past sloping green fields and occasional patches of woods where the land is too steep for cultivation, give picturesqueness to the scene. We cross over the boundary from Yorkshire into Durham, and upon the very crooked little river Wear there rise upon the tops of the precipitous cliffs bordering the stream, high elevated above the red-tiled roofs of the town, the towers of Durham Cathedral and Castle. They stand in a remarkable position. The Wear, swinging around a curve like an elongated horseshoe, has excavated a precipitous valley out of the rocks. At the narrower part of the neck there is a depression, so that the promontory around which the

river sweeps appears like a wrist with the hand clenched. The town stands at the depression, descending the slopes on either side to the river, and also spreading upon the opposite banks. The castle bars access to the promontory, upon which stands the cathedral. Thus, almost impreguably fortified, the ancient bishops of Durham were practically sovereigns, and if their powers were threatened, they made war as quickly as they would celebrate a mass for they bore alike the sword and the crozier. Durham was founded to guard the relics of the famous St. Cuthbert of Lindisfarne, the great ascetic of the early English Church, distinguished above all others for the severity of his mortification and his abhorrence of women. At his shrine, we are told, none of the gentler sex might worship; they were admitted to the church, but in the priory not even a queen could lodge. Queen Philippa was once admitted there as a guest, but a tumult arose, and she had to flee half-dressed for safety to the castle. St. Cuthbert was a hermit to whom the sight of human beings was a weariness and the solitude of the desert a delight. He was born in Scotland about the middle of the seventh century, of humble origin, and passed his early years as a shepherd near Melrose. He adopted an austere life, found a friend in the abbot of Melrose, and ultimately sickened of an epidemic, his recovery being despaired of. In answer, however, to the



prayers of the monks, he was restored to health as by a miracle, and became the prior of Melrose. Afterwards he was for twelve years prior of Lindisfarne, an island off the Northumbrian coast, but the craving for solitude was too strong to be resisted, and he became a hermit. He went to Farne, a lonely rocky island in the neighboring sea, and, living in a hut, spent his life in prayer and fasting, but had time, according to the legend, to work abundant miracles. A spring issued from the rock to give him water, the sea laid fagots at his feet, and the birds ministered to his wants. At first other monks had free access to him, but gradually he secluded himself in the hut, speaking to them through the window, and ultimately closed even that against them except in cases of emergency. Such sanctity naturally acquired wide fame, and after long urging he consented to become a bishop, at first at Hexham, afterwards at Lindisfarne, thus returning to familiar scenes and an island home. But his life was ebbing, and after two years' service he longed again for his hermit's hut on the rock of Farne. He resigned the bishopric, and, returning to his hut, in a few weeks died. His brethren buried him beside his altar, where he rested eleven years; then exhuming the body, it was found thoroughly preserved, and was buried again in a new coffin at Lindisfarne. Almost two hundred years passed, when the Danes made an incursion, and to escape them the monks

took the body, with other precious relics, and left Lindisfarne. During four years they wandered about with their sacred charge, and ultimately settled near Chester-le-Street, which became the see of the Bishop of Bernicia, where the body of St. Cuthbert rested for over a century; but another Danish invasion in 995 sent the saint's bones once more on their travels, and they were taken to Ripon. The danger past, the monks, headed by Bishop Ealdhun, started on their return, transporting the coffin on a carriage. They had arrived at the Wear, being led, according to the legend, by a dun cow, when suddenly the carriage stopped and was found to be immovable. This event no doubt had a meaning, and the monks prayed and fasted for three days to learn what it was. Then the saint appeared in a vision and said he had chosen this spot for his abode. It was a wild place, known as Dunhelm: the monks went to the Dun, or headland, and erected a tabernacle for their ark from the boughs of trees, while they built a stone church, within which, in the year 999, the body was enshrined. This church stood until after the Norman Conquest, when King William made Walcher, its bishop, the Earl of Northumberland, and the temporal jurisdiction began, Walcher and his successors for the next four centuries exercising an almost independent sway over the palatinate of Durham. The historian Freeman says that then "the prelate of

Durham became one, and the most important, of the only two English prelates whose worldly franchises invested them with some faint shadow of the sovereign powers enjoyed by the princely churchmen of the empire. The Bishop of Ely in his island, the Bishop of Durham in his hill-fortress, possessed powers which no other English ecclesiastic was allowed to share."

The present Durham Cathedral is five hundred and ten feet long, its grand central tower rising two hundred and fourteen feet. It is dedicated to St. Andrew, and is called locally "The Abbey." Its construction was begun in 1093, with the castle alongside, by Bishop William of St. Calais, who succeeded Walcher. As we look at them from the railway-station, they stand a monument of the days when the same hand grasped the pastoral staff and the sword—"half house of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot." Upon the top of the rocks, which are clad in foliage to the river's edge, on the left hand, supported by massive outworks built up from half-way down the slope, rises the western face of the castle. Beyond this, above a fringe of trees, rises the lofty cathedral, its high central tower forming the apex of the group and its two western towers looking down into the ravine. The galilee in front appears built up from the depths of the valley, and is supported by outworks scarcely less solid than those of the castle. Durham, more than any other

place in England, is a memorial of the temporal authority of the Church, uniting the mitre and the coronet. The plan of Durham Cathedral is peculiar in having the closed galilee at the western end, instead of the open porch as is usual, while the eastern end, which is wider than the choir, terminates abruptly, having no Lady Chapel, but being in effect cut off, with a gable in the centre and a great rose-window. As the galilee overhangs the ravine, the principal entrance to the cathedral is from a fine northern porch. To the northern portal is affixed a large knocker of quaint and grotesque design, which in former days was a Mecca for the fugitive, for the shrine of St. Cuthbert enjoyed the right of sanctuary. When the suppliant grasped this knocker he was safe, for over the door two monks kept perpetual watch to open at the first stroke. As soon as admitted the suppliant was required to confess his crime, whatever it might be. This was written down, and a bell in the galilee was tolled to announce the fact that some one had sought "the peace of Cuthbert;" and he was then clothed in a black gown with a yellow cross on the shoulder. After thirty-seven days, if no pardon could be obtained, the malefactor solemnly abjured his native land for ever, and was conveyed to the seacoast, bearing a white wooden cross in his hand, and was sent out of the kingdom by the first ship that sailed.

The interior of Durham Cathedral is regarded as

the noblest Norman construction yet remaining in England. The arcade, triforium, and clerestory are in fine proportion; the nave has a vaulted roof of stone, and the alternate columns are clustered in plan, their middle shafts extending from floor to roof. These columns are enriched with zigzag, lattice, spiral, and vertical flutings. Upon entering the nave the visitor at once realizes the fact that this is the grandest Norman structure in the country, for the full length of the building is seen in an unbroken view, and the effect produced is one of profound solemnity. Dr. Johnson described it as making upon him an impression of "rocky solidity and indeterminate duration." Upon the pavement, some distance from the western end, there is a blue marble cross, marking the limit, in deference to the asceticism of St. Cuthbert, beyond which women were not allowed to pass. This cathedral was nearly two centuries building, and the Chapel of Nine Altars, or eastern transept, in honor of various saints, was erected at the eastern end in the twelfth century. On the outside of the transept a cow is sculptured, commemorating the legend that a dun cow had led the monks with St. Cuthbert's bones to the site of the cathedral. Some of these Nine Altars did duty for a pair of saints, St. Cuthbert sharing the central one with St. Bede, a name only second to his in the memories of Durham, so that the nine altars were availed of to reverence sixteen saints. Behind the

eredos a platform extends a short distance into this chapel at a height of six feet above the floor. A large blue flagstone is let into the platform, with shallow grooves on either hand. Here stood St. Cuthbert's shrine, highly ornamented, and having seats underneath for the pilgrims and cripples who came to pray for relief. This being never wanting, we are told that the shrine came to be so richly invested that it was esteemed one of the most sumptuous monuments in England, so numerous were the offerings and jewels bestowed upon it. Among the relics here accumulated was the famous Black Rood of Scotland, the prize of the battle of Neville's Cross, fought near Durham. There were also many relics of saints and martyrs, scraps of clothing of the Saviour and the Virgin, pieces of the crown of thorns and of the true cross, vials containing milk of the Virgin Mother and blood of St. Thomas, besides elephants' tusks and griffins' claws and eggs, with myriads of jewels. In 1104 St. Cuthbert's body was deposited in this shrine with solemn ceremonies, and it rested there undisturbed until the dissolution of the monasteries, reverentially watched, day and night by monks stationed in an adjoining chamber. Then the shrine was destroyed and the treasures scattered, the coffin opened, and St. Cuthbert buried beneath the slab, so that now the only remnants visible are the furrows worn in the adjoining pavement by the feet of the

ancient worshippers. Tradition tells that the exact position of St. Cuthbert's grave is known only to three Benedictine monks, of whom Scott writes :

“There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade,
His relics are in secret laid,
But none may know the place,
Save of his holiest servants three,
Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,
Who share that wondrous grace.”

The corpse, however, rests beneath the blue slab. In 1827 it was raised, and, while other human remains were found, there was disclosed beneath them, in a coffin, a skeleton vested in mouldering robes, and with it various treasures, which, with the robes, accord with the description of those present in St. Cuthbert's coffin when opened in 1104. The skeleton was reinterred in a new coffin, and the relics, particularly an ancient golden cross and a comb, were placed in the cathedral library.

In the galilee of Durham Cathedral, near the south-eastern angle, is a plain, low altar-tomb that marks the resting-place of St. Bede, commonly known as “the Venerable Bede”—a title which angelic hands are said to have supplied to the line inscribed on his tomb. This galilee or Lady Chapel is so called from an allusion to “Galilee of the Gentiles,” as being less sacred than the rest of the church. St. Bede was the first English historian, a gentle, simple scholar, who spent his life from

childhood in a monastery, of which a few fragments remain, at Jarrow, near the mouth of the Wear, and took his pleasure in learning, teaching, or writing. His great work was the *Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation*, which occupied many years in compilation, and is still the most trusted history of the period of which it treats. His literary activity was extraordinary, and he produced many other works. He was born near Durham in 672, and died in 735. His devotion to literary work was such that even during his last illness he was dictating to an amanuensis a translation of the Gospel of St. John into Anglo-Saxon, and upon completing the last sentence requested the assistant to place him on the floor of his cell, where he said a short prayer, and expired as the closing words passed his lips. He was buried where he had lived at Jarrow, and as the centuries passed the fame of his sanctity and learning increased. Then a certain Ælfred conceived the idea of stealing St. Bede's remains for the glorification of Durham. Several times baffled, he at length succeeded, and, carrying the precious relics to Durham, they were for a time preserved in St. Cuthbert's shrine, but were afterwards removed to a separate tomb, which in 1730 was placed in the galilee, where it has since remained. At the Reformation the shrine was destroyed, and St. Bede's bones, like St. Cuthbert's, were buried beneath the spot on which the shrine

had stood. This tomb was opened in 1831, and many human bones were found beneath, together with a gilt ring. The bones in all probability were St. Bede's remains. Durham Cathedral contains few monuments, for reverence for the solitude of St. Cuthbert whom it enshrined excluded memorials of other men during several centuries.

The remains of the Benedictine monastery to which the care of these shrines was entrusted are south of the cathedral, forming three sides of a square, of which the cathedral nave was the fourth. Beyond is an open green, with the castle on the farther side and old buildings on either hand. From this green the castle is entered by a gateway with massive doors, but, while the structure is picturesque, it is not very ancient, excepting this gateway. It has mostly been rebuilt since the twelfth century, when Bishop Hugh of Puiset reconstructed the original castle of Walcher, but there still remains much of his interesting interior Norman work. This was the palace of the bishops of Durham, of whom Antony Bek raised the power of the see to its highest point. He was prelate, soldier, and politician, equally at home in peace or war, at the head of his troops, celebrating a mass, or surrounded by his great officers of state. He was the first to intrude upon the solitude of St. Cuthbert by being buried in the cathedral. Here lived also Richard of Bury, noted as the most learned man of his

generation north of the Alps, and the first English bibliomaniac. Bishop Hatfield also ruled at Durham in the fourteenth century, famous both as architect and warrior, and he erected the Episcopal Throne, to serve also as his tomb. Cardinal Wolsey lived here when Archbishop of York, and his quarrel with Henry VIII. resulted in the Durham palatinate beginning to lose part of its power, so that in the days of his successor, Tunstall, it came to be the "peace of the king," and not of the bishop, that was broken within its borders. Here also ruled the baron-bishop Crewe, who was both a temporal and a spiritual peer, and Bishop Butler, the profound thinker. But the bishops live there no longer, their palace being moved to Bishop Auckland, about ten miles north-east of Durham, an ancient town on the Wear, where the Bishops of Durham long had a castle; while the Durham University, founded in 1833, is now located in the castle. It is the British Northern University, first projected in Cromwell's time. The Bishop of Durham is one of the great prelates of the Church of England, and receives \$35,000 salary annually.

About a mile to the westward of Durham was fought the battle of Neville's Cross in October, 1346. This was a few months after Edward had won the battle of Crecy in France, and the King of Scotland, taking advantage of the absence of the English king and his army, swept over the Border with

forty thousand men, devastating the entire country. His chief nobles accompanied him, and to encourage the troops the most sacred relic of Scotland, the "Black Rood," a crucifix of blackened silver, was present on the battlefield. This had been mysteriously delivered to David I. on the spot in Edinburgh where, to commemorate it, Holyrood Abbey was afterwards founded. But, though King Edward was in France, Queen Philippa was equal to the emergency. An army was quickly gathered under Earl Neville, and Durham sent its contingent headed by the warlike bishop. The invaders drew near the walls of Durham, and the English army, inferior in numbers, awaited them. To confront the "Black Rood," the bishop brought into camp an "ark of God" in obedience to a vision: this was one of the cathedral's choicest treasures, "the holy corporax cloth wherewith St. Cuthbert covered the chalice when he used to say mass." This, attached to the point of a spear, was displayed in sight of the army, while the monks upon the cathedral towers, in full view of the battlefield, prayed for victory for the defenders of St. Cuthbert's shrine. They fought three hours in the morning, the Scots with axes, the English with arrows; but, as the watching monks turned from prayer to praise, the Scottish line wavered and broke, for the banner of St. Cuthbert proved too much for the Black Rood. The King of Scotland was wounded and captured,

and fifteen thousand of his men were slain, including many nobles. The Black Rood was captured, and placed in the Nine Altars Chapel. Afterwards the "corporax cloth" was attached to a velvet banner, and became one of the great standards of England, being carried against Scotland by Richard II. and Henry IV., and it waved over the English army at Flodden. When not in use it was attached to St. Cuthbert's shrine. At the Reformation the Black Rood was lost, and St. Cuthbert's banner fell into possession of one Dean Whittingham, whose wife, the historian lamentingly says, "being a Frenchwoman, did most despitefully burn the same in her fire, to the open contempt and disgrace of all ancient relics." A narrow lane, deeply fringed with ferns, leads out of Durham over the hills to the westward of the town, where at a cross-road stand the mutilated remains of Earl Neville's Cross, which he set up to mark the battlefield, now a wide expanse of smoky country.

LUMLEY CASTLE AND NEWCASTLE.

Following the Wear northward towards its mouth, at a short distance below Durham it passes the site of the Roman city of Condercum, which had been the resting-place of St. Cuthbert's bones until the Danish invasion drove them away, and it is now known as Chester-le-Street. Here, in the old church of St. Mary and St. Cuthbert, is the rude

effigy of the saint which once surmounted his tomb, and here also is the "Aisle of Tombs," a chain of fourteen monumental effigies of the Lumleys, dating from Queen Elizabeth's reign. Lumley Castle, now the Earl of Scarborough's seat (for he too is a Lumley), is a short distance outside the town, on an eminence overlooking the Wear. It dates from the time of Edward I., but has been much modernized, the chief apartment in the interior being the Great Hall, sixty by thirty feet, with the Minstrel Gallery at the western end. Here on the wall is a life-size statue of the great ancestor of the Lumleys, Liulph the Saxon, seated on a red horse. North of this castle, across the Wear, is the Earl of Durham's seat, Lambton Castle, a Gothic and Tudor structure recently restored.

Still journeying northward, we cross the hills between the Wear and the Tyne, and crossing the latter on the famous High Level Bridge are at the New Castle which gives its name to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the great coal-shipping port. This is a strange-looking town, with red-tiled roofs, narrow, dingy, crooked streets, and myriads of chimneys belching forth smoke from the many iron-works. These mills and furnaces are numerous also in the surrounding country, while the neighborhood is a network of railways carrying coal from the various lines to the shipping-piers, for Newcastle is the port for one of the greatest English coal-fields. But

this famous city is not all smoke and coal-dust: its New Castle is an ancient structure, rather dilapidated now, approached by steep stairways up the rock on which the keep is perched, and having a well ninety-three feet deep bored in the rock. Newcastle occupies the site of a Roman crossing-place on the Tyne, anciently known as the Pons Ælii, and in the Saxon times it had so many monastic institutions that it was called Monk Chester, being visited by numerous pilgrims to the Holy Well at Jesus Mount in the suburbs, now known as Jesmond. After the Norman Conquest Robert Curthose, the oldest son of William the Conqueror, came here and built the New Castle at the crossing-place, but nothing is left of his structure of the eleventh century, the present castle being the keep dating from 1172. This old keep has walls twelve to eighteen feet thick, and rises eighty-five feet above the rock, its turret being over a hundred feet high. In its Great Hall the Scottish king Baliol swore fealty to King Edward I., but its finest room is a chapel where there is a collection of Roman relics, and from the roof there is a grand view along the Tyne. Newcastle in its newer parts has some fine buildings. Grey Street, containing the Royal Theatre and Exchange, for a space of about four hundred yards is claimed to be the finest street in the kingdom. In Low Friars Street is the old chapel of the Black Friars monastery.

This interesting city has two hundred and twenty thousand population, many attractions, and some great memories. Baron William Armstrong lived at Jesmond, and at Elswick, west of the city, are the extensive Armstrong works, employing sixteen thousand men in shipbuilding, the manufacture of Armstrong guns, armor, and work in iron and steel. George and Robert Stephenson lived in Newcastle, and outside the railway station is the statue of George Stephenson, who was born at Wylam near Newcastle in 1781, and died in 1848; while his first locomotive, "Stephenson's No. 1," built at Killingworth near by, is preserved on the platform of the station. The great High Level Bridge across the Tyne, of which Newcastle is very proud, was built by Robert Stephenson at a cost of \$2,500,000. It is a railway bridge elevated one hundred and twelve feet above high water and one thousand three hundred and thirty-seven feet long, and from it is suspended a roadway bridge. The noted British Admiral Collingwood was born here in 1748. In the street called the Sandhill is the old Guildhall, now a commercial building, and opposite in a modest house is a window marked by a blue pane, through which a belle of the city in 1772, Miss Surtees, escaped to elope with John Scott Eldon. This young man, then just twenty-one years old, was a native of Newcastle and a Fellow of University College, Oxford, but forfeited his fellowship

by his runaway marriage, and thus lost the opportunity of going into the Church. He afterwards studied law, and rose to such eminence that he was made Earl of Eldon and Lord Chancellor of England. In the old church of St. Nicholas, which became the cathedral when Newcastle was created a bishopric in 1882, John Knox was at one time a lecturer, and there is a monument to Collingwood. In the suburbs are the ivy-clad ruins of Prudhoe Castle, a seat of the Duke of Northumberland. At Wallsend, three miles east of Newcastle, begins the celebrated Roman Wall that crossed Britain, and was defended by their legions against incursions by the Scots. Its stone-and-turf walls, with the ditch on the north side, can be traced across the island, although the actual remains are meagre. This was at first a vallum, or earthen rampart, which extended from Wallsend across Northern England to the Solway Firth, a little west of Carlisle. It was replaced, probably by the Emperor Severus in the third century, by a stone wall eight feet thick and twelve feet high, guarded by eighteen military stations garrisoned by Roman cohorts. At intervals of a mile were eighty forts, each having one hundred men, and between each pair of forts were four watch-towers. This wall was designed to repel the incursions of the Picts and Scots from the northward. Wallsend is now best known from its coal. Tyne-mouth is just below, and here too are the ports of

North and South Shields, and Jarrow with some remains of the monastery of the Venerable Bede.

HEXHAM.

Ascending the Tyne, we come to Hexham, an imposing town as approached by the railway, with the Moat Hall and the abbey church occupying commanding features in the landscape. The Moat Hall is a large and ancient tower, notable for its narrow lights and cornice-like range of corbels. The abbey church, formerly the cathedral of St. Andrew, is a fine specimen of Early English architecture, of which only the transept and some other ruins remain, surmounted by a tower rising about one hundred feet and supported upon magnificent arches. Here is the shrine of the ancient chronicler, Prior Richard, an attractive oratory; and the town also produced another quaint historian of the Border troubles, John of Hexham. St. Wilfrid built the first church at Hexham in the seventh century, and for nearly three hundred years it was a bishopric, afterwards united with Lindisfarne, and now included in the see of Durham. The present church dates from the twelfth century, but its nave was afterwards destroyed, and the ancient Saxon crypt of St. Wilfrid has since been discovered beneath its floor. In 1464, in the Wars of the Roses, the Yorkists defeated the Lancastrians in the battle of Hexham. It is an antique place, and almost all of its old build-

ings bear testimony to the disturbed state of the Scottish frontier in the olden time, for not far away are the Cheviot Hills that form the boundary, and in which the Tyne takes its rise. Similar evidence is also given in Haltwhistle, farther up the narrow river.

ALNWICK CASTLE.

Journeying northward through Northumberland, and following the coast-line—for here England narrows as the Scottish border is approached—the road crosses the diminutive river Alne, running through a deep valley, and standing in an imposing situation on its southern bank is the renowned stronghold of the Percys and guardian of the Border, Alnwick Castle. The great feudal fortress, as we now see it, was built as a defence against the Scots, and was protected on the northward by the river-valley and a deep ravine, which formerly cut it off from the village, which is as ancient as the fortress, as its quaint old Pottergate Tower, built in the twelfth century, attests. Roman remains have been found on the site, and it was also inhabited by the Saxons, the castle at the time of the Norman Conquest being held by Gilbert Tysen, a powerful Northumbrian chief. It was then a primitive timber fortress in a wild region, for the earliest masonry works are Norman, and are attributed to Tysen's descendants. Alnwick Castle is a cluster of semicircular and angular bastions, surrounded by lofty walls, defended



at intervals by towers, and enclosing a space of about five acres. It has three courts or wards, each defended formerly by massive gates, with portcullis, porter's lodge, and a strong guardhouse, beneath which was a dungeon. Trap-doors are the only entrances to the latter, into which the prisoners were lowered by ropes. From the village the entrance to the castle is through the barbican, or outer gate, a work of gigantic strength and massive grandeur, which has been the scene of many a fierce encounter. Near by is the Postern Tower, a sally-port adjacent to the "Bloody Gap" and "Hotspur's Chair." The history of this famous stronghold is practically the history of this portion of the realm, for in all the Border warfare that continued for centuries it was conspicuous. In the reign of William Rufus it was gallantly defended by Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland, in the memorable siege by the Scots under King Malcolm III. The garrison were about surrendering, being almost starved, when a private soldier undertook their deliverance. He rode out to the besieger's camp, carrying the keys of the castle dangling from his lance, and presented himself a suppliant before the Scottish king, as if to deliver up the keys. Malcolm advanced to receive them, and the soldier pierced him through the heart. Malcolm fell dead, and in the confusion the bold trooper sprang upon his horse, dashed across the river, and was safe. Malcolm's eldest son, Prince

Edward, advanced rashly to avenge the king's death, and fell mortally wounded from the castle. Hammond's Ford, named for the bold trooper, marks the spot where he and his horse swam across the Alne, which at the time was swollen. In memory of Malcolm, a cross stands on the spot where he was slain, and near by are Malcolm's Well and the ruins of St. Leonard's Chapel, built for the unfortunate king's expiation. Upon the cross the inscription states that Malcolm fell November 13, 1093, and that the original cross, decayed by time, was restored by his descendant, Elizabeth, Duchess of Northumberland, in 1774. Eustace de Vesci, who built St. Leonard's Chapel, lived in the days of Henry I. and Stephen, and founded the abbey of Alnwick. King David of Scotland captured the old timber castle there in 1135 on his great invasion of England, and Eustace afterwards built the first masonry work of Alnwick Castle, traces of his walls having since been found.

Alnwick descended to William, son of Eustace, and in 1174, William the Lion, returning from an invasion of Cumberland, passed before the castle, and was captured and sent a prisoner into England. Alnwick descended to William's son Eustace, who was visited by King John in 1209, and the king there received the homage of Alexander of Scotland. Eustace was one of the chief barons who wrested Magna Charta from John, and in the closing year

of that reign met his death from an arrow before Barnard Castle. Henry III. visited Alnwick, and the great Edward I. was there several times as the guest of John de Vesci near the close of the thirteenth century. The Barons de Vesci soon afterwards became extinct, and then the warlike bishop of Durham, Antony Bek, came in and grabbed the castle. He sold it in 1309 to Henry de Percy, and from this dates the rise of the great family of the northern Border, who have held Alnwick for nearly six centuries, its present owner being his descendant, Henry George Percy, Duke of Northumberland, who has just succeeded his venerable father, Algernon George Percy, the late duke, and in whose veins flows the blood of so many great families that he can use nine hundred heraldic devices on his armorial bearings, including those of many kings and princes. Henry de Percy became the leader of the Border barons, and, although living at Alnwick only five years, seems to have rebuilt most of the castle, his son completing it. The Percys became the Earls of Northumberland, and such warlike lives did they lead (as, for instance, young Henry Percy, "Hotspur") that it is noted that Henry Algernon, the fifth earl, was the first of the race who died in bed. The next of the line was executed for rebellion, and the next was beheaded at York for conspiring against Queen Elizabeth. The eighth earl, favoring Mary Queen

of Scots, was imprisoned in the Tower, and was one day found in his chamber shot through the heart. Henry, the ninth earl, was implicated in the Gunpowder Plot, imprisoned in the Tower, and fined \$250,000. After his release he spent the remainder of his life at Petworth, in the south of England; Alnwick was neglected; and the direct line of descent ultimately ended with Elizabeth, daughter of the eleventh earl, who married the Duke of Somerset in 1682. Her grandson, Algernon, became Earl of Northumberland, and his daughter, Elizabeth Seymour, was the ancestress of the present family, her husband being created the first Duke of Northumberland. Alnwick was then a ruin, but he restored it, and subsequently, under the direction of the architect Salvin, it was completely rebuilt, every thing worthy of preservation being kept, and the new work being adapted to the days of the earlier Percys, whose achievements gave the stronghold such world-wide renown.

This famous castle is full of recollections of the great men who formerly inhabited it. The Constable's Tower, remaining mostly in its ancient condition, has in an upper apartment arms for fifteen hundred men, the Percy tenantry, while in the rooms beneath is deposited the ancient armor. "Hotspur's Chair" is the name given to a seated recess of the Ravine Tower which was Hotspur's favorite resort, where he sat while his troops exer-

cised in the castle-yard beneath, and where he had an admirable outlook to discover an approaching enemy. Through the loopholes on either side of the seat in this commanding tower there is an extensive prospect over the valley of the Alne and to the distant seacoast. The "Bloody Gap," another noted site in the castle, is between the Ravine and Round Towers. It was the name given to a breach in the wall made by the Scots during the Border wars, although the exact time is unknown. According to tradition, three hundred Scots fell within the breach, and they were ultimately beaten off. Many arrows have been found in the adjacent walls, so located as to indicate they were shot from the battlements and windows of the keep when the assailants were making this breach. Alnwick Castle was restored by Salvin with strict regard to the rules of mediæval military architecture. When it was the great Border stronghold its governor commanded a force of no less than two thousand men, who were employed in a complicated system of day and night watching to guard against forays by the Scots. The day watchers began at daylight, and blew a horn on the approach of the foe, when all men were bound on pain of death to respond for the general defence. The great feature of the restored castle is the Prudhoe Tower, built about forty-five years ago. After entering the barbican, which admits to the outer ward, the visitor passes between

the Abbot's Tower on the left and the Corner Tower and Auditor's Tower on the right. Earl Hugh's turreted tower also rises boldly from the battlements. Passing through the middle gatehouse, the keep, constructed in the form of a polygon around a court, is seen on the right hand, and in the gateway-wall is Percy's famous draw-well, with a statue of St. James above blessing the waters. Opposite this draw-well is a covered drive which leads to the entrance of Prudhoe Tower. This tower is a magnificent structure, containing the family and state-apartments, built and decorated in the Italian style, and approached by a staircase twelve feet wide. It was built at an enormous cost, and alongside is a vaulted kitchen of ample proportions, constructed in the baronial style, where there are sufficient facilities to prepare dinner for six hundred persons at one time, while the subterranean regions contain bins for three hundred tons of coal. Such is this great baronial Border stronghold, replete with memories of the warlike Percys. From here Hotspur sallied forth to encounter the marauding Scottish force which under Douglas had laid waste England as far as the gates of York, and almost within sight of the castle is the bloody field of Otterbourn, where Douglas fell by Hotspur's own hand, though the English lost the day and Hotspur himself was captured. Again, as war's fortunes change, just north of Alnwick is Humbleton Hill, where the



Scots had to fly before England's "deadly arrow-hail," leaving their leader, Douglas, with five wounds and only one eye, a prisoner in the hands of the Percys. It was from Alnwick's battlements that the countess watched "the stout Earl of Northumberland" set forth, "his pleasure in the Scottish woods three summer days to take"—an expedition from which he never returned. Such was the history for centuries of this renowned castle, which is regarded as presenting the most perfect specimen now existing, perhaps in the world, of the feudal stronghold of mediæval days.

And now let us turn from the castle to the church. Almost alongside of it is St. Michael's Church, built with battlements, as if prepared as much for defence as for worship, and a watch-tower, made evidently for a lookout and to hold a beacon to warn of the approach of forays. This was one of the regular chain of Border beacons. Within the church an old iron-work lectern still holds the "Book of the Homilies," while the churchyard is full of ancient gravestones. Alnwick Abbey once existed down alongside the river, under the protection of the castle, but it has been long since ruined, and its remains have served as a quarry for the village buildings until little of them remains. Its extensive domains are now part of the Duke's Park, and another contributor to this park was Hulne Priory, the earliest Carmelite monastery in England, founded in

1240. It stood upon a projecting spur of rising land above the Alne, backed by rich woods, but was neither large nor wealthy, as the neighboring abbey eclipsed it. The discipline of the Carmelites was rigorous. Each friar had a coffin for his cell and slept on straw, while every morning he dug a shovelful of earth for his grave and crept on his knees in prayer. Silence, solitude, and strict fasting were the injunction upon all, and their buildings were sternly simple. The porter's lodge and curtain-wall enclosing Hulne Priory still stand, and its outline can be traced, though the ruins are scant. Yet this, like all else at Alnwick, bears evidence of the troublous times on the Border. The most important of its remaining buildings is an embattled tower of refuge from the Scottish invader. Its inscription states that it was built in 1448 by Sir Henry Percy, fourth Earl of Northumberland. Opposite Hulne Priory is Brislee Hill, which presents the most renowned view in Alnwick Park. A tower rises among the trees upon the crest of the hill, from which bonfires now blaze on occasions of festivity. Here, over the park, can be seen the castle and town, and beyond, to the eastward, the sea, with its coast-castles as far north as Bamborough. The little Coquet Island in the distance breaks the expanse of blue waters. To the westward beyond the moors rises the sharp outline of the Scottish Border, the Cheviot Hills, running off towards the north-east,

and containing in their depressions the passes through which the Scots used to pour when they harried Northern England and roused the Alnwick warriors to defend their firesides.

FORD CASTLE AND FLODDEN FIELD.

Northward from Alnwick there runs a railway to the Scottish Border at the Tweed, and here it reaches the station for the town of Coldstream just over the Border, which gives its name to the famous Coldstream Guards, first recruited here by General Monk in 1660. Coming down past the extremity of the Cheviots flows the Tweed, and one of its tributaries on the English side is the Till, which drains the bases of those sharp hills that rise nearly twenty-seven hundred feet. Here was Ford Castle, and here was fought the terrible Border battle of Flodden in 1513. Ford Castle dated from the time of Edward I., and its proximity to the Border made it the object of many assaults. In the fifteenth century it was held by Sir William Heron, and a few days before the battle of Flodden the Scots, under James IV., during Sir William's captivity in Scotland, stormed and destroyed Ford, taking captive Lady Heron, who had endeavored to defend it. In the last century Ford was restored by the Marquis of Waterford, to whom it had descended, so that it now appears as a fine baronial mansion, surmounted by towers and battlements, and standing in

a commanding situation overlooking the valley of the Till, with the lofty Cheviots closing the view a few miles to the south-west, their peaks affording ever-varying scenes as the seasons change.

The great attraction of the view, however, is the famous hill of Flodden, about a mile to the westward, crowned by a plantation of dark fir trees, and presenting, with the different aspects of the weather, ever-changeful scenery, recalling now the "dark Flodden" and anon the "red Flodden" of the balladists. Across the valley from Ford Castle, and at the foot of this fir-crowned hill, was fought one of the bitterest contests of the Border. Now, the famous battlefield is a highly-cultivated farm and sheep-pasture. James IV. of Scotland had unjustly determined to make war upon England, and he set out upon it in opposition to the real desire of his countrymen, and even against the omens of Heaven, as the people believed. A few days before he departed for his army the king attended St. Michael's Church, adjacent to his stately palace at Linlithgow, when a venerable stranger entered the aisle where the king knelt. The hair from his uncovered head flowed down over his shoulders, and his blue robe was confined by a linen girdle. With an air of majesty he walked up to the kneeling king, and said, "Sire, I am sent to warn thee not to proceed in thy present undertaking, for if thou dost it shall not fare well either with thyself or those who go with thee." He

vanished then in the awe-stricken crowd. But this was not the only warning. At midnight, prior to the departure of the troops for the south, it is related that a voice not mortal proclaimed a summons from the market-cross, where proclamations were usually read, calling upon all who should march against the English to appear within the space of forty days before the court of the Evil One. Sir Walter Scott says that this summons, like the apparition at Linlithgow, was probably an attempt by those averse to the war to impose upon the superstitious temper of James IV. But the king started at the head of the finest army, and supported by the strongest artillery-train, that had down to that time been brought into the field by any Scottish monarch. He entered England August 22d, without having formed any definite plan of action. He wasted two days on the Till, besieged Norham for a week, when it surrendered, and then besieged Ford. These delays gave the English time to assemble. King James, as above related, captured Lady Heron at Ford. She was beautiful and deceitful, and soon enthralled the gay king in her spells, while all the time she was in communication with the English. Thus James wasted his time in dalliance, and, as Scott tells us,

“The monarch o’er the siren hung,
And beat the measure as she sung,
And, pressing closer and more near,
He whispered praises in her ear.”

All the time the energetic Earl of Surrey was marshalling the English hosts, and, marching with twenty-six thousand men northward through Durham, received there the sacred banner of St. Cuthbert. On September 4th Surrey challenged James to battle, which the king accepted against the advice of his best councillors. The Scots had become restive under the king's do-nothing policy, and many of them left the camp and returned home with the booty already acquired. James selected a strong position on Flodden Hill, with both flanks protected and having the deep and sluggish waters of the Till flowing in front. Surrey advanced and reconnoitred, and then sent the king a herald requesting him to descend into the plain, as he acted ungallantly in thus practically shutting himself up in a fortress. The king would not admit the herald. Surrey then attempted a stratagem. Crossing the Till on the 8th, he encamped at Barmoor Wood, about two miles from the Scottish position, concealing his movement from the enemy. On the 9th he marched down the Till to near its confluence with the Tweed, and recrossed to the eastern bank. This, too, was uninterrupted by the Scots, who remained strangely inactive, though it is recorded that the chief Scottish nobles implored the king to attack the English. The aged Earl Angus, begged him either to assault the English or to retreat. "If you are afraid, Angus," replied the king, "you can

go home." The master of artillery implored the king to allow him to bring his guns to bear upon the English, but James returned the reply that he would meet his antagonists on equal terms in a fair field, and scorned to take an advantage. Then Surrey drew up his line between James and the Border, and advanced up the valley of the Till towards the Scots. The king set fire to the temporary huts on the hillside where he had been encamped, and descended to the valley, the smoke concealing the movements of each army from the other; but Surrey's stratagem was thus successful in drawing him from his strong position. The English van was lead by Lord Thomas Howard, Surrey commanding the main body, Sir Edward Stanley the rear, and Lord Dacre the reserves. The Scottish advance was led by the Earls of Home and Huntley; the king leading the centre, the Earls of Lennox and Argyle the rear, and the reserves, consisting of the flower of the Lothians, were under the Earl of Bothwell. The battle began at four in the afternoon, when the Scottish advance charged upon the right wing of the English advance and routed it. Dacre promptly galloped forward with his reserves, and restored the fortunes of the day for the English right. The main bodies in the mean time became engaged in a desperate contest. The Scottish king in his ardor forgot that the duties of a commander were distinct from the indis-

criminate valor of a knight, and placed himself in front of his spearmen, surrounded by his nobles, who, while they deplored the gallant weakness of such conduct, disdained to leave their sovereign unprotected. Dacre and Howard, having defeated the Scottish wing in front of them, at this time turned their full strength against the flank of the Scottish centre. It was a terrific combat, the Scots fighting desperately in an unbroken ring around their king. The battle lasted till night, and almost annihilated the Scottish forces. Of all the splendid host, embracing the flower of the nobility and chivalry of the kingdom, only a few haggard and wounded stragglers returned to tell the tale. The English victors lost five thousand slain, and the Scots more than twice that number, and among them the greatest men of the land. They left on the field their king, two bishops, two mitred abbots, and twenty-seven peers and their sons, and there was scarcely a family of any position in Scotland that did not lose a relative there. The young Earl of Caithness and his entire band of three hundred followers perished on the field. The body of the dead king, afterwards found by Dacre, was taken to Berwick and presented to his commander, who had it embalmed and conveyed to the monastery of Sheyne in Surrey. The poetic instincts of the Scots were deeply moved by the woes of the fatal field of Flodden, and innumerable poems and

ballads record the sad story, the crowning work of all being Scott's *Marmion*.

BAMBOROUGH AND GRACE DARLING.

North of Flodden Field, and not far distant, is the Scottish Border, which in this part is made by the river Tweed, with Berwick at its mouth. The two kingdoms, so long in hot quarrel, are now united by a magnificent railway-bridge twenty-one hundred and sixty feet long, elevated one hundred and twenty-five feet above the river, and costing \$600,000. For miles along the coast the railway runs almost upon the edge of the ocean, elevated on the cliffs high above the sea, while off the coast are the Farne Islands, of which the chief are Holy Isle and Lindisfarne. Here St. Cuthbert was the bishop, and its abbey is a splendid ruin, while on the rocky islet of Farne he lived a hermit, encompassing his cell with a mound so high that he could see nothing but the heavens. Two miles from Farne, on the mainland, was the royal city of Beban Burgh, now Bamborough, the castle standing upon an almost perpendicular rock rising one hundred and fifty feet and overlooking the sea. This was King Ida's castle, a Saxon Border stronghold in ancient times whose massive keep yet stands. It is now a charity-school, a lighthouse, and a life-saving station. Thirty beds are kept in the restored castle for shipwrecked sailors, and Bamborough

is to the mariner on that perilous coast what the convent of St. Bernard is to the traveller in the Alps. Here, at this Border haven, we will close this descriptive tour by recalling Bamborough's most pleasant memory—that of Grace Darling. She was a native of the place, and was lodged, clothed, and educated at the school in Bamborough Castle. Her remains lie in Bamborough churchyard under an altar-tomb bearing her recumbent figure and surmounted by a Gothic canopy. She is represented lying on a plaited straw mattress and holding an oar. All this coast is beset with perils, and wrecks have been frequent. The islet of Farne and a cluster of other rocks off shore add to the dangers, and on some of them are lighthouses. One of these rocks—Longstone Island—Grace Darling rendered memorable by her intrepidity in perilling her life during the storm of September, 1838. Her father was the keeper of Longstone Light, and on the night of September 6th the Forfarshire steamer, proceeding from Hull to Dundee, was wrecked there. Of fifty-three persons on board, thirty-eight perished, and on the morning of the 7th Grace, then about twenty-three years of age, discovered the survivors clinging to the rocks and remnants of the steamer, in imminent danger of being washed off by the returning tide. With her parents' assistance, but against their remonstrance, Grace launched a boat, and with her father suc-

ceeded in rescuing nine of them, while six escaped by other means. Presents and demonstrations of admiration were showered upon her from all parts of the kingdom, and a public subscription of \$3500 was raised for her benefit. Poor Grace died four years later of consumption. A monument to her has been placed in St. Cuthbert's Chapel on Longstone Island. Wordsworth has immortalized Grace Darling's achievement in one of his most impressive poems.

Oh ! that winds and waves could speak
Of things which their united power call forth
From the pure depths of her humanity !
A maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,
Firm and unflinching, as the lighthouse reared
On the Island-rock, her lonely dwelling-place ;
Or like the invincible rock itself, that braves
Age after age the hostile elements,
As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell.

All night the storm had raged, nor ceased, nor paused,
When, as day broke, the maid, through misty air,
Espies far off a wreck, amid the surf,
Beating on one of those disastrous isles—
Half of a vessel, half—no more ; the rest
Had vanished, swallowed up with all that there
Had for the common safety striven in vain,
Or thither thronged for refuge. With quick glance
Daughter and sire through optic-glass discern,
Clinging about the remnant of this ship,
Creatures—how precious in the maiden's sight !
Together they put forth, father and child !
Each grasp an oar, and struggling on they go—

Rivals in effort ; and, alike intent
 Here to elude and there surmount, they watch
 The billows lengthening, mutually crossed
 And shattered, and re-gathering their might ;
 As if the tumult, by the Almighty's will
 Were, in the conscious sea, roused and prolonged
 That woman's fortitude—so tried, so proved—
 May brighten more and more !

But why prolong the tale,
 Casting weak words amid a host of thoughts
 Armed to repel them ? Every hazard faced
 And difficulty mastered, with resolve
 That no one breathing should be left to perish,
 This last remainder of the crew are all
 Placed in the little boat, then o'er the deep
 Are safely borne, landed upon the beach,
 And, in fulfilment of God's mercy, lodged
 Within the sheltering lighthouse.—Shout ye waves !
 Send forth a song of triumph. Waves and winds,
 Exult in this deliverance wrought through faith
 In Him whose Providence your rage hath served !
 Ye screaming Sea-mews, in the concert join !
 And would that some immortal voice—a voice
 Fitly attuned to all that gratitude
 Breathes out from floor or couch, through pallid lips
 Of the survivors—to the clouds might bear—
 Blended with praise of that parental love,
 Beneath whose watchful eye the maiden grew
 Pious and pure, modest and yet so brave,
 Though young so wise, though meek so resolute—
 Might carry to the clouds and to the stars,
 Yea, to celestial choirs, Grace Darling's name.

LONDON WESTWARD TO MILFORD
HAVEN.

VIII.

LONDON WESTWARD TO MILFORD HAVEN.

The Cotswolds—The River Severn—Gloucester—Berkeley Castle—New Inn—Gloucester Cathedral—Lampreys—Cheltenham—Rugby—Tewkesbury ; its Mustard, Abbey, and Battle—Worcester ; its Battle—Charles II.'s Escape—Worcester Cathedral—The Malvern Hills—Worcestershire Beacon—Herefordshire Beacon—Great Malvern—St. Anne's Well—The River Wye—Clifford Castle—Hereford—Old Butcher's Row—Nell Gwynne's Birthplace—Ross—The Man of Ross—Ross Church and its Trees—Walton Castle—Goodrich Castle—Forest of Dean—Coldwell—Symond's Yat—The Downards—Monmouth—Kymin Hill—Raglan Castle—Redbrook—St. Briard Castle—Tintern Abbey—The Wycliff—Wyntour's Leap—Chepstow Castle—The River Monnow—The Golden Valley—The Black Mountains—Pontilas Court—Ewias Harold—Abbey Dore—The Scyrrid Vawr—Wormridge—Kilpeck—Oldcastle—Kentchurch—Grosmont—The Vale of Usk—Abergavenny—Llanthony Priory—Walter Savage Landor—Capel-y-Ffyn—Newport—Penarth Roads—Cardiff—The Rocking Stone—Llandaff—Caerphilly Castle and its Leaning Tower—Ely—Pontypridd—Merthyr Tydvil—Brecon—Swansea—The Mumbles—Oystermouth Castle—Neath Abbey—Caermarthen—Dynevor Castle—Golden Grove—Llandilo—St. Clears—Tenby—Penally—Manorbier Castle—Pembroke—Milford—Haverfordwest—St. David—Milford Haven—Pictou Castle—Carew Castle.

GLoucester.

JOURNEYING westward from the metropolis and beyond the sources of the Thames, let us mount to

the tops of the Cotswold Hills, in which they take their rise, and look down upon the valley of the noble Severn River beyond. We have already seen the Severn at Shrewsbury, Wenlock, and Bridgenorth, and, uniting with the classic Avon, it drains the western slopes of the Cotswolds, and, flowing through a deep valley between them and the Malvern Hills, finally debouches through a broad estuary into the British Channel. There is much of interest to the tourist along the banks and in the neighborhood of this well-known river. As we stand upon the elevations of the Cotswolds and look over "Sabrina fair," the lower part of its valley is seen as a broad and fertile plain, and the Severn's "glassy, cool, translucent wave," as the poet has it, flows through a land of meadows, orchards, and cornfields, with the hills of the Forest of Dean rising on the western horizon. Alongside the river is the cathedral city of Gloucester, the *dépot* for a rich agricultural region and for the mining wealth of Dean Forest, the Gloucester and Berkeley Canal leading from its docks for sixteen miles down the Severn until the deep water of the estuary is reached. The Romans early saw the importance of this place as a military post, and founded Glevum here, upon their Ermine Street road, as an outpost fortress upon the border-land of the Silures. Fragments of tessellated pavements, coins, and other relics from time to time exhumed attest the extent of the Roman settle-

ment. When the Britons succeeded the Romans this settlement became the *Caer Glowe*, or “fair city,” which was gradually transformed into *Gleaweccesore*, forming part of the kingdom of Mercia, and in the seventh century *Æthelred* bestowed it upon *Osric*, who founded a monastery here. *Athelstan* died here in 941, and a few years afterwards the *Danes*, who overran and devastated almost the whole of England, burned the town and monastery. The history of Gloucester, however, was without stirring incidents, excepting an occasional destructive fire, until the siege took place in the Civil War, its people devoting themselves more to commerce than to politics, and in the early part of the seventeenth century engaging extensively in the manufacture of pins. Gloucester, however, gave the title to several earls and dukes, generally men not much envied; as, for instance, *Richard Crookback*, who sent from Gloucester the order for the murder of his nephews, the young princes, in the Tower. But the town never took kindly to him, and warmly welcomed *Richmond* on his avenging march to *Bosworth Field*. The siege of Gloucester was made by *King Charles’s* troops, the citizens having warmly espoused the cause of the Parliament and strongly fortified their city, mounting guns for its defence which they got from London. A polygonal line of fortifications surrounded Gloucester, which was then much smaller than now, and the bastions came down

to the river, with outlying works to defend a small suburb on the opposite bank. The Cavaliers were in great strength in Western England, and the malignity of the Gloucester pin-makers seriously embarrassed them. On August 10, 1643, the siege began with a summons to surrender, which the authorities refused. Parts of the suburbs were then burned, and next morning a bombardment began, red-hot balls and heavy stones being plentifully thrown into the place, knocking the houses into sad havoc, but in no wise damping the sturdy courage of the defenders. They replied bravely with their cannon and made repeated sorties, which inflicted serious damage upon the besiegers. After over three weeks of this sport, the Royalists shot an arrow into the town, September 3d, with a message in these words: "These are to let you understand your god Waller hath forsaken you and hath retired himself to the Tower of London; Essex is beaten like a dog: yield to the king's mercy in time; otherwise, if we enter perforce, no quarter for such obstinate traitorly rogues.—From a Wellwisher." This conciliatory message was defiantly answered in a prompt reply signed "Nicholas Cudgelyouwell;" and two days later, Prince Rupert having suffered a defeat elsewhere, the Cavaliers abandoned the siege. Charles II., upon his restoration, took care to have himself proclaimed with great pomp at Gloucester, and also took the precaution to destroy its fortifica-

tions. The castle, which had stood since the days of the Norman Conquest, then disappeared. The west gate, the last remains of the walls, was removed, with the old bridge across the Severn, in 1809, to make room for a fine new bridge. This structure is chiefly known through a humorous connection that Thackeray has given it with King George III. That monarch made a royal visit to Gloucester, and in his lectures on the "Four Georges" Thackeray says: "One morning, before anybody else was up, the king walked about Gloucester town, pushed over Molly the housemaid with her pail, who was scrubbing the doorsteps, ran up stairs and woke all the equerries in their bedrooms, and then trotted down to the bridge, where by this time a dozen of louts were assembled. 'What! is this Gloucester new bridge?' asked our gracious monarch; and the people answered him, 'Yes, Your Majesty.'—'Why, then, my boys, let's have a hurray!' After giving them which intellectual gratification he went home to breakfast."

The town is quaint and picturesque, but the buildings generally are modern, most of them dating from the days of good Queen Anne, and they exhibit great variety in design. The most noted of the older Gloucester houses is the New Inn, on Northgate Street, a picturesque brick-and-timber building. After the murder of Edward II. at Berkeley Castle, not far from Gloucester, where he had been im-

prisoned in a dungeon in the keep, in 1327, his remains were brought to the abbey church at Gloucester for interment, a shrine being raised over them by the monks. The king was murdered with fiendish cruelty. Lord Berkeley at the castle would willingly have protected him, but he fell sick; and one dark September night Edward was given over to two villains named Gurney and Ogle. The ancient chronicler says that the "screams and shrieks of anguish were heard even so far as the town, so that many, being awakened therewith from their sleep, as they themselves confessed, prayed heartily to God to receive his soul, for they understood by those cries what the matter meant." The king's shrine in Gloucester naturally attracted many pilgrims, and the New Inn was built about 1450 for their accommodation. It is a brick-and-timber house, with corridors leading to the chambers running along the sides of the inner court and reached by outside stairways, as was the common construction of houses of public entertainment three or four centuries ago. The Inn remains almost as it was then, having been but slightly modernized. Most of the pilgrims to the shrine brought offerings with them, and hence the pains taken for their accommodation. The usual tale is told about a subterranean passage connecting this inn with the cathedral. New Inn is enormously strong and massive,

and covers a broad surface, being constructed around two courtyards.

Gloucester has many churches in proportion to its size—in fact, so many that “as sure as God is in Gloucester” used to be a proverb. Oliver Cromwell, though the city had stood sturdily by him, differed with this, however, for a saying of his is still quoted, that “there be more churches than godliness in Gloucester.” In later days the first Sunday-school in England was opened here, and down by the docks, just outside the city are the fragmentary remains of the branch of Llanthony Priory to which the monks migrated from the Welsh Border. The chief attraction of Gloucester, however, is the cathedral, and the ruins of the Benedictine monastery to which it was formerly attached. The cathedral is of considerable size, being four hundred and twenty feet long, and is surmounted by a much-admired central tower, rising two hundred and twenty-five feet. The light and graceful tracery of its parapets and pinnacles gives especial character to the exterior of Gloucester Cathedral, and when the open-work tracery is projected against the red glow of sunset an unrivalled effect is produced. This tower forms an admirable centre to the masses of buildings clustered around it. The monastery, founded by Osric in the seventh century, stood on this site, but after the Danes burned it a convent was built, which passed into the hands of the Bene-

dictines in 1022. One of these monks was the "Robert of Gloucester" who in 1272 wrote in rhyme a chronicle of English history from the siege of Troy to the death of Henry II. Their church was repeatedly burned and rebuilt, but it was not until the shrine of Edward II. was placed in it that the religious establishment thrived, and the little desk at which the priest received the offerings is carefully preserved. The rich harvest brought by pilgrims to this shrine led to the reconstruction of the older church, by encasing the shell with Perpendicular work in the lower part and completely rebuilding the upper portion. This was in the fourteenth century, and by the close of the next century the cathedral appeared as it is now seen. Entering the fine southern porch, we are ushered into the splendid Norman nave bordered by exceptionally high piers, rising thirty feet, and surmounted by a low triforium and clerestory. The design is rather dwarfed by thus impoverishing the upper stories. The choir has an enormous east window, seventy-two by thirty-eight feet, the largest in England, made wider than the choir itself by an ingenious arrangement of the walls; and this retains most of the old stained glass. The choir has been restored, and in the old woodwork the seat of the mayor is retained opposite the throne of the bishop. On the floor an oblong setting of tiles marks the grave of William the Conqueror's eldest

son Robert Curthose, who died at Cardiff, and whose monument stands in an adjoining chapel. The Lady Chapel is east of the choir, and has a "whispering gallery" over its entrance. Beneath the choir is the crypt, antedating the Norman Conquest, and one of the remains of the original church of the Benedictines. On the south side of the choir is the monument to Edward II., standing in an archway. The effigy is of alabaster, and the tomb is surmounted by a beautiful sculptured canopy. The cloisters north of the nave are most attractive, the roof being vaulted in fan-patterns of great richness. There can still be seen along the north walk of these cloisters the lavatories for the monks, with the troughs into which the water flowed and the recesses in the wall above to contain the towels. Beyond the cloisters are the other remains of the monastery, now generally incorporated into houses. Gloucester has been a bishop's see since the reign of Henry VIII., and one of its bishops was the zealous Reformer who was martyred in 1555, in sight of his own cathedral—John Hooper: his statue stands in St. Mary's Square, where Queen Mary had him burned as a heretic. Gloucester also has its Spa, a chalybeate spring recently discovered in the south-eastern suburbs, but the town is chiefly known to fame abroad by its salmon and lampreys. The lamprey is caught in the Severn and potted for export, having been considered a dainty by the epi-

cures of remote as well as modern times. It was in great request in the time of King John, when we are told "the men of Gloucester gave forty marks to that king to have his good will, because they regarded him not as they ought in the matter of their lampreys." This was the favorite dish of Henry I. (Beauclerc), and over-indulgence in lampreys finally killed him. It was the custom until 1836 for the corporation of Gloucester to send every Christmas to the sovereign "a lamprey pie with a raised crust."

Gloucester has other memories which add to its fame. Robert Raikes, who founded the first English Sunday-school here, was a native of Gloucester, and the ancient timber-framed house in which he lived is still in existence and shown as a precious relic. Dr. Edward Jenner, who discovered vaccination as a preventive of smallpox, was born at Berkeley near by in 1749, and, dying here in 1823, his statue and monument are in the Cathedral, while the Gloucester Museum contains the horns of the cow from which he obtained his original stock of lymph. Parliament at various times voted him grants of \$150,000, and he received \$40,000 from India, to compensate him for his outlays and sacrifices in the successful prosecution of his discovery, and his statue was placed in Trafalgar Square, London, in 1858.

CHELTENHAM AND RUGBY.

The Cotswolds overlook not only Gloucester, but also the famous Spa of Cheltenham, standing on the little river Chelt. This noted watering-place of about fifty thousand people has already been referred to in describing the sources of the Thames. The great Lockhampton Hill of the Cotswolds rises on its southern border, and the chalybeate and saline springs which give it popularity, were discovered early in the eighteenth century, and a visit to them by King George III. in 1788 at once made Cheltenham a fashionable resort. They are efficacious in dyspepsia and affections of the liver, and so large a part of the population and visitors are Anglo-Indians and people who have lived in the Orient, that the town is not inappropriately called "Asia Minor." Cheltenham is a popular resort for fox-hunters in the winter, and its colleges rank high among the British public schools, there being six hundred students in Cheltenham College and eight hundred girls in the Ladies' College. Its High Street is an attractive avenue two miles long, with most of the chief buildings, gardens, and baths adjacent. About three miles southward in the Cotswolds is the Seven Springs, the source of the river Churn, which flows into the Thames.

North-eastward from Cheltenham a brief journey takes us to the town of Rugby, the great railway

junction, immortalized by Dickens as "Mugby Junction," and known to scholars all over the world for its famous school. It is the centre of a popular hunting-district and has a permanent population of probably twelve thousand. In the Domesday Book the name appears as "Rocheberrie," and in Queen Elizabeth's day it was "Rokebie." Laurence Sheriffe (whose name is preserved in one of the chief inns) founded the school at Rugby in 1567, and it now has about four hundred scholars and sixty "foundationers," who are supported by the endowments, which produce \$35,000 annual income. Its noted head-master was Dr. Thomas Arnold, who had charge of the school from 1828 until his death at the age of forty-seven years in 1842, and he is buried in the chapel. Dr. Arnold, who was a native of the Isle of Wight and a clergyman, conducted the school with such success that he is said to have regenerated English public school education. Matthew Arnold, the English poet, critic, and "apostle of culture," was his eldest son, born in 1822, dying in 1888. Thomas Hughes, who was educated at Rugby and at Oxford, has added much to the fame of Rugby School in his *Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby by an Old Boy*, first issued in 1856, and *Tom Brown at Oxford*, written in 1861. Hughes was a queen's counsel and member of Parliament, and was born at Uffington in Berkshire, near the noted White Horse Hill, in 1823, but his



books have chiefly made his fame. He came to America, aided in founding the model settlement of Rugby in Tennessee in 1880, and died at Brighton, England, in 1896. Near Rugby is Bilton Hall, which was long the home of Addison.

TEWKESBURY.

Let us ascend the valley of the Severn, and in the centre of its broad plain, at the confluence of the Avon, find another great religious house in the smaller but equally noted town of Tewkesbury. All around are rich meadows, and here, away from the hills, was the ideal site for a monastery according to the ancient notion, where the languor of the gentle air prevented the blood flowing with too quick pulse. The Avon, spanned by an old arched bridge, washes one side of the town; the massive abbey-tower rises above a fringe of foliage and orchards, while on the one hand the horizon is bounded by the steep Cotswolds, and on the other by the broken masses of the Malverns. Close to the town, on its western verge, flows the Severn, crossed by a fine modern iron bridge. Tewkesbury is known to fame by its mustard, its abbey, and its battle. The renown of the Tewkesbury mustard goes back for at least three centuries: as "thick as Tewkesbury mustard" was a proverb of Falstaff's. That old-time historian Fuller says of it, "The best in England (to take no larger compass) is made at

Tewkesbury. It is very wholesome for the clearing of the head, moderately taken." But, unfortunately, the reputation of Tewkesbury for this commodity has declined in modern times, for the manufacture has gone elsewhere.

The history of Tewkesbury Abbey comes from misty antiquity. The locality on the bank of the Severn was called EtoCESSa by the Romans, and afterwards Theocsbyrig by the Saxons, commemorating the missionary monk Theoc, who founded a little church here in the seventh century. Some derive the name of Tewkesbury from an original title of "Dukes-borough," said to have come from two ancient Britons, Dukes Odda and Dudda. The abbey appears to have been originally founded in 715; the renowned Brictric, King of Wessex, was buried within its walls in the ninth century, and, like Gloucester, it suffered afterwards from the ravages of the Danes. But it flourished subsequently, and in the days of William Rufus the manor was conferred upon Robert Fitz-Hamon, an influential nobleman, under whose auspices the present abbey was built. Nothing remains of any prior building. The church was begun in 1100, but the builder was killed in battle in 1107 before it was completed. It is in the form of a cross with short transepts, and a tower rising from the centre. The choir was originally terminated by apses, which can still be traced, and there were other apses on

the eastern side of each transept. While the outlines of most of the abbey are Norman, the choir is almost all of later date. The western front has the singular feature of being almost all occupied by an enormous and deeply-recessed Norman arch, into which a doorway and tracery were inserted about two hundred years ago, replacing one blown down by a storm in 1661. This abbey church was dedicated in 1123, and the services were almost the last diocesan act of Theulf, bishop of Worcester. One of the dedication ceremonies was quaint. As the bishop came to the middle of the nave, we are told that he found part of the pavement spread with white wood-ashes, upon which he wrote the alphabet twice with his pastoral staff—first the Greek alphabet from north-east to south-west, and then the Latin, from south-east to north-west, thus placing them in the form of a cross. He signified by this ceremony that all divine revelation was conveyed by the letters of the alphabet, and that the gospel comprehended under the shadow of the cross men of all races and all languages. The time had been when at such consecrations three alphabets were written—the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin—as the title on the cross had been written in these three tongues, but the Hebrew was early discontinued, “probably,” writes Blunt, the historian of Tewkesbury Abbey, “because even bishops might not always be able to manage their Alpha

Beta in that character." The best views of the abbey are from the south-east, and the interior is regarded as more remarkable than the exterior. The nave is of singular grandeur, its round Norman columns being exceptionally lofty. The triforium is stunted, and consists merely of two pairs of small arches, above which the ribs of a noble fretted roof expand, so that it appears as if the roof were immediately supported by the columns of the nave. The choir is short and hexagonal, being only sixty-six feet from the reredos, and is surrounded by a number of polygonal chapels, as at Westminster Abbey, with which it appears quite similar in plan. The Lady Chapel, originally at the east end, has been entirely destroyed. There are several monuments of great interest in these chapels, some of them in the form of chantries—being exquisite cages in stone-work—within which are the tombs of the founders. Here lie some of the chief nobility of England who in the days of the Plantagenets were the lords of Tewkesbury—the Beauchamps, Nevilles, De Clares, and Despensers. Robert Fitz-Hamon's tomb in the "Founder's Chapel" was not erected until the fourteenth century. Here lie Clarence and his wife, Isabel, the daughter of Warwick the "king-maker," and also the murdered son of Henry VI., who was "stabbed in the field by Tewkesbury," with other victims of that fatal battle. The remains of the cloisters lie to the south of the abbey, and

beyond is the ancient gateway, of rather unusual plan. At Deerhurst, on the Severn near Tewkesbury, some time ago an interesting archæological discovery was made. A pre-Norman church exists there, and at an old farmhouse adjacent a pre-Norman chapel was brought to light. A stone found there, bearing the date 1056, and now kept in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, makes either the church or the chapel—for the authorities differ as to where it belonged—the earliest dated ecclesiastical building in England.

The battle of Tewkesbury, which sealed the fate of the Lancastrian party in England, was fought in 1471 upon the Bloody Meadow, then called the Vineyard, just outside the town and to the southward of the abbey. The Lancastrian line was soon broken, and the fight became practically a slaughter, as the defeated party were forced back upon the town and into the very abbey itself. Many of the fugitives sought refuge in the church, and the Yorkists followed them, striking down their victims in the graveyard and even within the church-doors. The abbot, taking in his hand the sacred Host, confronted King Edward himself in the porch and forbade him to pollute the house of God with blood, and would not allow him to enter until he had promised mercy to those who had sought refuge inside. This clemency, however, was short-lived, for in the afternoon the young Prince of Wales, Henry

VI.'s son, was brought before Edward and murdered by his attendants. Shakespeare represents Edward as dealing the first blow with a dagger, but the truer story seems to be that, enraged by a haughty answer from the young prince, Edward struck him in the face with his gauntlet, which the bystanders accepted as a signal for the murder. Two days afterwards a number of the chief captives were executed.

WORCESTER.

Still ascending the valley of the Severn, we come to Worcester, another of the military stations of the Romans, established to hold this rich, fertile, and coveted region. It was known, however, in remote antiquity, before the Roman occupation, as the *Caer Guorangon* of the Britons. Its cathedral, and, in fact, much of the town, stand upon an elevated ridge, with the river flowing at the base. To this day Worcester retains the plan of the original Roman camp, but it does not seem to have made at that time much mark in history. The Saxons after capturing this important military station from the Romans, named it *Wigorna Ceaster*, of which the present name of Worcester is a softened modification, and the station and town were afterwards incorporated into Mercia. In the eleventh century a castle was built near the Severn, and the earlier kings of England were frequently its residents, but no trace of this castle now remains. King John had great

veneration for St. Wulstan, the founder of Worcester Cathedral, and dying in Newark Castle in 1216, he was laid to rest in the cathedral beside that saint's shrine. Worcester suffered the usual penalties of the towns in the Severn Valley: it was destroyed by the Danes and burned by Hardicanute, and in the twelfth century town, castle, and cathedral were all consumed by a fire supposed to be caused by the Welsh. It was partially burned three times subsequently in that century, and in Henry III.'s reign Simon de Montfort and his son were defeated and slain on the neighboring hills. The final conflagration was caused by Owen Glendower in 1401, after which quieter times came until the Civil War. Worcester was zealous for King Charles, and suffered from two sieges, being the last city that held out for the royal cause. It was the scene of Charles II.'s first and unsuccessful effort to regain the English crown. He had been acknowledged and crowned by the Scots, and attempted the invasion of England. His army marched down through the western counties, while Cromwell kept between him and London. He reached Worcester, when Cromwell determined to attack him, and marched the Parliamentary army to the outskirts of the city, encamping on Red Hill, where he intrenched. Sending part of his troops across the Severn, on September 3, 1651, Cromwell attacked Worcester on both sides, leading the van of the main body in person. Young Charles held a

council of war in the cathedral-tower, and when he descended to lead personally the defence, the fight had become hot; and it lasted several hours, Cromwell describing the battle as being "as stiff a contest as I have ever seen." The Scots were outnumbered and beaten, but would not surrender, and the battle did not close till nightfall. Then it was found that, while Cromwell had suffered inconsiderable loss, the royal forces had lost six thousand men and all their artillery and baggage. Charles fought bravely, and narrowly avoided capture. A handful of troops defended Sidbury Gate, leading in from the suburb of the town where the battle had been hottest. Charles had to dismount and creep under an overturned hay-wagon, and, entering the gate, mounted a horse and rode to the corn-market, where he escaped with Lord Wilmot through the back door of a house, while some of his officers beat off Cobbett's troops who attacked the front. Upon this house, built in 1557, is still read the inscription, "Love God; honor the king." Then getting out of the city, Charles escaped into the wood of Boscobel, and after a series of romantic adventures managed to reach the seacoast in Sussex, and on October 15th embarked at Shoreham for France. It was in this battle that Worcester earned the motto it still bears of "*Civitas in bello in pace fidelis*," and a brass cannon from the battlefield is preserved in the Guild-hall.

Worcester's most conspicuous building is the cathedral, dedicated to "Christ and the Blessed Virgin Mary," its tower being prominently seen for miles around. Its western front overlooks the Severn, and the ground-plan is an elongated double cross with short transepts. The choir and portions of the nave are the original work, most of the remainder being restored. St. Dunstan's successor, Bishop Oswald, built the first cathedral here, and during the progress of the work he met an unexpected check. The ancient chronicler tells us that a large stone became immovable, and despite every exertion could not be brought to its proper place. "St. Oswald," he continues, "after praying earnestly, beheld '*Ethiopem quendam*' sitting upon the stone and mocking the builders; the sign of the cross removed him effectually." No portion of this original building remains, the earliest parts of the present cathedral dating from Bishop Wulstan's time in the eleventh century. Wulstan was a man of piety and simplicity who retained his see after the Norman Conquest. The increasing number of monks in the monastery compelled the removal of Oswald's church to make more room, and Wulstan regretfully built the new cathedral, saying he was pulling down the church of a far holier man than himself. Miracles were frequent at Wulstan's tomb, and in 1203 he was canonized. His church was unlucky—several times partly burned, and once the central

tower fell, and afterwards the two western towers during storms; but it was always repaired, and in 1218 St. Wulstan's remains were removed to a shrine near the high altar, and the cathedral rededicated in the presence of Henry III. The interior view is striking, the arches of the nave, triforium, and clerestory being in harmonious proportions, and the magnificent groined roof extends in an unbroken line for four hundred and twenty feet, a feature matched in no other English cathedral. In the middle of the choir is King John's monument, the effigy representing him crowned and in royal robes, holding the sceptre and the sword, the point of the latter inserted in the mouth of a lion on which his feet rest. This is said to be the earliest existing effigy of any English monarch. We are told that in 1797 the coffin was found beneath the tomb, with the apparel partially mouldered, but the remains all gone. There are several other monuments in the cathedral—one a mural slab commemorating Anne, wife of Izaak Walton, with a quaint epitaph written by her husband, describing her as "a woman of remarkable prudence and of the primitive piety." The crypt beneath the choir is a remnant of Wulstan's work, and the old doors of the cathedral, dating from the thirteenth century, are preserved there: fragments of human skin are still seen upon them, reputed to have been that of a man who was flayed for stealing a holy bell. In the north walk of



the cloisters is the grave-slab famous for bearing the shortest and saddest inscription in England, "Miserrimus;" it is said to cover one of the minor canons, named Morris, who declined to take the oath of allegiance to William III. and had to be supported by alms. Around the cloisters are the ruins of the ancient monastery, the most prominent fragments being those of the Guesten Hall, erected in 1320. Access to the cathedral close, on the south-eastern side, is obtained through an ancient gateway called the Edgar Tower, one of the earliest structures connected with the cathedral, which is still fairly preserved: it was evidently intended for defence. The bishops of Worcester present an unbroken line for twelve centuries, including, in later days, Latimer the martyr, Prideaux, and Stillingfleet. The bishops do not reside in Worcester, however, but at Hartlebury Castle, a fine building, reconstructed in the last century, about twelve miles up the Severn Valley.

It was in Worcester Cathedral, on October 23, 1687, that James II. touched several persons to cure the scrofula, or king's evil; and when William III. afterwards visited Worcester he yielded to sundry entreaties to touch sufferers, but in doing so said, "God give you better health and more sense!" These were about the last "touchings" known in England. Upon James II.'s visit he attended mass at the Catholic chapel, and was waited upon to the

door by the mayor and corporation officers, but they declined to enter a Roman Catholic place of worship. A minute in the corporation proceedings explains that they passed the time until the service was over in smoking and drinking at the Green Dragon Inn, loyally charging the bill to the city. Worcester in ancient times was famous for its cloth, but other places have since eclipsed it. It is now noted mainly for gloves, hops, fine porcelain, vinegar, and Worcester Sauce. The Royal Porcelain Works at Worcester were founded in 1751, and now cover five acres of land. There is a fine collection of old Worcester ware in them. The feature of Worcester china is its hard enamel finish. In the extensive Worcester Vinegar Works there is a cask holding one hundred and fourteen thousand six hundred gallons. Lea & Perrins make their Worcester Sauce here; and the townsfolk turn out the celebrated Dent and Fownes brands of gloves.

THE MALVERN HILLS.

The broad valley of the Severn is bounded on its western side by the boldly-rising Malvern range of hills, which are elevated so steeply and so suddenly above the plain that they produce an impression of size and height much greater than they really possess, and are more imposing than many summits that far surpass them in magnitude. There is

reason, therefore, in Mrs. Browning's poetic expression :

“Malvern Hills, for mountains counted
Not unduly, form a row.”

The Malvern range is a ridge running nearly north and south for some ten miles, forming the watershed between the Severn and the Wye, with a series of smooth, steep summits, the breadth of the range being barely half a mile. Their slopes are of turf and furze, often as steep as the pitched roof of a house, with crags projecting here and there. The chief summits are the North Hill, rising eleven hundred and fifty-one feet above the Severn and thirteen hundred and twenty-six feet above the sea, the Worcestershire Beacon, fourteen hundred and forty-four feet, and the Herefordshire Beacon, thirteen hundred and seventy feet. Their highest parts are covered with verdure, and nearly seventeen hundred different varieties of plants have been found on the range. These hills stand as one of Nature's bulwarks, an outwork of the mountain-region of Wales, dividing an upland from a lowland district, each furnishing totally different characteristics. They were the boundary between the Romans and the Britons, and their summits present some remarkable remains of ancient fortifications. The Worcestershire Beacon rises directly above the town of Great Malvern, and south of it a fissure called the Wyche

sinks down to about nine hundred feet elevation, enabling a road to be carried across the ridge. Some distance south of this is an even lower depression, by which the high-road crosses from Worcester to Hereford. Then to the southward is the Herefordshire Beacon, and beyond it several lower summits. These two gaps or gateways in this natural wall of defence are both guarded by ancient camps of unusual strength and still in good preservation. One of these camps on the Herefordshire Beacon, with ditches, ramparts, and a keep, encloses forty-four acres, and is capable of accommodating twenty thousand men. According to tradition, Caractacus was here captured by the Romans in A. D. 75. Also on the top of the ridge are found traces of the ditch that was dug to mark the dividing-lines between the hunting-grounds of the bishops who ruled on either hand in Hereford and in Worcester. The bishops in the olden time appear to have been as keen sportsmen as the nobles.

The town of Great Malvern, on the eastern slope of the hills, is elevated five hundred and twenty feet, and is in high repute as a watering-place. It had its origin in a priory, of which there still remains the fine old church, with a surmounting gray tower and an entrance-gateway which have escaped the general ruin of the monastery. Within this ancient church the ornaments of some of the old stalls in the choir are very quaint, representing a

man leading a bear, a dying miser handing his money-bags to the priest and doctor, and three rats solemnly hanging a cat on the gallows. This ancient Malvern Priory claims to be the monastery of William Langland, the author of "Piers Plowman's Vision," which begins on a "May mornynge on Maluerne Hilles." The priory was the nucleus about which gathered the town, or, properly speaking, the towns, for there are a series of them, all well-known watering-places. Great Malvern has North Malvern alongside it and Malvern Link on the lower hills, while to the southward are Malvern Wells and Little Malvern (or Malvern Parva), with West Malvern over on the Hereford side of the ridge. They are aggregations of pretty villas, and the many invalids who seek their relief are drawn about in Bath-chairs by little donkeys. The view from the Worcestershire Beacon is grand, extending over a broad surface in all directions, for we are told that when the beacon-fires that were lighted upon this elevated ridge warned England of the approach of the Spanish Armada,

" Twelve fair counties saw the blaze
From Malvern's lonely height."

The advantages the Malvern range offers as a sanitarium are pure air and pure water. The towns are elevated above the fogs of the valleys, and the rainfall is small, while both winter's cold and summer's

heat are tempered. St. Anne's Well and the Holy Well are the great sources of pure water. The latter is at Malvern Wells, elevated six hundred and eighty feet, and the former on the side of the Worcestershire Beacon, at an elevation of seven hundred and fifty feet. Both are slightly alkaline, but St. Anne's Well is the most famous, and is tastefully enclosed. There are a Chalybeate Well at Great Malvern, and the Royal Well near West Malvern. There are also noted schools here, the chief being Malvern College. Water-cure establishments abound, and with such air, such water, and such magnificent scenery it is no wonder that the Malvern Hills are among the most popular resorts of England.

THE RIVER WYE.

From the top of the Malvern Hills the western view looks down upon the attractive valley of the river Wye, a famous stream that takes its rise in the mountains of Wales, and after flowing one hundred and thirty miles through Herefordshire and Monmouthshire falls into the Severn. Rising on the south-eastern side of Plynlimmon, a group of three mountains elevated nearly twenty-five hundred feet, it is one of five rivers whose sources are almost in the same spot, but which flow in opposite directions—the Llyffnant, Rheidol, Dyfi, Severn, and Wye. Plynlimmon, which produces

all these rivers, is, however, disappointing to those who make the ascent, and has been described as "sodden dreariness" by Baedeker. For miles the Wye is a mountain-torrent, receiving other streams, and flowing eastward through Radnor and Brecknock, where it is the resort of artists and anglers. It passes near the burial-place of Llewellyn, the last native Prince of Wales, who was defeated and slain by the English in 1282, and then, bordered by railway and highway, it comes down through picturesque ravines past the ancient Norman border-town of Hay and its ruined castle in a beautiful glen at the base of the Black Mountains, which rise abruptly from its southern bank. Near Hay, and overlooking the river, are the ruins of Clifford Castle, which was the birthplace of "Fair Rosamond." Here the Wye enters Herefordshire, which Camden in his *Britannica* says "would scorne to be considered seconde to any other county throughout all England for fertillite of soile," adding "that for three W. W. W.—wheat, wool, water—it yieldeth to no shire in England." Then the valley broadens, and the stream gradually leads us to the ancient town of Hereford, standing chiefly on its northern bank and in a delightful situation. This city does not lay claim to Roman origin, but it was nevertheless one of the fortified outposts of England on the border of Wales, and was often the scene of warfare. It was walled and vigorously defended,

while hostelrys and chapels were erected for the accommodation of pilgrims and other visitors. Hereford contained the shrines of St. Ethelbert and St. Thomas Cantelupe, the latter, who was bishop here in the thirteenth century, being the last Englishman who was canonized before the Reformation. The chief antique of the town, however, is the "Old House," a picturesque half-timbered building, used for a bank, which is all that remains of the "old Butcher's Row," originally a large and irregular cluster of wooden buildings placed nearly in the middle of the locality known as the High Town. All but one of these houses have been taken down, and the one that remains shows window-frames, doors, stairs, and floors all made of thick and solid masses of timber, apparently constructed to last for ages. A shield over one of the doors bears a boar's head and three bulls' heads, having two winged bulls for supporters and another bull for a crest. On other parts are emblems of the slaughter-house, such as ropes, rings, and axes. Thus did our English ancestors caricature the imaginary dignity of heraldry. This attractive old house is a relic of the days of James I. constructed in the sixteenth or early seventeenth century. David Garrick was born in Hereford in 1716. Nell Gwynne was also born in Hereford, and the small cottage in Pipe Lane which was her birthplace was some time ago pulled down. It was a little four-roomed house, and an outhouse

opening on the Wye, which was standing in poor Nelly's days, remains. Hereford Cathedral, dedicated to St. Mary and St. Ethelbert, is a fine Norman structure, begun in the eleventh century after the Welsh had burnt its predecessor, but not completed until 1530, the whole building having been restored in 1863. The most imposing portion of the interior is the north transept, which was built to receive the shrine of Cantelupe. Alongside the altar is an interesting old bishop's chair, dating from the eleventh century. The cathedral library contains many ancient volumes of great value and interest, most of which are chained to the shelves. In the southern aisle of the choir is the famous "Hereford Mappa Mundi," a quaint and curious map of the world made near the close of the thirteenth century, which hangs in its original frame, and is protected by modern doors of oak. The remains of the Black Friars' monastery are in the Widemarsh suburb at the Coningsby or Black Cross Hospital founded in 1614. They consist chiefly of an interesting relic of that religious order, an hexagonal preaching-cross standing on a flight of steps and open on each side. Hereford Castle has disappeared, but its site is an attractive public walk overlooking the Wye, called the Castle Green. The White Cross, west of the town, was erected in the fourteenth century to mark the cessation of the Black Death in 1349.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

The Wye flows on through a fairly open valley, with broad meadows extending from the bases of the wooded hills to the river. On approaching Ross the meadows contract, the hills come nearer together, and the new phase of scenery in the glen which here begins makes the Wye the most beautiful among English rivers, the "devious Vaga" of the poet. Ross stands at the entrance to the glen, built upon a sloping hill which descends steeply to the Wye. It was the Ariconium of the Romans, and has been almost without stirring history. It has grown in all these centuries to be a town of about three thousand five hundred population, with considerable trade, being the centre of a rich agricultural section, and is chiefly known to fame as the home of Pope's "Man of Ross." This was John Kyrle, who was born at the village of Dymock, not far away, May 22, 1637. He was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, where they still preserve a piece of plate which he presented as a parting gift. He afterwards settled at Ross, and lived to an advanced age, dying November 11, 1724. He was described as "nearly six feet high, strong and lusty made, jolly and ruddy in the face, with a large nose." His claim to immortality, which has made his name a household word in England, cannot better be described than by quoting some of Pope's lines :

"Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
 From the dry soil who bade the waters flow?
 Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
 Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
 'The Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies.
 Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
 The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
 He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,
 Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
 Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blest,
 The young who labor, and the old who rest.
 Is any sick? The Man of Ross relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes and gives.
 Is there a variance? Enter but his door,
 Balked are the courts and contest is no more.
 Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
 What all so wish, but want the power to do!
 Oh, say what sums that generous hand supply,
 What mines to swell that boundless charity?
 Of debts and taxes, wife and children, clear,
 That man possessed—five hundred pounds a year!"

It is not often that a man can do so much to benefit his townfolk out of the modest income of \$2500 a year; and not only Pope, but Coleridge also, has found this a theme for verse. The house in which the "Man of Ross" lived is on the left-hand side of the market-place, and still stands, though much changed. It is now a drug-store and a dwelling, and is marked by his bust. The floors and panelling of several of the chambers are of oak, while a quaint opening leads to a narrow corridor and into a small room, which tradition says was his bedroom, where he

endured his last and only illness, and died. The bedroom looks out upon his garden, divided like the house, one-half being converted into a bowling-green. The surrounding walls are overrun with vines and bordered by pear trees. On the other side of the market-place is the Town-hall, standing on an eminence and facing the principal street, which comes up from the river-bank. This hall is somewhat dilapidated, though still in daily use, and is supported on crumbling pillars of red sandstone. Ross is chiefly built upon the slope of a hill, terminating in a plateau, one side of which the Wye, flowing through a horseshoe bend, has scraped out into a river-cliff. Upon this plateau stands the little Ross Church with its tall spire, a striking building in a singularly fortunate situation. The churchyard, with an adjoining public garden called the Prospect, extends to the brow of the cliff. The church is cruciform, and its spire the landmark for the surrounding country. It was built in the fourteenth century, but is without architectural features. The "Man of Ross" rests within its walls, buried near the altar under a blue slab. His memory is the most cherished remembrance of Ross, and is mellowed as the ages pass. His fireside chair stands in the chancel, and they also show a book containing his autograph. A tablet to his memory is inserted in the wall, erected by a distant relative, Lady Betty Dupplin, for it is said, as is usually the case, that

his good deeds excited more enthusiasm in strangers than among the people whom he benefited. Within the church, in front of a window, two elm trees are growing, another indirect and posthumous memorial of the "Man of Ross." They appeared about seventy years ago, and the story is that a rector of the parish had cut down a tree on the outside of the wall which the "Man of Ross" had originally planted, whereupon these suckers made their appearance within the building and asserted the vitality of the parent tree. They shot up against the seat which is said to have been his favorite one, and though at first objected to, the church-wardens bowed to the inevitable, and they are now among the most prized relics within the church. The public garden (the Prospect) adjoining the churchyard was another benefaction of the "Man of Ross," and with some private houses and a hotel it crowns the summit of the plateau. Here the hand of the "Man of Ross" again appears in a row of noble elms around the churchyard which he is said to have planted, some of them of great size. The view from the Prospect, however, is the town's chief present glory. It stands on the brink of the river-cliff, with the Wye at its feet beneath the lovely Prospect Walk, sweeping around the apex of the long horseshoe curve and crossed by a picturesque bridge. Within the curve is the grassy Oak Meadow dotted with old trees. On either hand

are meadows and cornfields, with bits of wood, and the Welsh hills rise in the distance.

GOODRICH CASTLE AND SYMOND'S YAT.

The Wye flows on through its picturesque glen towards Monmouth, the water bubbling with a strong current. A raised causeway carries the road to Monmouth over the meadows. On the right hand are the ruins of Wilton Castle, built in Stephen's reign, and burned in the Civil War. This castle at one time belonged to Thomas Guy, who bequeathed it to the London hospital bearing his name. Tourists go by small boats floated on the current down the Wye, and the boats are hauled back on donkey-carts, little trains of them being seen creeping along the Monmouth road. There still may be seen on the Wye the primitive British boat known as the "coracle," made of hides or tarred canvas stretched over a frame of timber or wicker-work. A venturesome boatman is told of who went out to sea in one of these frail craft seventeen miles off shore to Lundy Island and back. From Ross to Monmouth the river flows through a region of rolling hills, with abrupt declivities where the rapid stream has scarped the margin into cliffs and ridges.

The valley soon narrows, and the very crooked river flows through bewitching scenery until by another great horseshoe bend it winds around the ruins of Goodrich Castle, reared upon a wooded

cliff, with Goodrich Court near by. The latter is a modern imitation of a mediæval dwelling, constructed according to the erratic whims of a recent owner. This Court some time ago contained the finest collection of ancient armor in England, but most of it has been transferred to the South Kensington Museum. Goodrich Castle was once a formidable fortress, and it dates from the reign of Stephen. Here it was that in the days of Edward the Confessor, "entrenched in a stockade of wood, Goderic de Wincheomb held the ford" over the Wye, and gave the place his name. It grew in strength until the Civil War, when Sir Richard Lingen held it for the king. This was a memorable contest, lasting six weeks, during which the besiegers belabored it with the best battering-cannon they could procure, and used up eighty barrels of gunpowder voted by Parliament for the purpose. Then the defenders demanded a parley, but the assailants, angry at being so long balked of their prey, insisted upon unconditional surrender. Afterwards the castle was demolished, but the fine old keep remains in good preservation, commanding a grand view over the winding valley of the Wye, to the Forest of Dean in one direction and the Malvern Hills in another. The ruins are of a quadrangular fortress, and within the courtyard Wordsworth once met the child whose prattle suggested his familiar poem, "We are Seven." Little now remains of Goodrich

Priory, but the parish church of the village can be seen afar off, and it contains a chalice presented by Dean Swift, whose grandfather, Thomas Swift, was once its rector.

Below Goodrich this wayward river makes an enormous loop, wherein it goes wandering about for eight miles and accomplishes just one mile's distance. Here it becomes a boundary between the two Bickner villages—Welsh Bickner and English Bickner. To the eastward is the Forest of Dean, covering over twenty-six thousand acres, and including extensive coal-pits and iron-works, the smoke from the latter overhanging the valley. The river-channel is dug deeply into the limestone rocks, whose fissured and ivy-clad cliffs rise high above the water, varied by occasional green meadows, where cattle are feeding. The river bends sharply to the westward past the crags at Coldwell, and then doubles back upon its former course. This second bend is around a high limestone plateau which is the most singular feature of the beautiful glen. The river sweeps in an elongated loop of about five miles, and returns to within eighteen hundred feet of its former channel, and the plateau rises six hundred and fifty feet to the apex of the head-land that mounts guard over the grand curve—the famous Symond's Yat. On the top are the remains of an ancient British fort, and rocks, woods, fields, and meadows slope down to the river on almost

every side, making a bewitching scene. It was here that the Northman Vikings in 911 fortified themselves after they landed on the Severn and penetrated through the Forest of Dean. They were led by Eric in quest of plunder, and captured a bishop, who was afterwards ransomed for two hundred dollars. The foray roused the people, who besieged the Vikings, forming a square encampment which commanded their fortification, and remains of which are still visible. They drove the Vikings out with their hail of arrows, and punished them so terribly that the defile down which they fled is still known as "The Slaughter." The remnant who escaped afterwards surrendered on condition of being allowed to quit the country, and their experience had such wholesome influence that no Vikings came that way afterwards.

The Wye next bends around two bold limestone hills known as the Great and the Little Doward, each surmounted by ancient encampments, where arrowheads and other relics, not to forget the bones of a giant, have been found. In fact, bones seem to be a prolific product of this region, for the "bone-caves" of the Dowards produce the relics of many animals long vanished from the kingdom, and also disclose rude weapons of flint, showing that primitive races of men were here with them. Beds of stalagmites, sand, and gravel covered these relics, deposited by an ancient stream which geologists say

flowed three hundred feet above the present bed of the Wye. Then we come to the richly-wooded deer-park of the Leys with its exquisite views, and here the wildly-romantic scenery is gradually subdued into a more open valley and a straighter stream as the Wye flows on towards Monmouth. The parts of the river just described are not more renowned for their beauty, though considered the finest in England, than for their salmon, and we are told that three men with a net have been known to catch a ton of salmon in a day, while the fishery rights are let at over \$100,000 annually.

MONMOUTH.

The beautiful valley, with its picturesque scenery, expands somewhat as the Wye approaches its junction with the river Monnow and flows through a succession of green meadows. Here, between the two rivers on a low spur, a prolongation of their bordering hills, stands Monmouth, its ancient suburbs spreading across the Monnow. This attractive town Gray called "the delight of the eye and the very seat of pleasure." From the market-place, the chief street leads down to these suburbs, crossing over an old-time bridge. The town has its church and the ruins of a priory, while perched on a cliff overlooking the Monnow is its castle, displaying rather extensive but not very attractive remains. John of Monmouth is said to have built this castle in the



reign of Henry III. Here also lived at one time John of Gaunt and his son Harry Hereford, who afterwards became Henry IV., and the latter's son, Harry Monmouth, was born in this old castle, growing up to become the wild "Prince Hal," and afterwards the victor at Agincourt. They still show a narrow window, with remains of tracery, as marking the room in which he first saw the light. Thus has "Prince Hal" become the patron of Monmouth, and his statue stands in front of the Town-hall, representing the king in full armor, and inscribed, "Henry V., born at Monmouth August 9, 1387," but it is not regarded as remarkable for its artistic finish. The remains of the old priory are utilized for a school. It was founded by the Benedictines in the reign of Henry I., and in it lived Geoffrey of Monmouth, a familiar author in days when books were few. He was Bishop of St. Asaph's in the year 1152, and wrote his *History of the Britons*, wherein he combined all the fables of the time so ingeniously with the truth that they became alike history. Out of his imagination grew the tale of King Arthur's "Round Table" and its knights.

Upon the old bridge crossing the Monnow stands an ancient gate-house, constructed in the style that prevailed in the thirteenth century, but it is doubtful if this was a military work, its probable use being the collection of tolls on the produce brought into the town. It is pierced with postern arches for

the foot-passengers, and still retains the place for its portcullis. All around the Monmouth market-place are the old houses where the celebrated Monmouth caps were made that were so popular in old times, and of which Fluellen spoke when he told Henry V., "If Your Majesty is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps." Monmouth is not a large town, having but six thousand inhabitants, but it takes a mayor, four aldermen, two bailiffs, and twelve councillors to govern them, and its massive county-jail is a solid warning to all evil-doers. From the summit of the lofty Kymin Hill, rising seven hundred feet on the eastern side of the town, there is a grand panorama over the valley of the Wye. This hill is surmounted by a pavilion and temple, built in 1800 to record the naval victories of England in the American wars. Farther down the valley was the home of the late Lord Raglan, the British commander in the Crimean war, and here are the ruins of Raglan Castle, built in the fifteenth century. For ten weeks in the Civil War, in 1646, the venerable Marquis of Worcester held this castle against Fairfax's siege, but the redoubtable old hero, who was aged eighty-four, ultimately had to surrender. This was the last castle to hold out for King Charles. The second Marquis, the son of this sturdy Royalist, was more distinguished in the arts of peace, for he is said to have

invented the first steam engine, which was used at Raglan as a pumping-engine.

TINTERN ABBEY AND CHEPSTOW CASTLE.

The Wye at Monmouth also receives the Trothy River, and the confluence of the three valleys makes a comparatively open basin, which, however, again narrows into another romantic glen a short distance below the town. Wild woods border the steep hills, and the Wye flows through the western border of the Forest of Dean, an occasional village attesting the mineral wealth by its blackened chimneys. Here, below Redbrook, was the home of Admiral Rooke, who captured Gibraltar in 1704, and farther down are the ruins of the castle of St. Briavels, built in the days of Henry I. to check Welsh forays. Here lived the lord warden of the Forest of Dean, and for three centuries every Whit-Sunday they held the annual "scramble" in the church. It appears that a tax of one penny was levied on every person who pastured his cattle on the common, and the amount thus raised was expended for bread and cheese. The church was crowded, and the clerk standing in the gallery threw out the edibles to the struggling congregation below. The Forest of Dean is the triangular-shaped region between the rivers Wye and Severn extending as far north as a line drawn from Ross to Gloucester. It was formerly a royal domain, and the crown lands still are about

twenty-five thousand acres. It produces large amounts of iron and coal, and there is still much picturesque woodland, mainly tracts of oaks and beeches. The highest part of the watershed between the rivers is Ruardean Hill, rising eight hundred and fifty-five feet. The Verderer's Court, which rules it, is held in the "Speech House," which adjoins the Holly Wood, one of the attractive groves of the domain. Traversing the border of the Forest, the railway closely hugs the swiftly-flowing river in its steep and narrow glen as we pass Offa's Dyke and Chair and the Moravian village of Bigsweir, the highest point at which the flow of the tide is perceptible. Here the line of fortifications crossed the valley which the king of Mercia constructed to protect his dominions. The valley then slightly expands, and the green sward is dotted with the houses of the long and scattered village of Tintern Parva. The river sharply bends, and in the glen on the western side stand the ivy-clad ruins of the far-famed Tintern Abbey in the green meadow at the brink of the Wye. The spot is well chosen, for nowhere along this celebrated river has Nature indicated a better place for quiet, heavenly meditation not unmingled with earthly comforts.

Walter de Clare founded Tintern Abbey in 1131 for the Cistercian monks, and dedicated it to St. Mary. It was built upon an ancient battlefield where a Christian prince of Glamorgan had been



slain by the heathen, but of the buildings erected by De Clare none now exist, the present remains being erected later in the following century, and the abbey church that is now in ruin was constructed by Roger Bigod, Duke of Norfolk. It is a magnificent relic of the Decorated period. The vaulted roof and central tower are gone, but the arches which supported the latter remain. The row of columns on the northern side of the nave have fallen, with the clerestory above them and the central tower, but the remainder of the structure has suffered little damage. The western front, with its noble window and exquisite tracery, is very fine. Ivy and ferns overrun the walls and form a coping, while green sward has replaced the pavement, so that it would be difficult to imagine a more enchanting ruin, and as such Tintern is renowned the world over. Lord Houghton has written :

“ The men who called their passion piety,
And wrecked this noble argosy of faith,—
They little thought how beauteous could be death,
How fair the face of time’s aye-deepening sea.
Nor arms that desolate, nor years that flee,
Nor hearts that fail, can utterly deflower
This grassy floor of sacramental power
Where we now stand communicants.”

Tintern Abbey is two hundred and twenty-eight feet long. It had no triforium, and the clerestory windows are rather large. The great east window

was even more elaborate than the western, but all of it has fallen excepting the central mullion and the stronger portion of the tracery which branches out on either side from it. There yet remain in the building a few tiles with heraldic emblems, some broken monuments, and some heaps of choice carvings, shattered as they fell, but afterwards collected and piled against the walls. The Duke of Beaufort, to whose estate it belongs, has done everything possible to arrest decay, and all is kept in perfect order. A door leads out of the southern transept to a few fragments of buildings in the fields on that side, but most of the convent was on the northern side, where its ruins surround a grass-grown quadrangle. A cloister once ran around it; on the eastern side is the chapter-house, with the dormitory above, and on the western side the remains of the abbot's lodgings and the guest-chambers have been converted into cottages. The refectory and guest-hall are to the northward, with ruins of the octagonal columns that supported the roof. Such is this magnificent relic of the Cistercians, and yet it is but one of seventy-six abbeys that they possessed before Henry VIII. dissolved them. From the high-road down the valley of the Wye which skirts the green meadows along its southern face, is the best view of the abbey, and the ruddy gray stone ruins, with the grassy fields and the background of wooded hills beyond the broad river, make up a picture that

cannot easily be forgotten. Yet Tintern is most beautiful of all when the full moon rising over the eastern hills pours a flood of light through the broken east window to the place where once stood the high altar.

The valley of the Wye again broadens, and the river flows in graceful curves through the meadows, guarded on either hand by cliffs and woods. The river is here a tidal stream, having a rise of twelve feet, so that it is now a strong current, flowing full and swift between grassy banks, and anon is a shrunk creek, fringed by broad borders of mud. As may be supposed, the views are best at high tide. The railway on the eastern bank runs over the meadows and through occasional tunnels in the spurs of the protruding cliffs. The high-road climbs the hill on the western bank, known as the Wyndcliff, from the top of which there is a grand view over the valley and to the southward towards and beyond Chepstow. This cliff rises nine hundred feet above the river, and is the great monarch of a realm of crags that elevate their heads in all directions. Across the Wye, on a tongue of land projecting into the stream, Sir John Wyntour in the Civil War, with one hundred and eighty Royalists, hastily built a fort to command the river. Before their intrenchments were complete the enemy in superior force attacked and completely routed them; but twenty escaped, and Wyntour, cutting his way through the

assailants' lines, took refuge in the beetling crags behind, known as the Tidenham Rocks. The cavalry pursued him, when he forced his horse down a part somewhat less precipitous than the rest, reached the bank in safety, and escaped by swimming his horse over the river. The precipice is still known as Wyntour's Leap. Below, the Wye flows past the fine aggregation of rocks known as the "Twelve Apostles," and then on through Chepstow, with iron bridges spanning it to carry the road and railway across. The main part of the town on the western part is built upon a slope that in places descends somewhat rapidly to the river. Parts of the old walls are still preserved, strengthened at intervals by round towers. Chepstow has its ruined church, once a priory, within which Henry Marten the regicide was buried after twenty years' imprisonment in the castle, where he died in 1680.

The great point of interest is Chepstow Castle, built here in the thirteenth century to command the Wye, and standing in a fine situation on the edge of the river in a naturally fortified position. Upon the land-side deep trenches and outworks protect it, while a grassy meadow intervenes between its gateway and the Wye, that here makes a sharp curve. To get the castle in between the crags and the river, it was constructed upon a long and narrow plan, and is divided into four courts. The main entrance on the eastern side is through a ponderous gateway



flanked by solid towers and with curiously-constructed ancient wooden doors. Entering the court, there is a massive tower on the left hand with an exterior staircase turret, while on the right the custodian lives in a group of comparatively modern buildings, beneath which is a vaulted chamber communicating with the river. Within this tower, whose walls are of great thickness, Henry Marten was imprisoned. He was one of the court that tried King Charles, and his signature is upon the king's death-warrant. He was a spendthrift, and afterwards had a quarrel with Cromwell, who denounced him as an unbeliever, and even as a buffoon. When Charles II. made the proclamation of amnesty, Marten surrendered, but he was tried and condemned to death. He plead that he came in under the proffer of mercy, and the sentence was commuted to a life imprisonment; and after a short confinement in the Tower of London he was removed to Chepstow. Passing into the smaller second court, for the rocks contract it, there is a strong tower protecting its entrance, and at the upper end are the ruins of the great hall, relics of the fourteenth century. Two or three windows, a door, and part of an arcade remain, but roof and floor are gone. A still smaller court lies beyond, at the upper end of which is a gateway defended by a moat, beyond which is the western gate and court of the castle, so that this last enclosure forms a kind of barbican.

Chepstow was elaborately defended, and its only vulnerable points were from the meadows on the east and the higher ground to the west; but before the days of artillery it was regarded as impregnable, and excellently performed its duty as a check upon the Welsh. Fitzosbern, Earl of Hereford, built the original castle in the eleventh century, but the most of Chepstow dates from that great epoch of castle-building on the Welsh border, the reign of Edward I. We are told that the second Fitzosbern was attainted and his estates forfeited, but that the king one Easter graciously sent to him in prison his royal robes. The earl disdained the favor and burned them, which made the king so angry that he said, "Certainly this is a very proud man who hath thus abused me, but, by the brightness of God, he shall never come out of prison so long as I live." Whereupon, says Dugdale, who tells the tale, he remained a prisoner until he died. Chepstow was then bestowed upon the De Clares, who founded Tintern Abbey, and it afterwards passed by marriage to the Bigod family. Chepstow in the Civil War was held for the king, and surrendered to the Parliamentary troops. Soon afterwards it was surprised at the western gate and retaken. Cromwell then besieged it, but, the siege proving protracted, he left Colonel Ewer in charge. The Royalist garrison of about one hundred and sixty men were reduced to great extremity and tried to escape by a boat, but in this

they were disappointed, as one of the besiegers, watching his opportunity, swam across the Wye with a knife in his teeth and cut the boat adrift. Then the castle was assaulted and taken, and the commander and most of the garrison slain. Parliament gave it to Cromwell, but after the Restoration it was returned to the heirs of the Marquis of Worcester, its owner, and it still belongs to his descendant, the Duke of Beaufort. The neighborhood of Chepstow has many pleasant villas in beautiful sites, and the broadening Wye flows a couple of miles beyond through the meadow-land, and then debouches into the estuary of the Severn.

THE GOLDEN VALLEY.

Still journeying westward beyond the beautiful valley of the Wye, we will ascend its tributary, the Monnow, to its sources in the Black Mountains on the borders of Wales. We skirted along the northern side of these mountains with the Wye, while the Monnow valley takes us fairly into them. The little river Dore is one of the head-waters of the Monnow, and it flows through the picturesque region known as the Golden Valley, just on the edge of Brecon, where the trout-fishing is as attractive as the scenery. All its streams rise upon the flanks of the Black Mountains, and the village of Pontrilas is its railway-station at the entrance to the valley. This village is devoted to the manufacture of

naphtha, for which purpose mules bring wood from the neighboring forests, and it was once honored with the presence of a hotel. This was its principal mansion, Pontrilas Court, but it has long since been converted into a private residence. This court is a characteristic Elizabethan mansion, standing in a beautiful garden almost smothered in foliage and running vines. About a mile up the valley is the pretty village of Ewias Harold, with its church on one sloping bank of the little river and its castle on the other. Within the church alongside the chancel there is a recumbent female figure holding a casket in its hands. The tomb upon which it is placed was some time ago opened, but nothing was found within excepting a case containing a human heart. The monument probably commemorates an unknown benefactress whose corpse lies elsewhere, but who ordered her heart sent to the spot she loved best. The castle, standing on an eminence, was once a strong fortress, and tradition says it was built by Harold before he was king, but it does not occupy a prominent place in history. Ascending a hill to the northward, a view is obtained over the valleys of the three picturesque streams—the Dore, Dulas, and Monnow—that afterward unite their waters; and proceeding up the Dore, we come to the village of Abbey Dore, with the roofless ruins of its abbey, a part of which is utilized for the parish church, though scarcely anything is now left beyond frag-

ments of the conventual buildings. This was a Cistercian monastery founded by Robert of Ewias in the reign of Henry I. We are now in the heart of the Golden Valley, which seems to be excavated out of a plateau with long, terrace-like hills bounding it on either hand, their lower parts rich in verdure, while their summits are dark and generally bare. Every available part of the lower surface is thoroughly cultivated, its hedgerows and copses giving variety to the scene. As we move up the valley the Scyrrid Vawr raises its notched and pointed summit like a peak dropped down upon the lowlands. This mountain, sixteen hundred feet high, whose name means the "Great Fissure," is severed into an upper and a lower summit by a deep cleft due to a landslide. It is also known as the Holy Mountain, and in its day has been the goal of many pilgrims. St. Michael, the guardian of the hills, has a chapel there, where crowds resorted on the eve of his festival. It used to be the custom for the Welsh farmers to send for sackloads of earth out of the cleft in the Holy Mountain, which they sprinkled over their houses and farm-buildings to avoid evil. They were also especially careful to strew portions over the coffins and graves of the dead. At the village of Wormridge, where some members of the Clive family are buried, there is a grand old elm on the village-green around which the people used to assemble for wrestling and for the

performance of other rural amusements. At the base of this tree stood the stocks, that dungeon "all of wood" to which it is said there was

" — neither iron bar nor gate,
Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate,
And yet men durance there abide
In dungeon scarce three inches wide."

This famous valley also contains the pretty church of Kilpeck, with its elaborate sculptures and scanty ruins of the castle of Kilpeck; also the church of St. Peter at Rowstone, where the ornamental representations of cocks and apostolic figures all have their heads downward, in memory of the position in which St. Peter was crucified. Here also, on the edge of the Black Mountains, is Oldecastle, whose ruins recall its owner, Sir John "of that ilk," the martyr who was sentenced in 1417 to be taken from the Tower of London to St. Giles' gallows, there to be hanged, and burned while hanging, as "a most pernicious, detestable heretic." At Longtown, the residence of the Lacys, there are remains of the walls and circular keep of their strong Border fortress. Kentchurch, on the slope of Garway Hill, is a seat of the Earl of Scudamore, where anciently lived John of Kent, a poet and mathematician, of whom Symonds tells us in his *Records of the Rocks* that "he sold his soul to the devil, and constructed the bridge over the Monnow in a single night." The ruined castle of Grosmont is about a mile

distant: it was often besieged by the Welsh, and we are told that on one occasion "the king came with a great army to raise the siege, whereof, as soon as the Welshmen had understanding, they saved their lives by their legges." It was here that Henry of Monmouth defeated the Welsh, capturing Glendower's son Griffith.

ABERGAVENNY AND LLANTHONY.

Rounding the southern extremity of the Black Mountains, and proceeding farther westward, we enter another beautiful region, the Vale of Usk, a stream that flows southward into the estuary of the Severn. Here at the confluence of the Usk with the Gavenny was the Roman outpost-fortress of Gobannium, now the town of Abergavenny, with its modernized Benedictine priory-church coming down from the fourteenth century and the remains of its ancient castle guarding the entrance to the upper valley, and with mountains on every side. Now the chief excitement of the picturesque neighborhood is angling in the waters of the pretty Usk, a privilege which is obtainable by buying a single day's ticket for two shillings, sixpence to catch trout, and five shillings to catch salmon. Here rises, just north of the town, the Sugar Loaf, one thousand nine hundred and fifty-five feet high, and on the left hand the mass of old red sandstone known as the Blorenge, one thousand nine hundred

and eight feet high. A few miles up the tributary vale of Ewias, which discloses glorious scenery, are the ruins of Llanthony Priory. The valley is a deep winding glen cut out by the Hodeni between the great cliffs of the Black Mountains on the one side and the ranges around the Sugar Loaf on the other. In places the cliffs are precipitous, but, generally, the lower slopes furnish pasture-land and occasional woods, while the upper parts are covered with bracken fern, with a few trees and copses. The priory stands on a gentle slope at the base of the Black Mountains, elevated a short distance above the stream. Its original name was Llan-hodeni, or "the Place by the Hodeni." It was founded by two hermits in the beginning of the twelfth century — William de Lacy, a Norman knight, and Ernisius, chaplain to Maud, wife of Henry I. They first built a small chapel dedicated to St. David; gifts flowed in, and they were soon enabled to construct a grand religious house, occupied by Augustinian monks, of whom Ernisius became the first prior. Predatory raids by the Welsh borderers harassed the monks, and after submitting for some time to these annoyances they migrated to Gloucester, and founded another priory alongside the Severn. Later, however, they returned to the old place and kept up both establishments, but in the reign of Edward IV. the older was merged into the newer "because of the turbu-

lence of the neighboring people and the irregular lives of its inmates." The ruins of Llanthony are supposed to date from about 1200, and are of a marked though simple beauty. The convent buildings are almost all gone, excepting fragments of the cellars and chapter-house. The prior's residence has become an inn, and where the monks sat in solemn conclave is now its outbuildings. The towers are used, one for chambers and the other for a dairy. The main part of the church is, however, carefully preserved with a green turf floor, and the western towers up to the level of the walls of the nave are still quite perfect, though the west window is gone and parts of the adjacent walls have perished. The north transept has fallen, but the southern transept is still in fair condition, lighted at the end by a pair of round-headed windows, with a circular one above; a semicircular arch on its eastern side opens into a chapel. The choir is also well preserved. These ruins exhibit semicircular with pointed arches in indiscriminate combination, and during the present century decay has caused much of them to fall. It was to Llanthony that Walter Savage Landor removed in 1809, selling much of his family estates in order to buy it. He projected grand improvements, including the restoration of the priory, the construction of roads and bridges, and the cultivation of extensive tracts on the mountain-side, so that it became of note among literary men as the home

of one of the most original of their guild. His biographer tells us that he imported sheep from Segovia, and applied to Southey and other friends to furnish him tenants who would introduce improved agricultural methods. The inhabitants of this remote region were morose and impoverished, and he wished to reclaim them. To clothe the bare spots on the flanks of the mountains, he bought two thousand cones of the cedars of Lebanon, each calculated to produce a hundred seeds, and he often exulted "in the thought of the million cedar trees which he would thus leave for shelter and the delight of posterity." But he met the fate of many projectors. After four years' struggle he became disgusted with Llanthony and its people; he was in a quarrel with almost everybody, and his genius for punctiliousness had turned nearly the whole neighborhood against him. He had sunk his capital in the estate and its improvements, and becoming embarrassed, it was taken out of his hands and vested in trustees. His half-built house was pulled down, and the disgusted Landor left England for the Continent. At Llanthony he composed Latin verses and English tragedy, but his best literary labor was performed after he left there. He died in 1864 in Italy. A few miles farther up the valley is Capel-y-Ffyn, where Father Ignatius within a few years has erected his Anglican Llanthony monastery. He was Rev. Mr. Lyne, and came from Norwich, where

he was in frequent collision with the bishop. After much pother and notoriety he took his Protestant monastic settlement to this nook in the heart of the Black Mountains, where he and his monks perform their orisons in peace.

NEWPORT, CARDIFF, AND LLANDAFF.

We now follow down the Usk, and at its mouth upon the Severn estuary is Newport, in Monmouthshire, where there are large docks and a considerable trade in iron and coal, the town having fifty-five thousand people. The ruins of Newport Castle, built in the eleventh century, stand on the western bank of the river. In the suburbs is Caerleon, where the Romans long had the garrison-post of the second Augustan legion, this being their post of *Isca Silurum* and the traditional residence afterwards of King Arthur. There is an interesting collection of Roman antiquities in the Caerleon Museum, and a road leads out to a well-defined Roman amphitheatre, with a mound, called "King Arthur's Round Table," alongside. Proceeding westward about twelve miles along the shore of the Severn estuary, we come to Penarth Roads in Glamorganshire, sheltered under a bold headland at the mouths of the Ely and the Taff, and the flourishing Welsh seaport of Cardiff on the banks of the latter stream. This is the outport of the Welsh coal and iron region, and the Marquis of Bute, who is lord of the manor and a large land-

owner here, has done much to develop its enormous trade, which goes to all parts of the world. Its name is derived from Caer Taff, the fortress on the river Taff, and in early times the Welsh established a castle there, but the present one was of later construction, having been built by Robert Fitzhamon, the Anglo-Norman conqueror of Glamorgan. It was afterwards strongly fortified, and here the unfortunate Robert Curthose, eldest son of William the Conqueror, was imprisoned for twenty-eight years by his brother Henry I., his eyes being put out for his greater security. The tower where he was confined still stands alongside the entrance gateway, and during his long captivity we are told that he soothed his weariness by becoming a poet. The ancient keep remains standing on its circular mound, but the castle has been restored and modernized by the late Marquis of Bute, who occasionally resided there, and gave it a fine western front flanked by a massive octagonal tower. The moat is filled up, and, with the acclivities of the ramparts, is made a public walk and garden.

The expanding coal trade of Cardiff has given it a great growth. It had about two thousand population at the beginning of the century, and now exceeds one hundred and sixty thousand. It will export in a good year twenty millions of tons of coal, and also large amounts of iron and its manufactures from the Welsh industrial towns. It claims

to have the largest export tonnage of any seaport in the world. The late Marquis of Bute built its magnificent system of docks, which have four main basins covering an aggregate area of one hundred and twelve acres and six miles of bordering quays. There are also other docks covering twenty-six acres at Penarth, the mouth of the Taff, and ninety acres at Barry, about eight miles westward. Cardiff has a famous technical school attended by over two thousand students, and also the South Wales University College.

In the valley of the Taff, a short distance from Cardiff, is the famous "Rocking Stone," standing on the western brink of a hill called Coed-pen-maen, or the "Wood of the Stone Summit." It was anciently a Druids' altar, and with a surface of about one hundred square feet is only two to three feet thick, so that it contains about two hundred and fifty cubic feet of stone. It is the rough argillaceous sandstone that accompanies the coal-measures in this part of Wales, and a moderate force gives it quite a rocking motion, which can be easily continued with one hand. It stands nearly in equilibrium upon a pivotal rock beneath. Two miles from Cardiff is the ancient and straggling village of Llandaff, which was the seat of the earliest Christian bishopric in Wales, having been founded in the fourth century. Its cathedral, for a long time dilapidated, has within a few years been thoroughly restored. All the

valleys in the hilly region tributary to Cardiff are full of coal and iron, the mining and smelting of which have made enormous fortunes for their owners and developed a vast industry there within the present century, being served by a perfect maze of railways. About nine miles north of Cardiff is Caerphilly Castle on the Rhymney, which has the most remarkable leaning tower in Britain, it being more inclined from the perpendicular than any other that is known. It is about sixty feet high, and leans over a distance of eleven feet. It rests only on a part of its southern side, and maintains its position chiefly through the strength of the cement. This castle was built by the De Clares in the reign of Henry III., and large additions were made to it by Hugh Despenser, who garrisoned it for Edward II. in order to check the Welsh. It is a large concentric castle, covering about thirty acres, having three distinct wards, seven gate-houses, and thirty portcullises. It was here that Edward II. and his favorites, the Despensers, were besieged by the queen in 1326. The defence was well conducted, and the besiegers were greatly annoyed by melted metal thrown down on them from the walls, which was heated in furnaces still remaining at the foot of the tower. They made a desperate assault, which was partially successful, though it ultimately failed; and we are told that while in the castle they let the red-hot metal run out of the furnaces, and, throwing

water on it from the moat, caused an explosion which tore the tower from its foundations and left it in its present leaning condition. The fissures made by the explosion are still visible, and it has stood thus for over five centuries. The castle ultimately surrendered, the king having previously escaped. The Despensers were beheaded, and their castle never regained its ancient splendor. It is now the property of the Marquis of Bute.

ELY, MERTHYR TYDVIL, AND BRECON.

The city of Ely, which is practically a suburb of Cardiff, is noted for being the smallest city in England, having only seven hundred inhabitants, and also as perhaps the oldest episcopal see in the kingdom, established by Saints Dubritius and Teilo at the end of the sixth century. Its cathedral occupies the site of the original church which they built, and on the route to it the fine castellated gateway of the old Bishop's Palace is passed, which was destroyed by Owen Glendower. This original church of the two saints was very small, and was replaced by a larger one in the twelfth century. Parts of this building are incorporated in the present cathedral. Within is the supposed tomb of St. Teilo, and a quaint monument to Sir David Matthew, standard-bearer of King Edward IV.

The Vale of Taff above Cardiff discloses a remarkable development of iron-works and coal-

pits. Here is the celebrated feudal chateau known as Castell Coch (the "red castle"), built in the thirteenth century, which the Marquis of Bute has restored. Above is Pontypridd, where the Rhondda flows in, its valley being the most important of the Glamorganshire coal districts. Pontypridd gets its name from a singularly graceful stone bridge spanning the Taff in one large high arch one hundred and forty feet wide, and forming a perfect segment of a circle. This bridge was built in 1755, the constructor, a mason named Edwards, having previously made two unsuccessful attempts to complete it. There are cylindrical tunnels in what are known as the "haunches" of the bridge, made to lighten the weight of the masonry and thus diminish the inward strain. Not far away is Aberdare with its iron-works, and further up the Taff Merthyr Tydvil, the centre of the Welsh iron district. This was an ancient village named for Tydvil the Martyr in the fifth century. It was nothing, however, until the nineteenth century, when the development of the iron industry has quickly given it sixty thousand people. Here are the great Cyfarthfa Iron Works, and near by the even more extensive Dowlais Iron and Steel Works, where this great industry is conducted on the domain of ancient Morlais Castle, long the residence of the Welsh princes of Brecon. No place in the world can exceed the Vale of Taff for weird and startling effects, when at night,

amid the dense smokes, it is lighted by the lurid glare of its innumerable furnaces.

From this region of iron and coal we cross northward from the Vale of Taff to the Vale of Usk again and into Breconshire. The highlands between the two streams rise into the twin peaks of the Brecknock or Brecon Beacons, the highest in South Wales, which are regarded as among the most gracefully-shaped mountains in the kingdom. Pen-y-Fan, the loftiest, rises two thousand nine hundred and ten feet, and the view from the summit is a grand one, over the wild hills and deep valleys of Wales, with their mines and furnaces and myriad smokes. To the south-west is Craig-y-Nos, the castle-home of the famous songstress Adelina Patti, with a spacious theatre and winter garden. Nestling at the northern base of the Beacons, down in the Vale of Usk at its confluence with the little Honddu, is the town of Brecon, where in the garden of the inn is the fragment of the ancient castle known as the Ely Tower, wherein the famous conference took place between the Bishop of Ely and the Duke of Buckingham, the outcome of which was the overthrow of King Richard III. Here Mrs. Siddons was born in 1755, in a house in the High Street, which records the fact on an appropriate tablet.

SWANSEA.

Journeying westward from Cardiff along the coast of Glamorganshire, upon the British Channel, we enter the region of tin and copper smelting, as well as of coal and iron. We have come to the Welsh Bay of Naples, where the chimneys replace the volcano of Vesuvius as smoke-producers. This is the Bay of Swansea, a very fine one, extending for several miles in a grand curve from Porthcawl headland on the eastern verge around to the Mumbles, where a bold limestone cliff runs far out into the sea and forms a natural breakwater. Within this magnificent bay, with its wooded and villa-lined shores, there is a spot that discloses the bare brown hills guarding the entrance to the valley of the river Tawe, up which the houses of Swansea climb, with a dense cloud of smoke overhanging them that is evolved from the smelting-furnaces and collieries behind the town. Forests of masts appear where the smoke permits them to be visible, and then to the right hand another gap and overhanging smoke-cloud mark the valley of the Neath. Up this valley creating the smoke is the mining-town of Neath, with the ruins of its castle, and near by what is left of Neath Abbey. Swansea the ancient Welsh called *Aber-tawe*, from the river, and there are various derivations of the present name. Some say it came from flocks of swans appearing in the

bay, and others from the porpoises or sea-swine, so that the reader may take his choice of Swan-sea or Swine-sea. In the twelfth century it was known as Sweynsey, and perhaps the best authority says the name came from Sweyne, a Scandinavian who frequented that coast with his ships. When the Normans invaded Glamorgan, Henry Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, captured Swansea, and in the twelfth century built a castle there. King John gave it a charter, and it became a town of some importance, as he granted it extensive trading-privileges. In another charter, given by the lord of the manor in 1305, the first allusion is made to Welsh coal, for the people among other privileges are allowed to dig "pit-coal in Ballywasta." Thus began the industry that has become the mainstay of prosperity in South Wales. Warwick's Castle at Swansea has entirely disappeared, the present ruins being those of a castle afterwards built by Henry de Gower, who became Bishop of St. David's. What is left of it is almost hidden by modern buildings. It has the remains of a curtain-wall and two towers, the larger of which has an arcade beneath the battlement—an unusual but pleasing feature. Llewellyn harassed the town and castle, but it had not much history until the Civil War, when there was a little fighting for its possession. A Parliamentary ship appeared in the bay and demanded the surrender of the town, which was refused; but in the

following year the Parliamentary troops captured it. Subsequently the castle changed hands several times—the guide-book states “rather politically than gloriously.” Cromwell ultimately took possession in 1648, resided at Swansea for some time as lord of the manor, and was very liberal to the town. The castle was dismantled and partly destroyed, the keep being used as a jail. Swansea, like all the cities in the Welsh coal and metal region, has grown greatly during the present century. Walter Savage Landor lived here for a while, just when the copper-works were beginning to appear in the valley of the Tawe. Their smoke defiled the landscape, and he exclaimed, “Would to God there was no trade upon earth!” He preferred Swansea Bay above the gulf of Salerno or of Naples, and wrote, “Give me Swansea for scenery and climate! If ever it should be my fortune to return to England, I would pass the remainder of my days in the neighborhood of Swansea, between that place and the Mumbles.”

Swansea's earliest dock was made by walling a tidal inlet called Port Tennant, and is still used. Its former great dock was the North Dock, constructed in the old bed of the Tawe, a newer and more direct channel being made for the river. It has two recently-constructed and larger docks. Up the valley of the Tawe the town spreads several miles, and here are the enormous copper-works and smelting-furnaces which make a reproduction of the infernal

regions and defile the air, but fill the purses of the townsfolk. Swansea is the greatest copper-smelting dépot in the world, drawing its ores from all parts of the globe. There had been copper-works on the Neath three centuries ago, but the first upon the Tawe were established in 1745. From them have grown the fame and wealth of the Cornish family of the Vivians, who have been copper-smelters for four generations at Swansea, and in Castle Square stands the bronze statue of the "Copper King," Henry Hussey Vivian, the late Baron Swansea. There are also iron, zinc, lead, and tin-plate works, making this a great metallurgical centre, while within forty miles there are over five hundred collieries, some being at the very doors of the smelting-works. It is cheap fuel that has made the fortune of Swansea, which has grown to more than one hundred thousand population. The copper ores come mainly from Cornwall, although the American mines have lately become great rivals. Twenty thousand tons of copper will be smelted in a year, and two millions of tons of tin-plates produced, although American competition is affecting this industry. Five thousand vessels enter the port every year to carry its foreign trade, which reaches \$60,000,000. At certain times the winds envelop the town completely in the smoke of the copper-works, which, however, is said to be less unhealthy than it is disagreeable.

The bold promontory of the Mumbles, which

bounds Swansea Bay to the westward, has become a popular watering-place, into which it has gradually developed from the fishing-village nestling under Oystermouth Castle. The name of the Mumbles was originally given to the detached rocks off the promontory, and is supposed to have originated in the resemblance of these outlying rocks to projecting breasts (*mammæ*). The bay was once a great producer of oysters, and dredging for them was the chief industry of the inhabitants. The remains of Oystermouth Castle stand upon a knoll overlooking the sea, and with higher hills behind. The Duke of Beaufort, to whom it belongs, keeps the ruins carefully protected, and they are in rather good preservation. The plan is polygonal, approaching a triangle, with its apex towards the sea, where was the only entrance, a gateway guarded by two round towers, of which only the inner face now remains. The interior court is small, with the keep at the north-eastern angle, having a chapel at the top. There are some other apartments with vaulted chambers underground. Henry de Bellamont is believed to have built this fortress at about the time of the construction of Swansea Castle, but it has not contributed much to history, though now a picturesque ruin.

On the eastern side of Swansea Bay enters the Vale of Neath, referred to above, where the manufacturing town has had a rapid growth, while within

the Vale is beautiful scenery. Neath is of great antiquity, having been the Nidum of the days of Antoninus. At the Crumlyn Bog, where white lilies blossom on the site of an ancient lake, legend says is entombed a primitive city, in proof whereof strains of unearthly music may be occasionally heard issuing from beneath the waters. In the valley on the western bank of the river are the extensive ruins of Neath Abbey, said once to have been the fairest in all Wales. This religious house was founded by Richard de Granville in the year 1111, but its present buildings are of later date. Within its walls Edward II. took refuge when he escaped from Caerphilly, for it had the privilege of sanctuary; but after leaving Neath a faithless monk betrayed him, and he was put to death most cruelly at Berkeley Castle. Only a ruined gateway remains of Neath Castle, blackened by the smoke of smelting-works.

CAERMARTHEN AND PEMBROKE.

Proceeding westward along the coast of the jutting peninsula formed by South Wales, another grand bay indents the shore, and on the bold banks of the Towy is Caermarthen, which gives the bay its name. Here there was a Roman station called Maridunum, on the site of which the castle was built, but by whom is not accurately known. The Parliamentarians captured and dismantled it, and it

has since fallen into almost complete decay, though part was occupied as a jail till the last century. In the Caermarthen Church of St. Peter Sir Richard Steele the essayist, who died in 1729, is buried, while from the parade is a beautiful view up the Vale of Towy towards Merlin's Hill and Abergwili, which was the home of that renowned sage on "Winding Towy, Merlin's fabled haunt." At Abergwili is the palace of the Bishop of St. David's, and beyond are the ruins of Drysllwyn Castle. Further up the vale, or the Cwm of Towy, as the Welsh call it, are Dynevor Castle on the one side and Golden Grove on the other. Spenser, in the *Faery Queene*, places the Cave of Merlin "amongst the woody hills of Dinevowr" and "a little space from the swift Barry." The castle is now an interesting Norman ruin, with an adjacent modern mansion, the residence of Lord Dynevor. Golden Grove a seat of the Earl of Cawdor, is a modern Elizabethan structure. It was here that Jeremy Taylor took refuge during the Civil War and wrote some of his greatest works. Just beyond is the picturesque little village of Llandilo, whereof the Cawdor Arms is the chief inn. This place in modern days has named the well-known slate formation of the "Llandilo Flags," while in ancient times it acquired renown by being one of the three localities where tradition said the miraculously-multiplied body of St. Teilo was buried. Further northward

the great Carmarthen Van rises over the vale, elevated two thousand six hundred and thirty feet, and after the Brecknock Beacons the highest mountain in South Wales. Coracles, as on the Wye, are still used on the Towy. Not far from the Towy Vale the little settlement of St. Clear marks the central point of what were known as the Welsh "Rebekah riots" in 1843, the object of which was the abolition of turnpike gates, the name being an allusion to Genesis xxiv. 60: "And they blessed Rebekah and said unto her, Thou art our sister; be thou the mother of thousands of millions, and let thy seed possess the gate of those which hate them."

Beyond Caermarthenshire is Pembrokeshire, forming the western extremity of the Welsh peninsula. This county is familiarly called the "Little England beyond Wales," owing to the fact that it has comparatively few Welsh, being mainly peopled by the descendants of a colony of Flemings who were brought here by King Henry I. in 1107. To this day their distinctive characteristics continue, and very little Welsh is spoken. They are noted for their massive church towers and fine castles. Around the sweeping shores of Caermarthen Bay, about fifteen miles to the westward of Caermarthen, is Tenby Castle, the town, now a watering-place, being singularly situated on the eastern and southern sides of a narrow and rocky peninsula entirely

surrounded by the sea, excepting to the northward. This was the Welsh "Precipice of Fishes," and its castle was strongly fortified. It stood a five days' siege from Cromwell, and its shattered ruins, with the keep on the summit of the hill, show a strong fortress. From the top there is a magnificent view of the neighboring shores and far across the sea to the lofty coasts of Devonshire. St. Mary's Church contains a monument to Thomas White, who died in 1482, the Mayor of Tenby who helped the Earl of Richmond (Henry VII.) to escape after the battle of Tewkesbury. But the chief antiquity of the town is a long and lofty wall, with towers and gateways, known as the "arches," which is a remnant of the fortifications strengthened to resist the threatened attack of the Spanish Armada in 1588. Near Tenby is Penalby, with an ancient church that has been restored—another of the three traditional burial places of St. Teilo's multiplied body. Manorbier Castle, belonging to Lord Milford, is near Tenby, and is considered the best structure of its class in Wales. It is the carefully-preserved home of an old Norman baron, with its church, mill, dovecote, pond, park, and grove, and "the houses of his vassals at such distance as to be within call." The buildings have stone roofs, most of which are perfect, and it has been tenantless, yet carefully preserved, since the Middle Ages. Parts of it have stood for six centuries. Giraldus Cambrensis, the

old-time chronicler, was born in this castle in 1146. He was Gerald de Barri, a member of the family then owning Manorbier, an ecclesiastic and author, the archdeacon of Brecknock, his chief works, both in Latin, being the *Topography of Ireland* and the *Itinerary Through Wales*. He was a brilliant but rather egotistical writer.

From the highlands rising to the great Carmarthen Van comes down the river Cleddan, flowing south-westward and broadening at its mouth into the estuary known as Milford Haven. It receives a western branch, on the side of which is the county-town Haverfordwest, placed on a hill where the De Clares founded a castle, of which little now remains but the keep, used (as so many of them are) as the county-jail. Cromwell demolished this castle after it fell into his hands. Haverfordwest was the original capital established by the Flemish colony which settled Pembrokeshire, and it has managed in the eight centuries of its existence to gather a population of some six thousand souls. About sixteen miles to the westward the ponderous promontory of St. David's Head is thrust out into the sea, rising about a hundred feet. All this region is sacred to St. David, the Cambrian tutelary saint. We have the Cathedral of St. David at the village just inside the cliffs, the ruined chapel of St. Non, the mother of St. David, a short distance south of the cathedral, and to the westward the site of the

ancient pilgrimage chapel of St. Justinian, who was the confessor of St. David, since marked by a chapel erected by Bishop Vaughan in the early part of the sixteenth century. Off the coast are the group of rocks against which the sea dashes, known as "the Bishop and his Clerks." It was of these rocks that George Owen, the sixteenth century Pembrokeshire historian, wrote that "they do preache deadly doctrine to their winter audience, such poor seafaring men as are forcyd thether by tempest; onlie in one thing they are to be comended, they keepe residence better than the rest of the canons of that see are wont to do." The city of St. David, the ancient Menapia, is in a desolate region out on the western extremity of South Wales, and numbers about a thousand people. It has been an episcopal see from the sixth century, and is thus nominally a city, getting all its fame from the cathedral, which is built in a hollow. This Cathedral of St. David is the most important church in Wales, and its foundation is ascribed to the patron saint, who is said to have been born among the cliffs of St. Bride's Bay near by, in the fifth century. His church, however, has completely disappeared, and another was begun in 1180 by Bishop Peter de Leia, of which it was recorded that previously the church had "beene often destroyed in former times by Danes and other pyrats, and in his time was almost quite ruined." Most of the

present cathedral dates from the thirteenth century. It is two hundred and ninety feet long, and the tower rises one hundred and twenty-six feet. Among its monuments is that of Edmund Tudor, who died in 1456, the father of the Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII.

The Cleddan flows down between the towns of Pembroke and Milford. The ruins of Pembroke Castle upon a high rock disclose an enormous circular keep, seventy-five feet high and one hundred and sixty-three feet in circumference. It was begun in the eleventh century, and was the birthplace of Henry VII. in 1456. Here Cromwell was repulsed in 1648, but the fortress was secured for the Parliament after six weeks' siege. The garrison were reduced to great straits, but were only subdued by the skilful use of artillery in battering down the stairway leading to the well where they got their water: the spring that supplied them is still there. Pembroke has extensive trade, and its shipbuilding dockyard covers ninety acres. Opposite this dockyard is Milford, the harbor being a mile and a half wide and one of the finest in the world. It was at Milford that Henry VII. landed as Earl of Richmond in 1485, on his way to claim the crown; and this harbor is the "blessed Milford" of Imogen, of which Shakespeare writes in *Cymbeline*. The railway from London runs down to the pier, and passengers are transferred to steamers for Ireland, this being

the terminus of the Great Western Railway route, two hundred and eighty-five miles from the metropolis. Milford Haven, at which we close this descriptive journey, stretches for ten miles inland from the sea, varying from one to two miles in breadth, affords ample anchorage, and is strongly fortified. The ancient Pictou Castle, a Norman stronghold of the eleventh century, guards the junction of the two branches of the Cleddan above Milford, while Carew Castle stands on a creek entering Milford Haven on the south-eastern shore, and is an august though ruined relic of the baronial splendors of the Middle Ages. It well represents the condition of most of the seacoast castles in this part of Wales, of one of which Dyer has written :

“ His sides are clothed with waving wood,
 And ancient towers crown his brow,
 That cast an awful look below ;
 Whose rugged sides the ivy creeps,
 And with her arms from falling keeps.
 'Tis now the raven's bleak abode ;
 'Tis now th' apartment of the toad ;
 And there the fox securely feeds,
 And there the poisonous adder breeds,
 Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds ;
 While ever and anon there fall
 Huge heaps of hoary, mouldered wall.
 Yet time has seen, that lifts the low
 And level lays the lofty brow,—
 Has seen this broken pile complete,
 Big with the vanity of state ;—
 But transient is the smile of fate.”

LONDON SOUTH-WEST TO LAND'S
END.

IX.

LONDON SOUTH-WEST TO LAND'S END.

Clapham Junction—Virginia Water—Sunninghill—Ascot—Wokingham—Bearwood—The London *Times*—Woking Necropolis—Aldershot—Reading—Silchester—Strathfieldsaye—Wantage—Uffington—the Blowing Stone—White Horse Hill—Box Tunnel—Salisbury—Salisbury Plain—Old Sarum—Stonehenge—Amesbury—Wilton House—The Earls of Pembroke—Carpet-making—Bath—William Beckford—Fonthill—Bristol—William Canynge—Chatterton—Clifton—Brandon Hill—Wells—Jocelyn—Beckington—Ralph of Shrewsbury—Thomas Ken—The Cheddar Cliffs—The Mendips—The Wookey Hole—The Isle of Avelon—Glastonbury—Wearyall Hill—Sedgemoor—The Isle of Athelney—Bridge-water—Oldmixon—Monmouth's Rebellion—Weston Zoyland—King Alfred—Sherborne—Sir Walter Raleigh—The Coast of Dorset—Poole—Wareham—Isle of Purbeck—Corfe Castle—The Foreland—Swanage—St. Aldhelm's Head—Dorchester—Weymouth—Portland Isle and Bill—The Channel Islands—Jersey—Corbière Promontory—Mount Orgueil—Alderney—Guernsey—Castle Cornet—The Southern Coast of Devon—Abbotsbury—Lyme Regis—Axminster—Sidmouth—Exmouth—Exeter—William, Prince of Orange—Exeter Cathedral—Bishop Trelawney—Dawlish—Teignmouth—Hope's Nose—Babbicombe Bay—Anstis Cove—Torbay—Torquay—Brixham—Dartmoor—The River Dart—Totnes—Berry Pomeroy Castle—Dartmouth—The River Plym—The Dewerstone—Plympton Priory—Sir Joshua Reynolds—Cattewater Haven—Plymouth—Stonehouse—Devonport—Eddystone Lighthouse—Tavistock Abbey—Buckland Abbey—Lydford Castle—The Northern

Coast of Devon—Exmoor—Minehead—Dunster—Dunkery Beacon—Porlock Bay—The River Lyn—Oare—Lorna Doone—Jan Ridd—Lynton—Lynmouth—Castle Rock—The Devil's Cheese-Ring—Combe Martin—Ilfracombe—Morte Point—Morthoe—Barnstaple—Bideford—Clovelly—Lundy Island—Cornwall—Tintagel—Launceston—Liskeard—Fowey—Lizard Peninsula—Falmouth—Pendennis Castle—Helston—Mullyon Cove—Smuggling—Kynance Cove—The Post-Office—Old Lizard Head—Polpeor—St. Michael's Mount—Penzance—Pilchard Fishery—Penwith—Land's End.

ASCOT AND BEARWOOD.

THE Great Western Railway of England is the famous line running from London through the western and south-western counties to Cornwall, the Lizard, and the Land's End. The "Flying Dutchman," its fastest train, goes from the metropolis seventy-seven miles to Swindon without a stop, but we will not rush along so swiftly, and rather halt for observations on the route. The train goes out of town through the noted Clapham Junction, where more than twelve hundred passenger trains pass daily and are switched to or from myriads of tracks on that side of London, leading out to all parts of England or inward to various districts in the great city. The Wimbledon common with golf-grounds and rifle-range is passed; and also Esher, celebrated by the verses of Pope and Thomson, having Esher Place, once Cardinal Wolsey's palace, and near by Claremont, where Lord Clive lived, where Princess Charlotte died in 1817, and where the ex-king of

France, Louis Philippe, afterwards lived and died. Then the imposing towers of Windsor Castle rise above the trees, in full view to the northward, as, skirting along the edge of Windsor Park, we pass Virginia Water, the largest artificial lake in England. Upon its bosom float miniature frigates, and its banks are bordered by a Chinese fishing-temple and a colonnade that was brought from the African coast near Tunis. Here also are a hermitage overlooking the lake, and the triangular turreted building known as the Belvedere, where a battery of guns is kept that was used in the wars of the last century. Not far beyond is Sunninghill, near which was Pope's early home, and in the garden of the vicarage are three trees planted by Burke, Chesterfield, and Bolingbroke. Farther westward is the famous Ascot race-course on Ascot Heath, where the races are run in June upon a circular course of about two miles, the neighborhood containing many handsome villas. Still journeying westward, the route passes Wokingham, where Gay, Swift, Pope, and Arbuthnot were on one occasion detained at the Rose Inn in wet weather, and whiled away the time by composing the song of "Molly Mog."

Just beyond Wokingham in Berkshire is the fine estate of Bearwood, the seat of the late John Walter, Esq., the proprietor of the London *Times*, one of the stately rural homes of England. Here, in a

large and beautiful park which retains much of its original forest character, and standing upon the terraced bank of a lovely lake, Bearwood House has been entirely rebuilt, its feature being the central picture-gallery containing a fine collection of paintings, around which clusters a suite of grand apartments. The estate includes several thousand acres. The *Times*, which was founded January 1, 1788, by the great-grandfather of the present proprietor, has steadily grown in commanding influence, and occupies the front rank in English journalism and is the leading newspaper of the kingdom. Its late proprietor entirely rebuilt its publication-offices in Printing-House Square and on Queen Victoria Street in London, adapting all the modern appliances of improved machinery and methods to its publication.

At Brookwood, twenty-seven miles out, is one of the extensive cemeteries of London, the Woking Necropolis, covering two thousand acres, to which a funeral train runs regularly every day from a private station in Westminster Bridge Road in the city. It is tastefully laid out and has a crematorium. To the southward is Aldershot, where the military camp is located, covering nine square miles and accommodating twenty thousand men. Here are held annually the field manœuvres of the British military service, which are conducted on a large scale. The land rises to a commanding eminence known as Cæsar's Camp, on which there is an equestrian statue

of the Duke of Wellington. Beyond Aldershot is Farnham, where William Cobbett was born, and Moor Park, where Dean Swift acted as secretary for Sir William Temple and made the acquaintance of "Stella." Adjoining Aldershot Camp is Farnborough Hill, the home of the ex-empress Eugenie, who has built a chapel there for the remains of her husband and son. Much of the adjacent country is covered with strawberry-beds for the London market.

READING AND WANTAGE.

Reading, the county-seat of Berkshire, is the largest city in this region, having over sixty thousand population. It is noted for the Huntley and Palmers' biscuit manufactory, employing five thousand hands, and the great Sutton seed farms, covering three thousand acres. Here are a few ruins and a restored gateway of the Benedictine Abbey founded by Henry I. in 1121 (and containing his grave) an establishment which was formerly one of the wealthiest religious houses in England. Archbishop Laud was a native of Reading. In the Reading Museum are coins and other Roman antiquities brought from Silchester, one of the most interesting of the ancient towns of Britain. This was the Romano-British settlement of *Caer-Segeint*, called *Silceastre* by the Saxons. The town walls, nearly two miles in circuit, some fine pavements, a large amphitheatre, and the foundations of numerous buildings have been dis-

covered, and it is said the investigations show that the ancient town had numerous dyeing establishments. A few miles from Reading is Strathfieldsaye, which was the home of the Duke of Wellington, containing various memorials of the "Iron Duke," including his camp-bed. The noted charger "Copenhagen," which he rode at the battle of Waterloo, died here full of years and of honors, and is buried in the garden.

The Great Western Railway, fifty-three miles out from London, passes Didcot Junction, where important lines diverge both north and south, to Oxford and Birmingham on the one side, and Newbury and Winchester on the other. It was at Newbury that Lord Falkland fell in the battle of the Civil War in 1643, and his monument is erected on the field. Westward from Didcot a fine line of chalk-hills comes into view on the southern side of the line, and two or three miles away, running parallel with the railway for a long distance. The highest part of this range is the White Horse Hill, and it is all eminently historic ground full of memories of the early Saxon race in England. The Vale of the White Horse, through which the railway runs, is now a region of broad and rich pastures with a few straggling, queer-looking, old-fashioned villages, where the cosy cottages have apparently been dropped down without any idea of regularity, alongside lanes and foot-paths, each with its little garden-



patch. The walls are generally of gray-stone in the older ones with thatched roofs, but more recently they began making bricks and tiles in this region, so that there are now newer and more pretentious cottages of red brick and modern build. Here is the town of Wantage, where King Alfred the Great was born in 849, his statue being erected in the market-place, although this was done only a few years ago. For ten miles along the top of the great chalk-ridge can be traced an old grass-grown Roman road, the Ickleton Street, or Ridgeway—called the “Rudge” by the country-folk—and from this breezy height of the chalk-downs there is everywhere a grand outlook over the Vale. Here down in the valley is the village of Faringdon, which was the place of residence of the Saxon kings, but now possibly more famous by reason of its very good ham and bacon. Here, too, is the village of Uffington, the birthplace of Thomas Hughes, who wrote *Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby*, and by making it the early home of Tom Brown has given us the best modern description of the whole district. He tells us that the Ridgeway, stretching along the highest back of the hills, is just “such a place as Balak brought Balaam to, and told him to prophesy against the people in the valley beneath. And he could not; neither shall you, for they are a people of the Lord who abide there.”

THE BLOWING STONE AND THE WHITE HORSE.

Tom Hughes tells us much of this region. He describes the great White Horse Hill, rising nine hundred feet, one of the boldest and bravest shapes for a chalk-hill. On the top is a magnificent Roman camp, with gates, ditch, and mounds, all complete. Up on the highest point, from which the observer can see eleven counties of England, they trenched around the whole of the table-land, about twelve or fourteen acres and made their eyrie, the ground falling away steeply on all sides. The breezy camp remains just as the Romans left it, excepting a cairn created by Her Majesty's corps of sappers and miners, a relic of their surveying work in preparing the ordnance map of Berkshire. To the right and left the chalk-hills run away in the distance, and in front spreads the Vale, like a vast garden far down below. Descending towards the west, the visitor is on the Ashdown, and treading upon the graves of heroes—a sacred ground for Englishmen, for here King Alfred won his great battle in 871, which repelled the Danes and broke their power, making England a Christian land. The old chroniclers called it the battle of *Æscendum*. The Danes held the camp and top of the hill and its slope. Having wasted everything behind them from London, “the heathen had beforehand seized the higher ground,” as old Asser says, and were ready to burst down

upon the fair Vale, King Alfred's birthplace and heritage. Marching up the heights to attack them came the Saxons. The old chronicler writes, "The Christians led up their line from the lower ground. There stood also on that same spot a single thorn-tree, marvellous stumpy (which we ourselves with our very own eyes have seen), around which, as I was saying, the two lines of foemen came together in battle with a huge shout. And in this place, one of the two kings of the heathen and five of his earls fell down and died, and many thousands of the heathen side in the same place."

Right down below the summit of the White Horse Hill is a curious deep and broad gully called the "Manger," into one side of which the hill falls with a series of sweeping curves, known as the "Giant's Stairs." The other side of the Manger is formed by the "Dragon's Hill," a strange little round knoll thrown forward from the range. On this hill the country-folk say St. George killed the dragon. Whether St. George really did the deed, Tom Hughes will not say, but he confidently writes, "surely a dragon was killed there, for you may see the marks yet, where his blood ran down, and, more by token, the place where it ran down is the easiest way up the hillside." Passing along the Ridgeway, about a mile to the west is a clump of beech and firs, and in the middle of it an old cromlech, a huge flat stone raised on seven or eight others and led up

to by a path with large single stones set up on each side. This is Wayland Smith's Forge, a place of classic fame, immortalized by Sir Walter Scott in *Kenilworth*. Down in the hollow beneath, and a good way off, is the thick, deep wood of Ashdown Park, built by Inigo Jones, which was the home of Lord Craven. In the Vale near Uffington and on the road to the little village of Kingston Lisle, is the famous "Blowing Stone" of King Alfred. Lying at the foot of an oak tree is a square lump of stone about three and a half feet high, perforated with two or three holes looking like antediluvian petrified rat-holes. Upon blowing into one of these holes the stone produces a terrific roar, which pervades the valley, and spreads up the hill-sides and far away for miles as a moan and roar combined, making a ghost-like, awful voice. This stone is said to have been used to alarm the country-side at the approach of an enemy, and King Alfred availed of it, according to the local tradition, to give warning of the approach of the Danes.

Uffington was the "Uffingas Town" of the Saxons, and in full view on the face of the high hill to the southward is King Alfred's White Horse. King Alfred fought eight battles in 871 against the Danes, previously to Ashdown, but they were mere skirmishes compared with that decisive victory, and in memory of it he ordered his army to carve the White Horse on the hillside as the emblem of the



standard of Hengist, the mythical founder of the Saxon rule in Britain. It is cut out of the turf, and can be seen to a great distance, being three hundred and seventy feet long. After a spell of bad weather it gets out of condition, and can only be restored to proper form by being scoured, this ceremony bringing a large concourse of people from all the neighboring villages. The festival was held some years ago, and the old White Horse was then brought back into proper form with much pomp and great rejoicing. The ancient balladist in the Saxon Wessex dialect thus quaintly describes the festivity on these memorable occasions :

“The owld White Harse wants zettin to rights, and the squire hev
promised good cheer,
Zo we’ll gee un a scrape to kip un in zhape, and a’ll last for
many a year.
A was made a lang, lang time ago, wi a good dale o’ labor and
pains,
By King Alferd the Great, when he spwiled their consate and
caddled¹ thay wosbirds² the Danes.
The Bleawin Stwun in days gone by wur King Alferd’s bugle
harn,
And the tharnin tree you med plainly zee as is called King
Alferd’s tharn.
There ’ll be backsword play, and climmin the powl, and a race
for a peg, and a cheese,
And us thenks as hisn’s a dummell³ zowl as dwont care for zich
spwoorts as theze.”

¹ caddled, worried.

² wosbirds, birds of evil omen.

³ dummell, stupid.

We cross the boundary from Berkshire into Wiltshire and reach Swindon, the headquarters of the Great Western Railway, a famous junction with lines diverging in all directions, and having extensive railway-shops, many of the towns-people being employed by it. Near here is Marlborough, noted for its college, one of the leading English public schools, with six hundred pupils, the oldest portion of the buildings having formerly been the mansion of Lord Seymour. It was in this house that Thomson wrote part of his *Seasons* while the guest of the Countess of Hertford. Several miles westward is the largest stone circle in England, Avebury Circle, generally regarded as older than Stonehenge. Beyond Swindon is Malmesbury, the birthplace of Thomas Hobbes in 1588, with the ruins of the ancient abbey in which William of Malmesbury, the chronicler, lived, dying there in 1143. When one hundred miles west of London, after following the pretty valley of the Avon, the train goes through the longest railway-tunnel in England, the noted Box Tunnel, which is a mile and three-quarters in length and cost over \$2,500,000 to construct. It goes through a ridge of great-oolite, from which the valuable bath-stone is quarried, and the railway emerges near the town of Box, which is noted for its quarries and from which the hill and tunnel get their names. Re-entering the valley, and turning south-eastward, we are soon at the cathedral city that boasts the tallest church-

spire in England—Salisbury, the county-town of Wiltshire, standing in the valley formed by the confluence of three small rivers, the Avon, Bourne, and Wiley.

SALISBURY.

The celebrated cathedral, which in some respects may be considered the earliest in England, is the chief object at Salisbury, and was founded by Bishop Poore in 1220. It was the first great church built in the Early English style, and its spire rising four hundred and six feet is among the most imposing Gothic constructions in existence. The city of Salisbury is unique in having nothing Roman, Saxon, or Norman in its origin, and being even without the remains of a baronial fortress. It is a purely English city, and, though it was surrounded by walls, they were merely boundaries of the dominions of the ecclesiastics. The see of Salisbury was removed from Old Sarum to its present location in consequence of the frequent contests between the clergy and the castellans, and soon afterwards the construction of the cathedral began. King Henry III. granted the church a weekly market and an annual fair lasting eight days, and the symmetrical arrangement of the streets is said to have been caused by the original laying out of the city in spaces "seven perches each in length and three in breadth," as the historian tells us. The cathedral close, which is surrounded by a wall, has

four gateways, and the best view of the cathedral is from the north-eastern side of the close, but a more distant view—say from a mile away—brings out the proportions of the universally-admired spire to much greater advantage. The chief cathedral entrance is by the north porch, which is a fine and lofty structure, lined with a double arcade and having an upper chamber. The nave is beautiful, though it suffers somewhat in warmth of coloring from lacking stained glass, and the cloisters, which are entered from the south-western transept, are admirable, being of later date and exhibiting a more developed style than the remainder of the cathedral. Their graceful windows and long gray arcades contrast splendidly with the greensward of the cloister-garth. They include an octagonal chapter-house, fifty-eight feet in diameter and fifty-two feet high, which has been restored in memory of a recent bishop at a cost of \$260,000. The restoration has enriched the house with magnificent sculptures representing Old-Testament history, and the restoration of the cathedral has recently been completed. The adjoining episcopal palace is an irregular but picturesque pile of buildings, with a gateway tower that is a prominent feature. It is among the features of the famous Cathedral of Salisbury that it is popularly said to contain as many pillars, windows, and doorways, as the year has hours, days, and months. Among its noted monuments

are those of Bishop Herman, who lived in the eleventh century; Lord Stourton (who died in 1556), having three apertures on each side, supposed to represent the six sources of the river Stour; William Longespée, who died in 1226, one of the founders of the cathedral, the son of Henry II. and Fair Rosamond, and the first Earl of Salisbury; Sir John Cheney, who died in 1509, the standard-bearer of the Earl of Richmond (Henry VII.) at Bosworth Field; William Longespée the second Earl of Salisbury, killed with the Crusaders in the Holy Land in 1250; and the tomb of a "boy bishop," that is a choir-boy, who, according to an old custom, was elected as bishop on St. Nicholas Day, December 6th, and bore the title until Holy Innocents Day, December 28th. The shrine of St. Osmund, who died in 1099, was in this cathedral and a slab commemorates him.

Salisbury has plenty of old houses, like most English towns, and it also has a large square market-place, containing the Gothic Poultry Cross, a most graceful stone structure, and also the council-house, of modern erection, in front of which is a statue of Sidney Herbert, Lord Herbert of Lea, who died in 1861. Its ancient banquet-hall, built four hundred years ago by John Halle, and having a lofty timber-roof and front and an elaborately-carved oak screen, is now used as a show-room for a shop. Another old building of the fourteenth

century, called the "King's House," having a projecting porch, is now a training-college for school-mistresses, and a curious dwelling of the fifteenth century which still exists is known as the "King's Wardrobe." There still stands in St. John Street the King's Arms, which was the Royalist rendezvous after the battle of Worcester. Philip Massinger the dramatist, Henry Fielding the novelist, and Joseph Addison, all lived in Salisbury. Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* was first issued from the press here. Professor Fawcett, who died in 1884, was a native of Salisbury, and his statue stands in the market-place.

To the northward of Salisbury is that region filled with prehistoric relics known as Salisbury Plain. Here are ancient fortresses, barrows, and sepulchral mounds, earthworks, dykes, and trenches, roadways of the Roman and the Briton, and the great British stronghold, guarding the southern entrance to the plain, which became the Old Sarum of later times. Until within a century this plain was a solitary and almost abandoned region, but now there are good roads crossing it and much of the land is cultivated. It is a great triangular chalk-measure, each side roughly estimated at twenty miles long. The Bourne, Wiley, and Avon flow through it to meet near Salisbury, and all the bolder heights between their valleys are marked by ancient fortifications. Wiltshire is thus said to be divided

between chalk and cheese, for the northern district beyond the plain is a great dairy region. Let us journey northward from Salisbury across the plain, and as we enter its southern border there rises up almost at the edge the conical hill of Old Sarum, crowned by intrenchments indicating that this was the largest intrenched camp in the kingdom. When they were made is not known, but in 552 they were a British defence against the Saxons, who captured them after a bitter fight and overran the plain. Five centuries later William the Norman reviewed his army here, and after the first Domesday survey summoned all the landholders of England to the number of sixty thousand, who here swore fealty to him. The Normans strengthened it with a castle, and soon a cathedral also rose at Old Sarum, while a town grew around them, and prior to the removal of the cathedral to Salisbury in 1258 the "Ordinal of Offices for the Use of Sarum" was the church ritual for the whole of Southern England. But all have disappeared, though now there can be traced the outlines of streets and houses and the foundations of the old cathedral. When the clergy removed to Salisbury it is said they determined the new site by an arrow shot from the ramparts of Old Sarum, and moving the cathedral soon attracted the people. Old Sarum for some time remained a strong fortress with many houses, but the cathedral was taken down in 1331 and its materials used for

building the famous tower at Salisbury. The castle decayed, the town was gradually deserted, and as long ago as the sixteenth century we are told there was not a single house left there. And such it is to this day. Climbing the steep face of the hill, the summit is found fenced by a vast earthen rampart and ditch enclosing twenty-seven acres with an irregular circle, the height from the bottom of the ditch to the top of the rampart being over one hundred feet. A smaller inner rampart as high as the outer one made the central citadel. Nearly all the stone has long ago been carried off to build Salisbury, and weeds and brushwood have overrun the remarkable fortress that has come down to us from such venerable antiquity. Under the English "rotten-borough" system Old Sarum enjoyed the privilege of sending two members to Parliament for three centuries after it ceased to be inhabited. The old tree under which the election was held still exists, and the elder Pitt was first sent to Parliament as a representative of Old Sarum's vacant mounds in 1735. The house in which the great statesman lived, who thus began his public life, is still shown in the neighboring village of Stratford. A little further on is the picturesque seat of Amesbury Abbey, with the remains of the former great Benedictine religious house from which it was named, and the old abbey church. It was here, while visiting the Duke and Duchess

of Queensberry, that Gay wrote the "Beggar's Opera."

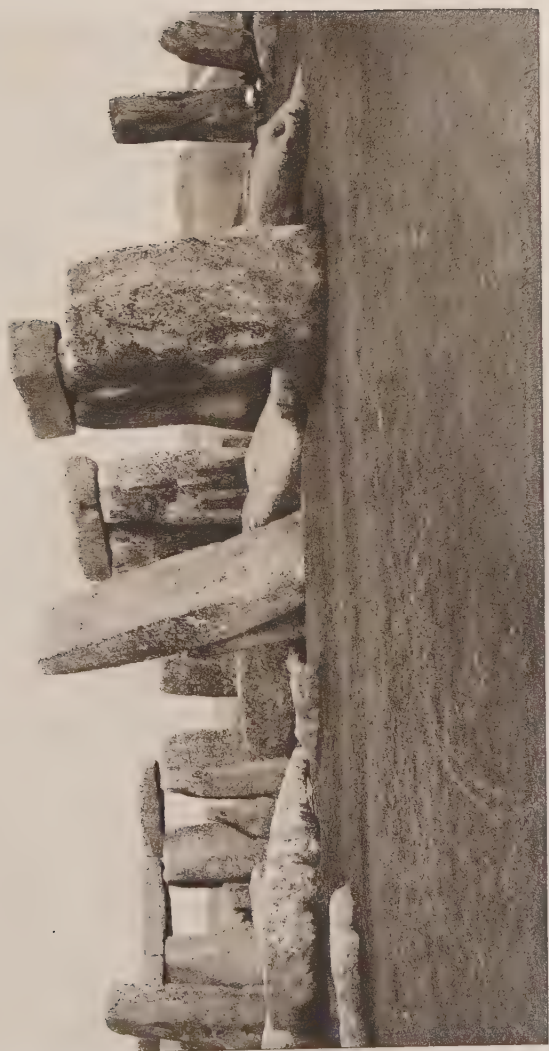
STONEHENGE.

A short journey over the hills and valleys, and among the sheep that also wander on Salisbury Plain, brings us to that remarkable relic of earlier ages which is probably the greatest curiosity in England—Stonehenge. When the gigantic stones were put there, and what for, no man knows. Many are the unanswered questions asked about them, for the poet says :

"Thou noblest monument of Albion's isle !
Whether by Merlin's aid from Scythia's shore
To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,
Huge frame of giant hands, the mighty pile,
To entomb his Britons slain by Hengist's guile ;
Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,
Taught 'mid thy massy maze their mystic lore ;
Or Danish chiefs, enriched by savage spoil,
To Victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,
Reared the huge heap ; or, in thy hallowed round,
Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line ;
Or here those kings in solemn state were crowned ;
Studious to trace thy wondrous origin,
We muse on many an ancient tale renowned."

Stonehenge is about nine miles north of Salisbury, near Amesbury, where another ancient camp, known as "Vespasian's Camp," and also as "The Ramparts," crowns a wooded hill, around which the

Avon flows, the camp enclosing nearly forty acres. Stonehenge stands in a bleak, bare situation on Salisbury Plain, and in its original perfection, as nearly as can now be judged, consisted of two concentric circles and two ellipses of two upright stones, surrounded by a bank and ditch, outside of which is a single upright stone and traces of a hippodrome. The entrance to the cluster of circles was from the northeast, and the avenue to it is still traceable by the banks of earth. The outer circle at Stonehenge originally consisted of thirty upright stones fixed in the ground at intervals of about three and a half feet. On the top of them thirty other stones formed a continuous ring about sixteen feet above the ground. Within this circle, and leaving a space about nine feet wide between, was another circle of thirty or forty unhewn stones about four to seven feet high. Within this, again, was the grandest part of the structure—a great ellipse formed of five triplets of stones or trilithons, each composed of two uprights and one placed crosswise. Within these was the inner ellipse of nineteen obelisks surrounding the altar-stone. Such was Stonehenge originally, but its ruins now appear very differently, and are only a confused pile of huge stones, for the most part such as are found on the neighboring plain and known as sarsens (a siliceous sandstone), though some of the smaller ones may be boulders brought from a distance. The diameter of the enclosure is three hundred and



thirty-six feet. On the outer circle sixteen of the uprights and six of the surmounting stones forming the ring remain in their original positions. Two of the inner trilithons, the highest rising twenty-five feet, remain perfect, and there are two single uprights which lean considerably. The flat slab or altar-stone is lying on the ground. The avenue of approach opens in front of the inner ellipse and in a line with the altar-stone. In the avenue outside the enclosure is a block sixteen feet high in a leaning position, and known as the Friar's Heel. The legend tells us that when the great Enemy of the human race was raising Stonehenge he muttered to himself that no one would ever know how it was done. A passing friar, hearing him, exclaimed, "That's more than thee can tell," and then fled. The Enemy flung this great stone after him, but hit only the friar's heel. The investigators of Stonehenge say that when standing on the altar-stone the midsummer sun is seen to rise to the north-east directly over the "Friar's Heel." The traces of the avenue in which it stands are, however, soon found to divide into two smaller avenues, one running south-east and the other north, and the latter is connected beyond with a long enclosure called the Cursus, and marked by banks of earth stretching east and west for about a mile and a half: there is nothing known of its use. The whole country about Stonehenge is dotted with groups of sepulchral

barrows, and at the western end of the Cursus is a cluster of them more prominent than the others, and known as the "Seven Burrows." Stonehenge itself inspires with mystery and awe, the blocks being gray with lichens and worn by centuries of storms. Reference to them is found in the earliest chronicles of Britain, and countless legends are told of their origin and history, they usually being traced to mythical hands. In James I.'s reign Stonehenge was said to be a Roman temple, dedicated to Cœlus; subsequently, it was attributed to the Danes, the Phœnicians, the Britons, and the Druids by various writers. Sir Richard Hoare, who has studied the mystery most closely, declines all these theories, and says the monument is grand but "voiceless." Horace Walpole shrewdly observes that whoever examines Stonehenge attributes it to that class of antiquity of which he is himself most fond; and thus it remains an insoluble problem to puzzle the investigator and impress the tourist. Chambers' *Encyclopædia*, collating all the theories, says: "It has been attributed to the Phœnicians, the Belgæ, the Druids, the Saxons, and the Danes. It has been called the temple of the sun, and of serpent-worship; a shrine of Buddha, a planetarium, a gigantic gallows on which defeated British leaders were solemnly hung in honor of Woden, a gilgal where the national army met, and leaders were buried, and a calendar in stone for the measurement of the solar year."

Michael Drayton plaintively and quaintly confesses that no one has yet solved the mystery :

“Dull heape, that thus thy head above the rest doest reare,
Precisely yet not know'st who first did place thee there.
Ill did those mightie men to trust thee with their storie ;
Thou hast forgot their names who rear'd thee for their glorie ;
For all their wondrous cost, thou that hast serv'd them so,
What 'tis to trust to tombes by thee we easily know.”

WILTON HOUSE.

Returning along the valley of the Avon past the almost lifeless town of Amesbury, we cross over to the Wiley Vale, and at about three miles distance from Salisbury come to the Earl of Pembroke's seat at Wilton House. The ancient town of Wilton—or, as it was originally called, Willytown—stands at the confluence of the rivers Nadder and Wiley. The Britons established it, and it was one of the capitals of the West Saxons. It was famous long before the Norman Conquest, and it afterwards obtained renown from the number and importance of its monastic establishments, having had no less than twelve parish churches, though not a trace of its abbey now remains. Henry VIII. dissolved it, and gave the site and buildings to Sir William Herbert, who was afterwards created Earl of Pembroke, and from its relics Wilton House was largely constructed. The town is now chiefly noted as the manufactory of Axminster and Wilton carpets, dextrously woven by operatives

who use most primitive machinery. The Earl's Park adjoins the town, and in it is Wilton House, one of the grandest palaces in England, standing upon the site of the abbey. The buildings were designed by Holbein, and the garden front being burned in 1648, was rebuilt soon afterwards, while the entire structure was enlarged and remodelled during the present century, the cloisters being then added for the display of the fine collection of sculptures. The plan of the house is a quadrangle, with a glazed cloister occupying the central square. Within this cloister and the hall leading to it are the well-known Pembroke Marbles—statues, busts, urns, vases, bassi-relievi, and fragments of great value from Grecian and Roman works. This collection was formed during the last century, being gathered by the then earl from various sources. In the hall are statues, but its chief interest comes from the numerous suits of armor with which it is adorned, chiefly memorials of the battle of St. Quentin, fought in 1557, when the Earl of Pembroke commanded the British forces. One of the suits was worn by the earl himself, and two others by the Constable of France and the Duc de Montpensier, both being taken prisoner. On either side are entrances to various apartments containing valuable paintings. The chief of these is the "Family Picture," regarded as Van Dyck's masterpiece—seventeen feet long and eleven feet high, and filling

one end of the drawing-room. It contains ten full-length figures—Philip, Earl of Pembroke, and his countess and their children. Above them, hovering in the clouds, are three other children who died in early life. In the Double Cube-room, which is regarded as a gem in its way and has a most magnificent fireplace, there are some thirteen other paintings by Van Dyck. Other paintings by Italian masters are also distributed on the walls of the various apartments, but the Van Dycks are regarded as the gems of the collection. The library is a large and lofty apartment, with an oak-panelled ceiling, and a fine collection of volumes with appropriate furnishing. Out of the library window the western view over the terrace discloses charming pleasure-grounds, laid out in the Italian style from designs by a former countess of Pembroke, while in the background is a beautiful porch constructed by Holbein. To the gardens, summer-houses and conservatories add their attractions, while beyond is the valley of the Nadder, over which a picturesque bridge leads to the park. This bridge has an Ionic colonnade, and in the park are some of the finest cedars to be seen in the kingdom. Here, it is said, Sir Philip Sidney wrote *Arcadia*, and the work shows that he drew much inspiration from these gardens and grounds, for it abounds in life-like descriptions of Nature. Various paintings in the house illustrate scenes from *Arcadia*.

At Wilton also lived George Herbert the poet, and later Sidney Herbert, who was afterwards made Lord Herbert of Lea, and whose son is now the Earl of Pembroke. A statue of Sidney Herbert has already been referred to as standing in Pall Mall, London, and another is in Salisbury. He was secretary of war, yet was the gentle and genial advocate of peace and charity to all mankind, and his premature death was regarded as a public calamity. He erected in 1844 the graceful New Church at Wilton. It was the earls of Pembroke in the last century who were chiefly instrumental in bringing the manufacturers of fine carpets over from France and Flanders and laying the foundation of that trade, in which England now far surpasses those countries. The factory at Axminster, on the southern coast, was also afterwards transferred to Wilton. These carpets are all hand-made, and the higher class, which are an inch or more in thickness, and of the softness of down when trod upon, are also of the most gorgeous design and brilliancy of colors. The landed estates in Britain of the earls of Pembroke are so extensive that were all in one tract they would cover twenty-four square miles.

BATH.

Crossing over the hills to the north-west of Salisbury Plain, we descend to the attractive valley of another river, Avon, and come to the "Queen of all

the Spas in the World," the city of Bath. It is the chief town of Somersetshire, and is surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills. The abbey and principal streets are in the valley, while above, on its northern slope, rise terraces and crescents, tier upon tier, to a height of nearly eight hundred feet, the most conspicuous being the Royal and the Lansdowne Crescents. Many of the buildings are handsome, and are constructed of the light-yellow great-oolite, known as bath-stone. To its waters this famous resort owes its importance, and from an insignificant place Bath has risen to the highest point of popularity as a fashionable watering-place and in architectural magnificence through the genius of Architect Wood and Master-of-Ceremonies Beau Nash. The legendary king Bladud is said to have first discovered the Bath-waters twenty-seven hundred years ago, and to have built a town there and dedicated the medicinal springs to Minerva, so that "Bladud's Well" has passed into a proverb of sparkling inexhaustibility. Bladud, who was afflicted with leprosy, is said to have first observed the beneficial influence of the Bath-waters upon a herd of swine similarly affected. The Romans, passionately attached to the luxury of the hot springs, made Bath one of their chief stations, calling it *Aquæ Sulis*, taking the name from a local deity Sul, who is identified with Minerva, and here and in the neighborhood the foundations of their

extensive buildings have been traced, with the remains of altars, baths, tessellated pavements, and ornaments, and few British towns can produce such a collection of Roman relics. In the height of the Roman power in the fifth century the city extended nearly three miles along the valley, and was surrounded by a wall twenty feet high and nine feet thick. Such a fascinating spot was naturally selected for the foundation of a religious house at an early period, and we consequently find that the abbey of Bath was built by King Offa in the eighth century, and refounded by King Edgar in the tenth century. It existed until the dissolution in 1539. The church fell into decay in the reign of Henry VII., and the present abbey-church was then built, being for a long time unfinished. It has since been restored. It stands at the southern extremity of High Street, and is a fine specimen of Perpendicular Gothic, the plan being a cross, with a tower at the intersection rising one hundred and sixty-two feet and flanked by octagonal turrets. The church is two hundred and ten feet long, and has a fan-traced, stone-vaulted roof seventy-eight feet high, while the western front contains a magnificent window flanked by turrets carved with angels, who are ascending and descending, but have, unfortunately, all lost their heads. This church has been called the "Lantern of England," from the number and size of its windows. The Pump-room,

which is one of the chief buildings, is a classical structure with a Corinthian portico bearing the motto, "Water, best of elements!" A band plays in the spacious saloon, which also contains a statue of the genius of Bath, Beau Nash, who died in 1761, and whose monument is in the abbey-church. Here the waters, which are the hottest in England, reaching a temperature of 120° , tumble continually from a drinking-fountain into a serpentine basin beneath. There are numerous other baths replete with comforts for the invalid, for this is essentially a hospital town, and the city also contains many stately public and private buildings, and its Victoria Park and Sydney Gardens are beautiful and popular resorts. The wild scenery of the neighborhood provides myriads of attractive drives and walks, while on top of Lansdowne Hill, where Beckford is buried, is his tower, one hundred and fifty feet high and commanding extensive views. The Bath-waters, which are alkaline-sulphurous with a slight proportion of iron, are considered beneficial for palsy, rheumatism, gout, and scrofulous and cutaneous affections. The chief spring discharges one hundred and twenty-eight gallons a minute, and the flow of all the springs of Bath is estimated at 500,000 gallons daily. While in the last century Bath was at the height of its celebrity, the German spas have since diverted part of the stream of visitors. Strong and partly successful efforts have

been made in the last few years to revive it as a fashionable resort. It has about sixty thousand population, and owing to its peculiar celebrity no English town of its size has been oftener made the theme of literary allusion, from the time of "Humphrey Clinker" and the "School for Scandal," down to the halcyon days of the "Pickwick Club." It is also noteworthy that Chaucer, at an earlier day, told the "Wife of Bath's Tale" in connection with its fame at that time as a cloth-making town.

FONTHILL AND BECKFORD.

It was at Bath that Pitt and Sheridan and other notable men lived, but its most eccentric resident was William Beckford, the author of *Vathek*, who came to Bath from Fonthill, not far from Salisbury. His father, a London alderman, owned Fonthill, and died in 1770, leaving his son William, aged ten, with \$5,000,000 ready money and \$500,000 annual income. He wrote *Vathek* in early life after extensive travels, but founded its scenes and characters upon places and people at Fonthill. He then began building Fonthill Abbey, shrouding his proceedings in the greatest mystery and surrounding his estate with a wall twelve feet high and seven miles long, guarded by *chevaux-de-frise* to keep out intruders. The building of the abbey was to him a romance pursued with wild enthusiasm. So anxious was he to get it finished that he employed relays of men,

working day and night and throughout Sunday, keeping them liberally supplied with liquor. The first tower was built of wood, four hundred feet high, to see its effect, and it was taken down and the same form put up in wood covered with cement. This fell down, and the third tower was built of masonry. When the idea of the abbey occurred to Beckford he was extending a small summer-house, but he was in such a hurry that he would not remove the summer-house to make a proper foundation for the tower, but carried it up on the walls already standing, the work being done in wretched style and chiefly by semi-drunken men. He employed five hundred men day and night, and once the torches used set fire to the tower at the top, a sight that he greatly enjoyed. Beckford lived at the abbey, practically a hermit, for nearly twenty years, but his fortunes being impaired he removed to Bath in 1822. Preparatory to selling Fonthill, he opened the long-sealed place to public exhibition at a guinea a ticket, and sold seventy-two hundred tickets. Then for thirty-seven days he conducted an auction-sale of the treasures at Fonthill, charging a half-guinea admission. He ultimately sold the estate for \$1,750,000. In 1825 the tower, which had been insecurely built, fell with a great crash, and so frightened the new owner, who was an invalid, that, though unhurt by the disaster, he died soon afterwards. The estate was again sold and the

abbey taken down, so that now only the foundations can be traced, and the residence is a less pretentious building.

BRISTOL.

Proceeding about twelve miles down the beautiful valley of the Avon, and passing the village of Twerton, where Fielding is said to have written the novel *Tom Jones*, we come to its junction with the Frome, where is located the ancient city and port of Bristol, the capital of the west of England. It is partly in Somersetshire and partly in Gloucestershire, but forms a city and county by itself, having a population of two hundred and thirty thousand. A magnificent suspension-bridge spans the gorge of the Avon, connecting Bristol with its suburb of Clifton, and it is believed that the earliest settlements by the Romans were on the heights of Clifton and the adjoining Brandon Hill. The Saxons called it Bright-stow, or the "Illustrious City;" from this the name changed to Bristow, as it was known in the twelfth century, and Bristold in the reign of Henry III. When the original owners concluded that it was time to come down from the hills, they found the city in the valley at the junction of the two rivers. A market-cross was erected where the main streets joined, and Bristow Castle was built at the eastern extremity, where the Avon makes a right-angled bend. The town was surrounded with walls, and in the thirteenth century

the course of the Frome was diverted in order to make a longer quay and get more room for buildings. Few traces remain of the old castle, but portions of the ancient walls can still be seen. In the fifteenth century the city-walls were described as lofty and massive and protected by twenty-five embattled towers, some round and some square. The abbey of St. Augustine was also then flourishing, having been founded in the twelfth century. Bristol was in the Middle Ages the second port of England, enjoying lucrative trade with all parts of the world, and in the fifteenth century a Bristol ship carrying nine hundred tons was looked upon with awe as a leviathan of the ocean. John Cabot started on his noted voyages from Bristol, after the discovery of America; his son, Sebastian Cabot, the great explorer, was a native of Bristol, and his expeditions were fitted out there; and it was Bristol that in 1838 built and sent out the first English steamer that crossed the Atlantic, the "Great Western." It still enjoys a lucrative trade, and has fine new docks at the mouth of the Avon, seven miles below the city, so that this venerable port may be considered as renewing its prosperous career. It in past times had the honor of being represented in Parliament by Edmund Burke. When ancient Bristol was in its heyday Macaulay says the streets were so narrow that a coach or cart was in danger of getting wedged between the build-

ings or falling into the cellars. Therefore, goods were conveyed about the town almost exclusively in trucks drawn by dogs, and the wealthy inhabitants exhibited their riches not by riding in gilded carriages, but by walking about the streets followed by a train of servants in gorgeous liveries and by keeping tables laden with good cheer. The pomp of christenings and funerals then far exceeded anything seen in any other part of England, and the hospitality of the city was widely renowned. This was especially the case with the banquets given by the guild of sugar-refiners, where the favorite drink was a rich beverage made of Spanish Solera sherry, and known as "Bristol milk." The old-time historian Fuller relates that this seductive decoction was the first "moisture" administered to infant Bristolians, and Pepys mentions it with approval in his diary in 1668. In 1831 the opposition of the Recorder of Bristol to the Reform Bill resulted in serious riots, causing a great fire that burned the Mansion House and a large number of other prominent buildings. The troops suppressed the riots after shooting several rioters, and four were afterwards hanged and twenty-six transported. The city has since enjoyed a tranquil history.

Bristol Cathedral was the convent-church of St. Augustine's Abbey, and was begun in the twelfth century. It formerly consisted only of the choir and transepts, the nave having been destroyed in

the fifteenth century, but the nave was rebuilt in uniform style with the remainder of the church in 1876. The cathedral presents a mixture of architectural styles, and in it are the tombs of the earls of Berkeley, who were its benefactors for generations. Among them was Maurice, Lord Berkeley, who died in 1368 from wounds received at Poitiers. The abbot, John Newland, or Nail-heart, was also a benefactor of the abbey, and is said to have erected the magnificent Norman doorway to the west of it leading to the college green. The most attractive portion of the interior of the cathedral is the north aisle of the choir, known as the Berkeley Chapel, a beautiful specimen of Early English style. The side aisles of the choir are of the same height as the central aisle, and in the transepts are monuments to Bishop Butler, author of the *Analogy*, and to Robert Southey, who was a native of Bristol, born in 1774. This cathedral is not yet complete, the external ornamentation of the nave and the upper portions of the western towers being unfinished. Forty-eight bishops have sat upon the episcopal throne of Bristol. The old market-cross, which stood for four centuries in Bristol, was removed in the last century, but in 1860 it was replaced by a modern one erected upon the college green. The church of St. Mary Redcliffe, standing upon a red sandstone rock on the south side of the Avon, is the finest church in Bristol, and Chatterton calls it the "Pride of Bristowe and West-

ern Londe." Queen Elizabeth so greatly admired it that she called it "the fairest, the goodliest, and most famous parish church in England." It is an Early Perpendicular structure, two hundred and thirty-one feet, with a steeple rising two hundred and eighty-five feet, founded in the twelfth century, but enlarged and rebuilt in the fifteenth century by William Canynge, who was then described as "the richest merchant of Bristow, and chosen five times mayor of the said town." He and his wife Joan have their monuments in the church, and upon his tomb is inscribed a lists of ships. He entered holy orders in his declining years, and founded a college at Westbury, whither he retired. It has for many years been the custom for the mayor and corporation of Bristol to attend this church on Whitsunday in state, at the "rush-bearing," when the pavement is strewn with rushes and the building decorated with flowers. In the western entrance is suspended a bone of a large whale, which, according to tradition, is the rib of the dun cow that anciently supplied Bristol with milk, and which was slain by Guy of Warwick. Sebastian Cabot, in all probability, presented the city with this bone after his discovery of Newfoundland. The armor of Admiral Penn, the father of William Penn, hangs in the church. The chief popular interest in St. Mary Redcliffe, however, is its connection with Thomas Chatterton, born in a neighboring street in 1752,

the son of a humble schoolmaster, and nephew of the church-sexton, who ultimately went up to London to write for the booksellers, and there committed suicide at the early age of seventeen. A monument to this precocious genius, who claimed to have recovered ancient manuscripts from the church-archives, stands in the churchyard. Bristol is full of old and quaint churches and narrow yet picturesque streets, with lofty gabled timber-houses. In Corn Street is the Exchange, and in front of it are four singular metal tables known as the "Nails." These belonged to the "*Tolsey*" which is mentioned in Scott's *Pirate*, and which was the forerunner of the Exchange, and they were used by the old-time merchants in making payments, hence the phrase "pay down on the nail."

The great gorge of the Avon, five hundred feet deep, is however, its most attractive possession. The suspension-bridge, erected by the munificence of a citizen, spans this gorge at the height of two hundred and eighty-seven feet, and originally spanned the Thames at Hungerford in London, being brought here and re-erected in 1864. It is twelve hundred and twenty feet long, and has a single span of seven hundred and three feet crossing the ravine between St. Vincent's Rocks and Leigh Woods. The tide rises forty feet in the Avon far down beneath. Alongside this gorge rises Brandon Hill, which Queen Elizabeth sold to two citizens of

Bristol, who in turn sold it to the city, with a proviso that the corporation should there "admit the drying of clothes by the townswomen, as had been accustomed;" and to this day its western slope is still used as a clothes-drying ground. From this the tradition arose—which, however, Bristol denounces as a libel—"that the queen gave the use of this hill to poor freemen's daughters as a dowry, because she took compassion on the many plain faces which she saw in one of her visits." The top of Brandon Hill is being crowned by the Cabot Memorial Tower, the foundation-stone having been laid June 24, 1897, the four hundredth anniversary of John Cabot's first sight of the North American continent. Some hot springs issue out of St. Vincent's Rocks, and these give Clifton fame as a watering-place. A fine pump-house has been built there, and the waters are said to be useful in pulmonary complaints. From this beginning large and ornamental suburbs have been terraced on the rocks and hills above the springs, while on the summit is an observatory. There is a hermitage cave of great antiquity carved in the perpendicular face of the rock just above the river, and known as the "Giant's Hole." The entire neighborhood is full of charming scenery, and thus the ancient port presents varied attractions, combining business profit with recreation, while from the hilltops there are glorious views over hilltop and water, extending

far down Bristol Channel to the dim hills of South Wales.

One of the great enterprises in the neighborhood of Bristol was the construction of the Severn Tunnel under the estuary of the Severn, by which Bristol has direct railway connection with Wales. The location is about ten miles below Bristol, at a point where the estuary is over two miles wide. The tunnel, which is about four and one-third miles long, was opened for passenger traffic in December, 1886, and is twenty-six feet wide and twenty feet high, the crown of the arch being at a depth below the bed of the estuary varying from forty to one hundred feet. Its total cost was nearly ten millions of dollars. On the route to this tunnel are passed Stapleton Road, the birthplace of Hannah More, and just beyond the Muller Orphanages at Ashley Down, established in 1836, and now caring for over seventeen hundred orphans. They are without endowment or income of any kind, and are conducted on the principle of trusting to the voluntary contributions of the benevolent. About seven millions of dollars have been given for their support since the enterprise was started, and the work constantly expands. To the south-west of Bristol, and out on the estuary, is Clevedon, a small watering-place. Here, in the parish church of St. Andrew, are buried Henry Hallam the historian, who died in 1859, and his son Arthur, dying in 1833, the subject of Tennyson's

In Memoriam. Coleridge lived here after his marriage. The fine old baronial mansion Clevedon Court, dating from the fourteenth century, was the "Castlewood" of *Esmond*.

WELLS.

We will now journey southward into Somersetshire, crossing the lowlands bordering the Bristol Channel and entering the rocky uplands into which they rise. We pass the village of Wrington, where John Locke was born in 1632, and are soon among the Cheddar Cliffs, which are said to be the highest limestone cliffs in the county, and contain caverns making interesting displays of stalactites. This is a land of rich pastures and produces the famous Cheddar cheese. The uplands rise into the elevated plateau known as the Mendip Hills, of which Black Down is the highest, rising one thousand and sixty-five feet. Near here is the village of Wedmore, where King Alfred after his long contest made peace with the Danes in 878. Nestling at the base of the Mendips, in a wide grassy basin, is the cathedral city of Wells, which is united with Bath in the well-known bishopric of Bath and Wells, and is considered the most completely representative ecclesiastical city in England. It gets its name from its numerous springs, taking their rise from the wells in the Bishop's Garden, where they form a lake of great beauty, while bright, clear water runs through





various streets of the town. Its entire history is ecclesiastical, and that not very eventful; it never had a castle, and no defensive works beyond the wall and moat enclosing the bishop's palace. It seems to have had its origin from the Romans, who worked lead-mines among the Mendips, but the first fact actually known about it is that the Saxon king Ina established here a house of secular canons "near a spring dedicated to St. Andrew." It grew in importance and privileges until it became a bishopric, there having been fifteen bishops prior to the Norman Conquest. The double title of Bishop of Bath and Wells was first assumed in the days of King Stephen. In looking at the town from a distance two buildings rise conspicuously—the belfry of St. Cuthbert's Church and the group of triple towers crowning the cathedral. There are few aggregations of ecclesiastical buildings in England that surpass those of Wells, with the attractive gateways and antique houses of the close, the grand facade of the cathedral, and the episcopal palace with its ruined banquet-hall and surrounding moat. From the ancient market-square of the city, stone gateways surmounted by gray towers give access, one to the close and the other to the enclosure of the palace. Entering the close, the western front of the cathedral is seen, the most beautiful facade of its kind in Britain—an exquisite piece of Early English architecture, with Perpendicular towers and un-

rivalled sculptures, six hundred figures in all, rising tier upon tier, with architectural accompaniments such as are only to be found at Chartres or Rheims. The old Saxon cathedral lasted until Bishop Jocelyn's time in the thirteenth century, when he began a systematic rebuilding, which was not finished until the days of Bishop Beckington in the fifteenth century, who completed the gateways and cloisters. Entering the cathedral, the strange spectacle is at once seen of singular inverted arches under the central tower, forming a cross of St. Andrew, to whom the building is dedicated. These arches were inserted subsequently to the erection of the tower, to strengthen its supports—an ingenious contrivance not without a certain beauty. The choir is peculiar and beautiful, and produces a wonderful effect, due to its groups of arches, the Lady Chapel and retro-choir, and the rich splendors of the stained glass. The chapter-house, north-east of the northern transept, is built over a crypt, and is octagonal in plan, the roof supported by a central column, while the crypt beneath has an additional ring of columns. The cloisters are south of the cathedral, having three walks, with galleries above the eastern and western walks, the former being the library. Through the eastern wall of the cloisters a door leads to a private garden, in which and in the Bishop's Garden adjoining are the wells that name the city. The most important of these is St. Andrew's Well,

whence a spring issues into a large pool. The water from the wells falls by two cascades into the surrounding moat, and a conduit also takes away some of it to supply the town. From the edge of the pool is the most striking view of the cathedral.

The close is surrounded by various ancient houses, and the embattled wall with its bastioned towers and moat encloses about fifteen acres. Here is the gateway by the "Penniless Porch" known as the "Palace Eye," and another called the "Dean's Eye," the deanery where Henry VII. was entertained in 1497, the archdeanery, coming down from the thirteenth century, and the beautiful Chain Gate in the north-east corner that connects the cathedral with the Vicar's Close. The latter, one of the most peculiar features of Wells, is a long and narrow court entered through an archway, and having ancient houses with modernized fittings on either hand. Bishop Ralph of Shrewsbury erected this close in the fourteenth century, and his monumental inscription in the cathedral tells us he was a great sportsman, who "destroyed by hunting all the wild beasts of the great forest of Cheddar." The moat and wall completely surround the bishop's palace, and its northern front overhangs the moat, where an oriel window is pointed out as the room where Bishop Kidder and his wife were killed by the falling of a stack of chimneys upon their bed, blown down by

the terrible gale of 1703 that swept away the Eddystone Lighthouse. It was Bishop Ralph who made the walls and moat as a defence against the monks of Bath, who had threatened to kill him; Bishop Jocelyn built the palace. Adjoining it is the great banquet-hall, of which only the northern and western walls remain, in ruins. It was a magnificent hall, destroyed from mere greed. After the alienation of the monasteries it fell into the hands of Sir John Gates, who tore it partly down to sell the materials; but happily, as the antiquarian relates, Gates was beheaded in 1553 for complicity in Lady Jane Grey's attempt to reach the throne, and the desecration was stopped. Afterwards, Parliament sold Wells for a nominal price to Dr. Burgess, and he renewed the spoliation, but, fortunately again, the Restoration came; he had to give up his spoils, and died in jail. Thus was the remnant of the ruin saved. It was in this hall that Whiting, the last abbot of Glastonbury, was condemned, and hanged on Tor Hill above his own abbey. The great bishops of Wells were the episcopal Nimrod Ralph, and Beckington, who left his mark so strongly on the cathedral and town. He was a weaver's son, born at the village of Beckington, near the town of Frome, and from it got his name. Hadrian de Castello, who had a romantic history, became Bishop of Wells in 1504. Pope Alexander VI. made him a cardinal, and afterwards

tried to poison him with some others at a banquet; by mistake the pope himself drank of the poisoned wine, and died. The bishop afterwards entered into a conspiracy against Leo X., but, being detected, escaped from Rome in disguise and disappeared. Wolsey was Bishop of Wells at one time, but the most illustrious prelate who held the see after the Reformation was Thomas Ken. He was educated at Winchester, and afterwards became a prebend of the cathedral there. Charles II. paid a visit to Winchester, and, bringing Nell Gwynne with him, Ken was asked to allow her to occupy his house. He flatly refused, which had just the opposite effect upon the king to that which would be supposed, for he actually respected Ken for it, and when the see of Wells became vacant he offered it to "the little fellow who would not give poor Nelly a lodging." Ken attended the king's deathbed shortly afterwards. He was very popular in the diocese, and after the Sedgemoor battle he succored the fugitives, and with the Bishop of Ely gave spiritual consolation to the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth on the scaffold. Ken was one of the six bishops committed by James II. to the Tower, but, strangely enough, he declined to take the oaths of allegiance to William III., and, being deprived of preferment, retired to the home of his nephew, Izaak Walton. All reverence his sanctity and courage, his boldness in maintaining the right, and admire his morning and evening

hymns, written in a summer-house in the Bishop's Garden.

The Mendip Hills, with their picturesque gorges and winding valleys, were formerly a royal forest. It was here that King Edmund was hunting the red deer when his horse took fright and galloped towards the brow of the highest part of the Cheddar Cliffs. Shortly before, the king had quarrelled with Dunstan, and expelled the holy man from his court. As the horse galloped with him to destruction he vowed, if preserved, to make amends. The horse halted on the brink as if checked by an unseen hand, and the king immediately sought Dunstan and made him abbot of Glastonbury. These hills were the haunt of the fiercest wild beasts in England, and their caves still furnish relics of lions to a larger extent than any other part of the kingdom. The most remarkable deposit of these bones is in the Wookey Hole, on the southern edge of the Mendips, about two miles from Wells. At the head of a short and picturesque glen, beneath an ivy-festooned cliff, is a cavern whence the river Axe issues and flows down the glen. The cave that disclosed the animal bones is on the left bank of the glen, and was not long ago discovered in making a mill-race. It also contained about three hundred old Roman coins, rude flint implements, and skeletons of a mammoth and woolly rhinoceros. The larger cave, which is hung with fine stalactites, can

be explored for some distance. Near the entrance is a mass of rock known as the Witch of Wookey, who was turned into stone there by a timely prayer from a monk who opportunely arrived from Glastonbury. The underground course of the Axe in and beyond this cave is traced for at least two miles. The Mendips contain other pretty glens and gorges, and from the summit of their cliffs can be seen the valley of the Axe winding away southward, while to the westward the scene broadens into the level plains that border the Bristol Channel, guarded on either side by the hills of Exmoor and of Wales.

GLASTONBURY.

About six miles south-west of Wells is the ancient Isle of Avelon, where St. Patrick is said to have spent the closing years of his life, and where are the ruins of one of the earliest and most extensive religious houses in England—Glastonbury Abbey. A sixpence is charged to visit the ruins, which adjoin the chief street, but the remnants of the vast church, that was nearly six hundred feet long, are scanty. Of the attendant buildings there only remain the abbot's kitchen and an adjoining gateway, now converted into an inn. This kitchen is about thirty-four feet square within the walls and seventy-two feet high. The church ruins include some of the wall and tower-foundations, with a well-preserved and exceedingly rich chapel dedicated to St. Joseph.

On the High Street is the quaint old George Inn, which was the hostelry for the pilgrims, built in the reign of Edward IV. and still used. It is fronted by a splendid mass of panelling, and the central gateway has a bay-window alongside rising the entire height of the house. The Church of St. John the Baptist in Glastonbury has a fine tower, elevated one hundred and forty feet and richly adorned with canopied niches, being crowned by an open-work parapet and slender pinnacles. Almost the entire town of Glastonbury is either constructed from spoils of the abbey or else is made up of parts of its buildings. One of the most characteristic of the preserved buildings is the Tribunal, now a suite of lawyers' offices. Its deeply-recessed lower windows and the oriel above have a venerable appearance, while beyond rises the tower of St. John the Baptist. Behind the town is the "Weary-all Hill," from which arose the foundation of the monastery. Tradition tells that Joseph of Arimathea, toiling up the steep ascent, drove his thorn staff into the ground and said to his followers that they would rest there. The thorn budded, and this was regarded as an omen, and here he constructed the first Christian chapel in England. In the sixth century was begun the building of the abbey there around the chapel of St. Joseph. The ponderous abbot's kitchen, with four huge fireplaces, we are told, was built by the last abbot, who boasted, when

Henry VIII. threatened to burn the monastery, that he would have a kitchen that all the wood in Mendip Forest could not burn down. King Arthur and his Queen Guinevere were buried at Glastonbury, and a veracious historian in the twelfth century wrote that he was present at the disinterment of the remains of the king and his wife. "The shin-bone of the king," he says, "when placed side by side with that of a tall man, reached three fingers above his knee, and his skull was fearfully wounded." The remains of King Arthur's wife, which were quite perfect, fell into dust upon exposure to the air. The Glastonbury thorn on Weary-all Hill, we are told, always budded at Christmas, and it lived for several centuries, until during the Civil War it was cut down by a Puritan fanatic.

SEDGEMOOR BATTLEFIELD.

Proceeding westward towards the Bristol Channel, the low and marshy plain of Sedgemoor is reached. Much of it is reclaimed from the sea, and here and there the surface is broken by isolated knolls, there being some two hundred square miles of this region, with the range of Polden Hills extending through it and rising in some places three hundred feet high. In earlier times this was an exact reproduction of the Cambridgeshire fenland, and then, we are told,

" The flood of the Severn Sea flowed over half the plain,
 And a hundred capes, with huts and trees, above the flood
 remain ;
 'Tis water here and water there, and the lordly Parrett's way
 Hath never a trace on its pathless face, as in the former day."

It is changed now, being thoroughly drained, but in the days of the Saxons the river Parrett was the frontier of Wessex, and one of its districts sheltered Alfred from the first onset of the Danish invasion when he retreated to the fastnesses of the Isle of Athelney. In the epoch of the Normans and in the Civil War there was fighting all along the Parrett. After the defeat at Naseby the Royalists, under Lord Goring, on July 10, 1645, met their foes on the bank of the Parrett, near Langport, were defeated and put to flight, losing fourteen thousand prisoners, and the king's troops never made a stand afterwards. Bridgwater is a quiet town of about twelve thousand people on the Parrett, a half dozen miles from the sea, and in its churchyard reposes Oldmixon, who was made collector of customs here as a reward for his abusive writings, in the course of which he virulently attacked Pope. The poet retorted by giving Oldmixon a prominent place in the *Dunciad*, where at a diving match in the putrid waters of Fleet Ditch, which "rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to the Thames," the heroes are bidden to "prove who best can dash through thick and thin,



and who the most in love of dirt excel." And thus the Bridgwater collector :

" In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,
And Milo-like surveys his arms and hands,
Then sighing thus, ' And am I now threescore ?
And why ye gods should two and two make four ?'
He said, and climbed a stranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyss, and plunged downright."

In the Market Inn at Bridgwater Admiral Blake was born, in 1599, who never held a naval command until past the age of fifty, and then triumphed over the Dutch and the Spaniards, disputing Van Tromp's right to hoist a broom at his masthead, and burned the Spanish fleet in the harbor of Santa Cruz. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, but Charles II. ejected his bones. Bridgwater is now chiefly noted for its bath-bricks, made of a mixture of clay and sand deposited near there by the tidal currents of the Parrett, which in the spring tides has a "bore" or tidal wave rushing in with the rising waters sometimes nine feet high. Coleridge wrote the *Ancient Mariner* at Nether Stowey, west of Bridgwater, in 1796-98, and had Wordsworth for his neighbor.

It was from the Bridgwater church-tower that the unfortunate son of Charles II. and Lucy Walters, who had been proclaimed "King Monmouth," looked out upon the grassy plains towards the eastward before venturing the last contest for the kingdom. This view is over Sedgemoor, the scene of the last

fight deserving the name of a battle that has been fought on British ground. It is a long tract of morass lying between the foot of the Polden Hills and the Parrett River, but with a fringe of somewhat higher ground along the latter, where are Weston Zoyland, Chedzoy, and Middlezoy, each a hamlet clustering around its old church, that at Weston Zoyland being surmounted by an attractive square tower over one hundred feet high. Monmouth had been proclaimed king by the mayor and corporation of Bridgwater June 21, 1685, but had been checked at Bath, and fell back again to Bridgwater, where his army was encamped on the Castle Field. He had been three weeks in the kingdom without marked success, and the royal army was closing in upon him. Four thousand troops under Lord Feversham marched westward, and on the Sunday evening of July 5th, when Monmouth looked out from the tower, had encamped upon Sedgemoor about three miles from Bridgwater. Monmouth had seven thousand men to oppose them, but his forces were mostly undisciplined and badly armed, some having only scythes fastened on poles. The moor was then partly reclaimed and intersected by trenches, and Feversham's headquarters were at Weston Zoyland, where the royal cavalry were encamped, with the other troops at Middlezoy and Chedzoy beyond. Monmouth saw that their divisions were somewhat separated, and that his only

hope was a night-attack. At midnight he started, marching his army by a circuitous route to the royal camp, strict silence being observed and not a drum beaten or a shot fired. Three ditches had to be crossed to reach the camp, two of which Monmouth knew of, but he was unfortunately ignorant of the third, called the Bussex Rhine, behind which the camp had been made. A fog came down over the moor; the first ditch was crossed successfully, but the guide missing his way caused some confusion before the second was reached, during which a pistol was discharged that aroused a sentinel, who rode off and gave the alarm. As the royal drums beat to arms Monmouth rapidly advanced, when he suddenly found himself checked by the Bussex Rhine, behind which the royal army was forming in line of battle in the fog. "For whom are you?" demanded a royal officer. "For the king," replied a voice from the rebel cavalry. "For what king?" was demanded. The answer was a shout for "King Monmouth," mingled with Cromwell's old war-cry of "God with us!" Immediately the royal troops replied with a terrific volley of musketry that sent the rebel cavalry flying in all directions. Monmouth, then coming up with the infantry, was startled to find the broad ditch in front of him. His troops halted on the edge, and for three-quarters of an hour the opposing forces fired volleys at each other across the ditch. But the end was not far off.

John Churchill was a subordinate in the royal army and formed its line of battle, thus indicating the future triumphs of the Duke of Marlborough. Then the royal cavalry came up, and in a few minutes the rebels were routed, and Monmouth, seeing all was lost, rode from the field. His foot-soldiers, with their scythes and butt-ends of muskets, made a gallant stand, fighting like old soldiers, though their ammunition was all gone. To conquer them the artillery was brought up, for which service the Bishop of Winchester loaned his coach-horses. The cannon were ill served, but routed the rebels, and then the infantry poured over the ditch and put them to flight. The king lost three hundred killed and wounded; the rebel loss was at least a thousand slain, while there was little mercy for the survivors. The sun rose over a field of carnage, with the king's cavalry hacking and hewing among their fleeing foes. Monmouth, with one or two followers, was by this time far away among the hills, but was afterwards captured in the New Forest, and ended his life on the scaffold. The Sedgemoor carnage went on all the morning; the fugitives poured into Bridgwater with the pursuers at their heels; five hundred prisoners were crowded into Weston Zoyland Church, and the next day a long row of gibbets appeared on the road between the town and the church. Bridgwater suffered under a reign of terror from Colonel Kirke and his "Lambs," who

put a hundred prisoners to death during the week following the battle, and treated the others with great cruelty. Then Judge Jeffreys came there to execute judicial tortures, and by his harsh and terrible administration of the law, at the "Bloody Assizes" of 1685, held at Taunton, the county-town of Somersetshire, and his horrible cruelties and injustice, gained the reputation that has ever since been execrated.

Six miles south-east of Bridgwater is the Isle of Athelney, a peninsula in the marsh between the Parrett and the Tone. Here King Alfred sought refuge from the Danes until he could get time to mature the plans that ultimately drove them from his kingdom. It was while here that the incident of the burned cakes occurred. The king was disguised as a peasant, and, living in a swineherd's cottage, performed various menial offices. The good wife left him in charge of some cakes that were baking, with instructions to turn them at the proper time. His mind wandered in thought and he forgot his trust. The good wife returned, found the cakes burning, and the guest dreaming by the fire-side; she lost her temper, and expressed a decided opinion about the lazy lout who was ready enough to eat, but less ready to work. In the seventeenth century there was found in the marshes here a jewel that Alfred had lost: it is of gold and enamel, bearing words signifying "Alfred had me wrought."

The following spring (878) he sallied forth, defeated the Danes in Wiltshire, and captured their king Guthram, who was afterwards baptized near Athelney by the name of Æthelstan; they still show his baptismal font in Aller Church, near by.

SHERBORNE.

Crossing over from Somersetshire into Dorsetshire, we arrive in the northern part of that county at Sherborne on the Yeo, which was one of the earliest religious establishments in this part of England, having been founded by King Ina in the eighth century. Here was the see that was removed to Old Sarum in the eleventh century, and subsequently to Salisbury. After the removal, Sherborne became an abbey, and its remains are to be seen in the parish church, which still exists, of Norman architecture, and having a low central tower supported by massive piers. The porch is almost all that survives of the original structure, the remainder having been burned in 1436, but afterwards restored. Within this church are buried the Saxon kings Æthelbald and Æthelbert, the brothers of King Alfred. Such of the domestic buildings of the abbey as have been preserved are now the well-known Sherborne Grammar-School, which was founded in 1550. The great bell of the abbey was given it by Cardinal Wolsey, and weighed sixty thousand pounds. It bears this motto:

“By Wolsey’s gift I measure time for all ;
To mirth, to grief, to church, I serve to call.”

It was unfortunately cracked in 1858, but has been recast. The chief fame of Sherborne, however, is as the home of Sir Walter Raleigh, of whom Napier says that his “fortunes were alike remarkable for enviable success and pitiable reverses. Raised to eminent station through the favor of the greatest female sovereign of England, he perished on the scaffold through the dislike and cowardly policy of the meanest of her kings.” The original castle of Sherborne was built in the reign of Henry I., and its owner bestowed it upon the bishopric of Old Sarum with certain lands, accompanying the gift with a perpetual curse “that whosoever should take these lands from the bishopric, or diminish them in great or small, should be accursed, not only in this world, but in the world to come, unless in his lifetime he made restitution thereof.” Herein tradition says was the seed of Raleigh’s misfortunes. King Stephen dispossessed the lands, and gave them to the Montagues, who met with grievous disasters, the estate ultimately reverting to the Church. In Edward VI.’s reign Sherborne was conveyed to the Duke of Somerset, but he was beheaded. Again they reverted to the Church, until one day Raleigh, journeying from Plymouth to London, the ancient historian says, “the castle being right in the way, he cast such an eye upon it as Ahab did upon

Naboth's vineyard, and once, above the rest, being talking of it, of the commodiousness of the place, and of the great strength of the seat, and how easily it might be got from the bishopric, suddenly over and over came his horse, that his very face (which was then thought a very good one) ploughed up the earth where he fell. This fall was ominous, and no question he was apt to consider it so." But Raleigh did not falter, notwithstanding the omen. He begged and obtained the grant of the castle from Queen Elizabeth, and then married Elizabeth Throgmorton and returned there, building himself a new house surrounded by ornamental gardens and orchards. He settled the estate ultimately upon his son, but his enemies got King James to take it away and give it to a young Scotch favorite, Robert Carr, afterwards Earl of Somerset. Lady Raleigh upon her knees, with her children, appealed to James not to do this, but it was of no avail. The king only answered, "I mun have the land; I mun have it for Carr." She was a woman of high spirit, and while still on her knees she prayed God to punish those who had wrongfully exposed her and her children to ruin. Carr met with constant misfortunes, being ultimately implicated in a murder and imprisoned. James's son Charles, afterwards king, aided to bring Raleigh to the block, while the widow had the satisfaction of living long enough to be assured that Charles would meet the same fate. The remains of the castle are

at the east end of Sherborne, covering about four acres on a rocky eminence surrounded by a ditch. The gate-tower and portions of the walls and buildings still exist. The house that Raleigh built is now called the "Castle," and has since had extensive wings added to it, with a fine lake between it and the old castle-ruins, surrounded by attractive pleasure-grounds and a park. This famous estate fell into possession of the Earl of Digby, and is now a popular resort in the hunting-season.

THE COAST OF DORSET.

The little river Avon upon which Salisbury stands—for there are several of these Avon Rivers in England—flows southward between Dorsetshire and Hampshire, and falls into the Channel. Westward from its mouth extends a line of sandy cliffs, broken by occasional ravines or chines, past Bournemouth to Poole Harbor, a broad estuary surrounded by low hills which is protected by a high ridge of chalk rocks on its south-western side running out into the sea. The sleepy town of Poole stands on the shore, having dim recollections of its ships and commerce of centuries ago. It was a nursery for privateersmen, and many are the exploits recorded of them. It was also, from the intricacy of its creeks and the roving character of its people, a notorious place for smuggling. Poole is an old-fashioned, brick-built town, with a picturesque gateway yet remaining as

a specimen of its ancient defences, and has a population of about sixteen thousand. In the vale of the Stour, which here debouches, is the ancient minster of Wimborne, founded in the reign of King Ina by his sister, and containing the grave of the Saxon king Æthelred. It is not remarkable excepting for its age, and for having had for its dean Reginald Pole before he became a cardinal. The ancient and shrunken town of Wareham is also near by, having had quite a military history, but being almost destroyed by fire in 1762, from which it never recovered. It has now but three churches out of the eight it originally possessed, and of these only one is in regular use. But the great memory of this part of the coast is connected with Corfe Castle.

The so-called Isle of Purbeck is near Poole Harbor, and the ruined castle of Corfe stands in a narrow gap in the hills, guarding the entrance to the southern part of this island, its name being derived from *ceorfan*, meaning "to cut," so that it refers to the cut or gap in the hills. Queen Ælfrida in the tenth century had a hunting-lodge here. According to the legend, her stepson, King Edward the martyr, in 979, was hunting in the neighborhood and stopped at the door to ask for a drink. It was brought, and as he raised the cup to his lips he was stabbed in the back—it is said by the queen's own hand. He put spurs to his horse, galloped off, fell, and was dragged along the road, the battered corpse being buried at

Wareham. The queen had committed this murder for the benefit of her youngest son, and hearing him bewail his brother's death, she flew into a passion, and, no cudgel being at hand, belabored him so stoutly with a large wax candle that he could never afterwards bear the sight of one. The king's remains were then translated to Shaftesbury, miracles were wrought, and the queen, finding affairs becoming serious, founded two nunneries in expiation of the murder, to one of which she retired. This began the fame of the Isle of Purbeck, although the present Corfe Castle was not built till the twelfth century. It was attacked by, but baffled, Stephen, and King John used it as a royal residence, prison, and treasure-house. Here he starved to death twenty-two French knights who had been partisans of his nephew Arthur; and he also hanged a hermit named Peter who had made rash prophecies of his downfall, this being intended as a wholesome warning to other unwelcome prophets. Its subsequent history was uneventful until the Civil War, when it was greatly enlarged and strengthened, occupying the upper part of the hill overlooking the village. Now it is ruined in every part: the entrance-gateway leans over and is insecure, the walls are rent, and the towers shattered. while the keep is but a broken shell, with one side entirely gone. This destruction was done in the Civil War, when Corfe was held for King Charles.

In 1643, when the owner, Sir John Banks, was absent, the castle was attacked, and his lady hastily collected the tenantry and some provisions and made the best defence she could. The besiegers melted down the roof of the village church for bullets, and approached the castle-walls under cover of two pent-houses called, respectively, "the Boar" and "the Sow." So galling a fire, however, was kept up by the defenders that they were driven off, and their commander with difficulty rallied them for another attack, being well fortified with "Dutch courage." This time the brave little garrison, even the women and children taking part, hurled down upon them hot embers, paving-stones, and whatever else came handiest, and again drove them off when the effect of the liquor was spent; then, the king's forces coming to the rescue, they decamped. But the fortunes of Charles waned: he was defeated at Naseby, Sir John Banks died, and Corfe was the only stronghold left him between London and Exeter. Again it was attacked, and, through treachery, captured. It was afterwards dismantled and blown up with gunpowder, while its heroic defender, Lady Banks, was deprived of her dowry by the Parliamentarians, as penalty for her "maliginity." She received it again, however, and had the satisfaction of living until after the Restoration. The Isle of Purbeck is in reality a peninsula, and its chief present fame comes from its excellent potters' clay.

Beyond the range of chalk-cliffs that here cross Dorsetshire the coast runs several miles southward from Poole Harbor, the promontory of the Foreland protruding into the sea and dividing the shore into two bays. The northern one is Studland Bay, alongside which is the singular rock of the Agglestone. The devil, we are told, was sitting one day upon one of the Needles off the neighboring coast of the Isle of Wight, looking about him to see what the world was doing, when he espied the towers of Corfe Castle just rising towards completion; he seized a huge rock and hurled it at the castle, but it fell short, and remains to this day upon the moor. Nestling under the slopes of this moor, in a ravine leading down to the shore, is Studland village, with its little Norman church embosomed in foliage and surrounded by ancient gravestones and memorial crosses. South of the Foreland, and protected by the chalk-range from the northern blasts, is Swanage Bay, bordered by its little town, which in past times has been variously called Swanwich, Sandwich, and Swanage. It is a quiet watering-place at the east end of Purbeck Isle, landlocked from every rough wind, a pleasant spot for summer sea-bathing, with huge elms growing on its beach and garden-flowers basking in the sunshine. The Purbeck marble, which was so extensively used for church-building a few centuries ago, and which may be seen in Westminster Abbey, Canterbury, Salisbury, Ely, and

other cathedrals, was quarried here, though other quarries of it exist in Britain. It is an aggregate of fresh-water shells, which polishes handsomely, but is liable to crumble, and has in later years been generally superseded by other building-stone. The coast southward is lined with quarries, and the lofty promontory of St. Aldhelm's Head projects into the sea, a conspicuous headland seen from afar. It was named for the first bishop of Sherborne, and its summit rises nearly five hundred feet, being crowned by an ancient chapel, where in former days a priest trimmed the beacon-light and prayed for the mariners' safety. This cliff exhibits sections of Portland stone, and the view is unusually fine, the entire coast displaying vast walls of cream-colored limestone. These rocks extend westward past Encombe, where Chancellor Eldon closed his life, and the Vale of Kimmeridge, where they dig a dark-blue clay, and Worbarrow Bay, with its amphitheatre of crags composed of Portland stone and breached here and there to form the gateways into interior coves. Here are the Barndoor Cove, entered through a natural archway; the Man-of-War Cove, its guardian rock representing a vessel; and Lulworth Cove, with its castle-ruins, most of which have been worked into the modern structure near by where the exiled French king, Charles X., once lived. Near by is Dorchester, the county-town of Dorsetshire, the ancient Roman settlement of Durnovaria, which

has managed in its long career to grow to a population of about eight thousand. It is noted for its museum, containing one of the best collections of antiquities in the kingdom, while in the Town-Hall is preserved the chair used by Judge Jeffreys in the "Bloody Assizes" of 1685. Just south of the town is the most perfect Roman amphitheatre in England, the "Maumbury Rings," two hundred and twenty feet long and one hundred and sixty-five feet wide, with two large entrenched camps adjacent, one of them, called Maiden Castle, being of early British origin.

WEYMOUTH AND PORTLAND.

The coast next sweeps around to the southward, forming the broad expanse of Weymouth Bay, with the precipitous headland of the White Nore on the one hand, and the crags of Portland Isle spreading on the other far out to sea, and the great breakwater extending to the northward enclosing the bay and making a harbor under the lee of which vast fleets can anchor in safety. Weymouth is a popular watering-place with fourteen thousand population, and is a point of departure for steamers for the Channel Islands, and it was George III.'s favorite resort. He had a house there, and at Osmington on the cliffs behind the town an ingenious soldier, by cutting away the turf and exposing the white chalk beneath, has made a gigantic figure of the king on horseback, of clever execution and said to be a good

likeness. Weymouth has a steamboat-pier and an attractive esplanade, and west of the town and overlooking the sea are the ruins of Sandsfoot Castle, erected for coast-defence by Henry VIII. They are of little interest, however, and south of them is the estuary of the Fleet, which divides Portland Isle from the mainland, but these are linked together by the Chesil Bank, a huge mound of pebbles and shingle, forming a natural breakwater. At the lower end it is an embankment forty feet high, composed of large pebbles, some reaching a foot in diameter. As it stretches northward it decreases gradually in height and in the size of its pebbles, till it becomes a low shingly beach. To this great natural embankment the value of Portland Harbor is chiefly due, and many are the theories to account for its formation. Near the estuary of the Fleet is Abbotsbury, where are the ruins of an ancient church and the Earl of Ilchester's famous swannery, where he has twelve hundred swans.

The Isle of Portland, thus strangely linked to the mainland, is an elevated limestone plateau guarded on all sides by steep cliffs and about nine miles in circumference. Not far from the end of the Chesil Bank is Portland Castle, another coast-defence erected by Henry VIII. Near by, on the western slope, is the village of Chesilton. The highest part of the isle is Verne Hill, four hundred and ninety-five feet high, where there is a strong

fort with casemated barracks that can accommodate three thousand men. Other works also defend the island, which is regarded of great strategic importance, and in the neighborhood are the famous quarries whence Portland stone has been excavated for two centuries. The most esteemed is the hard, pale, cream-colored oolite, which was introduced to the notice of London by Inigo Jones, and has been popular ever since. With it have been built St. Paul's Cathedral, Somerset House, the towers of Westminster Abbey, and Whitehall, with other London buildings. Here also was quarried the stone for the great breakwater, of which the late Prince Consort deposited the first stone in 1849, and the Prince of Wales the last one in 1872, making the largest artificial harbor in the world. The first portion of this breakwater runs east from the shore eighteen hundred feet. There is an opening four hundred feet wide, and the outer breakwater thence extends north-east six thousand feet, with a width of one hundred feet, being terminated by a strong circular fort guarding the harbor entrance. It cost over \$5,000,000, and about one thousand convicts were employed in its construction, which took nearly six million tons of stone. The materials, quarried and laden on cars by the convicts, were sent down an inclined plane and out to the appointed place, where they were emptied into the sea. The prison of the convicts is on the east side of the island adjoining

the quarries, and is almost a town of itself, having twenty-five hundred inmates. The prison-garb is blue and white stripes in summer, and a brownish-gray jacket and oilskin cap in winter. The convicts have built their own chapels and schools, and on the Cove of Church Hope near by are the ruins of Bow and Arrow Castle, constructed by William Rufus on a cliff overhanging the sea, and also a modern building known as Pennsylvania Castle, built by William Penn's grandson in a sheltered nook. The views here are of great beauty, while at the southern end of the promontory is the castellated mass of rocks projecting far into the sea, and supporting two lighthouses, known as the Portland Bill. Below is the dangerous surf called the Race of Portland, where the tide flows with unusual swiftness, and in the bordering cliffs are many romantic caves where the restless waves make a constant plashing.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

From the harbor of Portland we will make a steamer-excursion almost across the English Channel, going about one hundred and fifteen miles to the Channel Islands, off the north-western coast of France and within a few miles of the shores of Normandy and Brittany. They are Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark, standing in a picturesque situation, with a mild climate and fertile soil, and devoted mainly to dairying and to fishing. These

islands were known to the Romans, and their strategic position is so valuable that England, while getting but \$100,000 revenue from them, has expended two or three millions annually in maintaining their fortifications. It was upon the dangerous cluster of seven serrated rocks west of Alderney, and known as the Casquets, that Henry I.'s only son, Prince William, perished in the twelfth century, and here the man-of-War "Victory" was lost with eleven hundred men in 1744. In March, 1899, the steamer "Stella," of the regular passenger service of the London and South-western Railway, from Southampton, ran at full speed on these rocks in a dense fog, and a hundred lives were lost. The Casquets are now marked by a triple flashing light. Algernon Swinburne has made them the subject of a poem. Jersey is the most remarkable of the Channel Islands, for its castles and forts, and has seen many fierce attacks. Both Henry VII. and Charles II. when in exile found refuge in Jersey. In approaching this island the fantastic outline of the Corbière Promontory on the western side is striking. When first seen through the morning haze it resembles a huge elephant supporting an embattled tower, but the apparition vanishes on closer approach. A lighthouse crowns the rock, and the bay of St. Aubin spreads a grand crescent of smiling shores, in the centre of which is Elizabeth Castle, standing on a lofty insulated rock whose

jagged pinnacles are reared in grotesque array around the battlements. Within the bay is a safe harbor, with the towns of St. Helier's and St. Aubin on the shores. Here is the hermitage once occupied by Jersey's patron saint Elericus, and an abbey dedicated to him anciently occupied the site of the castle. The impregnable works of the great Regent Fort are upon a precipitous hill commanding the harbor and castle. Upon the eastern side of the island is another huge fortress, called the castle of Mont Orgueil, upon a lofty conical rock forming the northern headland of Grouville Bay. The apex of the mountain shoots up in the centre of the fortifications as high as the flagstaff which is planted upon them. Here lived Charles II. when in exile, and this is the most interesting part of Jersey, historically. A part of the fortifications is said to date from Cæsar's incursion into Gaul, and the Romans in honor of their leader called the island Cæsarea, describing it at that time as a stronghold of the Druids, of whose worship many monuments remain. It was first attached to the British Crown at the Norman Conquest, and, though the French in the many wars since then have sent frequent expeditions against the island, they have never been able to hold it. The Channel Islands altogether cover about seventy-five square miles. Alderney, which is within seven miles of the French coast, now has an extensive harbor of refuge. Guernsey con-

tains the remains of two Norman castles—one almost entirely gone, and the other called Ivy Castle, from its ruins being mantled with shrubbery. Its great defensive work, Fort George, built in the last century, stands in a commanding position and is of enormous strength. Upon a rocky islet off St. Peter's Port is the chief defensive fort of that harbor, located about a mile to seaward—Castle Cornet, a work of venerable antiquity, parts of which were built by the Romans. In 1672 Viscount Christopher Hatton was governor of Guernsey, and was blown up with his family in Castle Cornet, the powder-magazine being struck by lightning at midnight. He was in bed, was blown out of a window, and lay for some time on the ramparts unhurt. Most of the family and attendants perished, but his infant daughter Anne was found next day alive, and sleeping in her cradle under a beam in the ruins, uninjured by the explosion. She lived to marry the Earl of Winchelsea and have thirty children, of whom thirteen survived her. Guernsey was the Latin *Sarnia*, the "green isle," and Jersey is known as the "grass isle." Two missionaries from the Continent are said to have introduced Christianity in these islands in the sixth century, and their names are perpetuated in the towns of St. Sampson in Guernsey and St. Helier's in Jersey. The latter has about thirty thousand population, being nearly one-third the people of the whole

group, who number less than one hundred thousand. The most profitable pursuit on these islands is dairy-farming, and their famous herds of cattle are known throughout the world.

THE SOUTHERN COAST OF DEVON.

Westward of Portland Isle, on the southern coast near Abbotsbury, are the ruins of a monastery built by Canute, and St. Catharine's Chapel, perched on a steep hill overlooking the sea, while in the neighborhood is the Earl of Ilchester's castle, surrounded by attractive gardens. Beyond this the little river Lym flows into the sea from among grand yet broken crags mantled with woods, and in a deep valley at the foot of the hills is the romantic town of Lyme Regis, with a pleasant beach and good bathing, the force of the waves being broken by a pier called the Cobb, frequently washed away and as often restored, sometimes at great cost. This is a semicircular breakwater eleven hundred and seventy-nine feet long, and protecting the harbor. There are grand cliffs around this little harbor, the Golden Cap and the Rhodehorn rearing their heads on high, the summit of the latter being cut by a passage called the Devil's Bellows. It was here that the Duke of Monmouth landed on his unfortunate expedition in 1685, and near Lyme Regis on Christmas, 1839, the Dowlands landslip took place, an area of forty acres sliding down

the cliff to a lower level, roughly removing two cottages and an orchard in its descent. Five miles farther west the pretty river Axe, which flows down from the Mendips, enters the sea, and on an eminence overlooking the stream is the town of Axminster, formerly a Saxon stronghold, and afterwards famous for the carpet manufacture, which some time ago was removed to Wilton. Its minster was founded in the days of Æthelstan, but the remains are Norman work. At Honiton and the neighboring villages is made the famous Honiton lace, first introduced by Dutch refugees who landed here. Still farther west the little river Sid flows down past Sidbury and Sidford, and enters the sea through a valley which nestles the charming watering-place of Sidmouth, celebrated for its pebbles found among the green sand. Salcombe Hill and High Peak, towering five hundred feet, guard the valley-entrance on either hand, and in the church of St. Nicholas is a memorial window erected by Queen Victoria in memory of her father, the Duke of Kent, who died here in 1820. The esplanade in front of the town is protected by a sea-wall seventeen hundred feet long. Near here, at Hayes Barton, now an Elizabethan farm-house, Sir Walter Raleigh was born, the room in which he first saw the light being still shown; and at Ottery St. Mary Coleridge was born in 1772. Beyond this, to the westward, the river Exe falls into the sea through

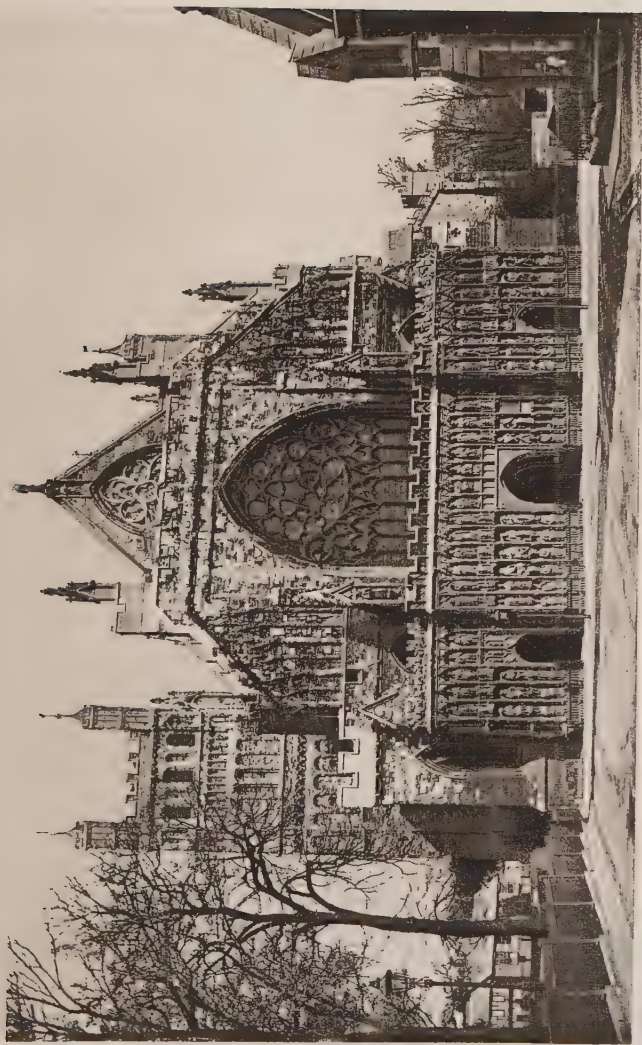
a broad estuary at Exmouth, also a favorite watering-place, over which the lofty Haldon Hills keep guard at a height of eight hundred feet, the Beacon Walks being cut on their sloping face and tastefully planted with trees, while a broad esplanade protected by a sea-wall fronts the town. The shores all along are dotted with villas, and this coast is a popular resort, the villages gradually expanding into towns as their populations increase.

EXETER.

About eleven miles up the river Exe, before it has broadened into the estuary, but where it flows through a well-marked valley and washes the bases of the cliffs, stands Exeter, a city set upon a hill, the county-seat of Devonshire. Here was an ancient "dun," or British hill-fort, succeeded by a Roman, and then by a Norman, castle, with the town descending upon the slope towards the river and spreading into the suburb of St. Thomas on the other side. The growing city now covers several neighboring hills and tributary valleys, one of the flourishing new suburbs being named Pennsylvania. Upon the ridge, where was located the old hill-fort, there still remain in a grove of trees some scanty ruins of the Norman castle, while well up the slope of the hill rise the bold and massive towers of Exeter Cathedral. Unique among English municipalities, this is essentially a hill-city, the ancient

British name of Caerwise having been Latinized by the Romans into Isca, and then changed to Exanceaster, which was afterwards shortened into the modern Exeter. Nobody knows when it was founded: the Romans almost at the beginning of the Christian era found a flourishing British city alongside the Exe, and it is claimed to have been "a walled city before the incarnation of Christ." Isca makes its appearance in the Roman records without giving the date of its capture, while it is also uncertain when the Saxons superseded the Romans and developed its name into Exanceaster. They enclosed its hill of Rougemont, however, with a wall of masonry, and encircled the city with ramparts built of square stones and strengthened by towers. Here the Saxon king Æthelstan held a meeting of the Witan of the whole realm and proclaimed his laws, and in the first year of the eleventh century the Danes sailed up to the town and attacked it, being, however, beaten off after a desperate struggle. Two years later they made another attack, captured and despoiled it; but it rose from its ruins, and the townsmen afterwards defied the Norman as they had the Dane. William attacked and breached the walls, the city surrendered, and then he built Rougemont Castle, whose venerable ruins remain, to curb the stout-hearted city. It was repeatedly besieged—in the days of Stephen, Henry VII., and Henry VIII., the last siege during

the quarrels preceding the Reformation lasting thirty-four days, the defenders being reduced to eating horse-flesh. In the Civil War the Royalists captured it from the Parliamentarians, who held it, and it remained in the king's possession until after the defeat at Naseby, when Cromwell recaptured it. Charles II. was proclaimed at Exeter with special rejoicings. When William, Prince of Orange, first landed in England, he came to the valley of the Teign, near Newton Abbot, where the block of granite is still preserved from which his proclamation was read to the people. Three days later he entered Exeter, escorted by a great crowd of the townspeople. He went in military state to the cathedral and mounted the bishop's throne, with its lofty spire-like canopy, rich with the carving of the fifteenth century, while the choir sang the *Te Deum*, after which Bishop Burnet read his proclamation. He remained in Exeter while events ripened elsewhere for his reception. Here many Englishmen of rank and influence joined him, and his quarters began to display the appearance of a court. The daily show of rich liveries and of coaches drawn by six horses among the old houses in the cathedral close, with their protruding bow-windows and balconies, gave the usually quiet place a palatial appearance, the king's audience-chamber being in the deanery. He tarried here two weeks, and then left for London, the entire



kingdom having risen in his favor and James having deserted the capital for Salisbury. This ended Exeter's stirring history. It afterwards grew in fame as a manufactory of woollens, but this has declined, and the chief industries now consist in the making of gloves and agricultural implements, while it is the chief market for Honiton lace.

Exeter Cathedral is the most conspicuous feature in the view upon approaching the city, rising well above the surrounding houses, its two massive gray towers giving it something of the appearance of a fortress. This makes it unique among English cathedrals, especially as the towers form its transepts. The close is contracted, and around it are business edifices, instead of ecclesiastical buildings. The exterior is plain and simple in outline, excepting the western front, which is a very rich example of fourteenth-century Gothic. A church dedicated to the Benedictines is said to have been standing on its site as early as the seventh century, and it lasted until after the Norman Conquest. The Normans built a new church in the twelfth century, which contained the present towers, but the remainder of the structure was afterwards transformed as we now see it. The rich western façade consists of three stages, receding one behind the other; the lower is the porch, subdivided into three enriched arcades containing figures and pierced by three doorways. The second stage is formed

above this by the ends of the nave and side aisles, being terminated with a battlement flanked by small pinnacles about halfway up the nave gable. A fine window pierces this stage, and above it the remainder of the gable forms the third stage, also pierced by a window which opens over the battlement. The figures in the lower stage represent the kings of England, apostles, and saints. The interior of the nave discloses stone vaulting and Decorated architecture, with large clerestory windows, but a small triforium. The bosses of the roof, which presents an unbroken line, are seventy feet above the floor. One of the bays on the north side of the triforium is a beautiful minstrels' gallery, having figures of angels playing upon musical instruments, the gallery communicating with a chamber above the porch. The inner walls of the towers have been cut away, completely adapting them for transepts, the towers being supported on great pointed arches. In the large east window the stained glass commemorates St. Sidwell, a lady murdered in the eighth century at a well near Exeter by a blow from a scythe at the instigation of her stepmother, who coveted her property. The cathedral is rich in monumental relics, and it has been thoroughly restored. Little remains of the ancient convent-buildings beyond the chapter-house, which adjoins the south transept.

The older parts of Exeter present a quaint and

picturesque appearance, especially along the High Street, where is located the Guild Hall, a ponderous stone building, with a curious front projecting over the footway and supported by columns: it was built in the sixteenth century. Sir Thomas Bodley, who founded the Bodleian Library of Oxford, was born in Exeter, and also Richard Hooker the theologian. Among its famous bishops was Trelawney (then the Bishop of Bristol), who was one of the seven bishops committed by King James to the Tower, and whose memory still lives in the West-Country refrain, the singing of which had so much to do with raising the English revolt in favor of the Prince of Orange:

“ And shall Trelawney die?
And shall Trelawney die?
There’s twenty thousand Cornish lads
Will know the reason why.”

TEIGNMOUTH AND TORBAY.

From the estuary of the Exe the Devonshire coast trends almost southward towards the mouth of the Dart, being everywhere bordered by picturesque cliffs. Nestling in a gap among the crags, under the protecting shelter of the headlands, and under the lee of the Great Haldon, rising eight hundred and eighteen feet, is the little watering-place of Dawlish, fronted by villas and flower-gardens, and having to the southward strange pinnacles of red

rock rising from the edge of the sea, two of them forming fanciful resemblances to the human figure, being named the Parson and the Clerk. A storm recently knocked off a considerable part of the Parson's head. Upon their sides, piercing through tunnel after tunnel, runs the railway almost over the water's edge. Soon the cliffs are breached with a wider opening, and here flows out the river Teign along the base of the Little Haldon, rising eight hundred feet, where is the larger watering-place of Teignmouth, which has frequently suffered from Danish and French invasions, but is now best known by having the longest wooden bridge in England spanning the river-estuary and extending seventeen hundred feet, with a swing-draw to permit vessels to pass. The valley is broad, with picturesque villas on either bank, and out on the sea-front is the grassy promenade called the Den, from which a spacious and handsome pier projects over the water. Up the tributary valley of the Leman a few miles is Newton Abbot, where is preserved in the centre of the town the stone on which William III., the Prince of Orange, after landing on Torbay, was first proclaimed king of England in 1688. The chief present fame of the town, however, comes from its grammar-school, one of the best in the kingdom. Below Teignmouth the shores extend into the sea at the bold promontory of Hope's Nose, which has Torbay on one side and the Babb-

combe Bay on the other. Here, around the shores of the bay on the southern side of the projecting cape, is the renowned watering-place of Torquay, which has grown enormously since becoming such a fashionable resort in recent years. Its beautiful scenery and sheltered position have made it a favorite home for invalids, the mild and equable climate being peculiarly attractive, and the luxuriant semi-tropical vegetation being scarcely paralleled elsewhere in England. Its name is derived from the neighboring hill of Mohun's Tor, where there are ruins of an abbey. To the north of the headland is the fine sweep of Babbicombe Bay, with a border of smooth sand-beach backed by steep cliffs, above which is the plateau where most of its houses are built. To the south of the headland the villas of Torquay spread over a number of hills which rise in terraces from the sea, fronted by a fine park, with highlands protecting it on almost all sides, while further to the southward the limestone cliffs are bold and lofty, one of them presenting the singular feature of a natural arch called London Bridge, where the sea has pierced the extremity of a headland. Upon the eastern face of the promontory of Hope's Nose, and just below Babbicombe Bay, another pretty cove has been hollowed out by the action of the waves, its sides being densely clothed with foliage, while a pebbly beach fringes the shore. This is Anstis Cove, its northern border

guarded by limestone cliffs that have been broken at their outer verge into pointed reefs. Compton Castle, about two miles from Torbay, is a specimen, though in ruins, of the ancient fortified mansion of the reign of Edward III. It is of massive construction, built of the native limestone, and part of it is now used as a farm-house. Following around the deeply-recessed curve of Torbay, its southern boundary is found to be the bold promontory of Berry Head, and here on the northern side is the old fishing-port of Brixham, having Church Brixham built up on the cliffs and Brixham Quay down on the beach. It was here that the Prince of Orange landed in 1688, and a statue and monument commemorating the important event were erected on the two hundredth anniversary in the market-square, while the rock upon which King William stepped from his boat is preserved on the pier.

THE DART.

Southward of this promontory is the estuary of the Dart, a river which, like nearly all the streams of Devonshire, rises in that great "mother of rivers," Dartmoor, whence come the Tawe and the Teign, of which we have already spoken, and also the Torridge, the Yealm, the Erme, the Plym, and the Avon (still another of them). This celebrated moor covers an area of about one hundred and thirty thousand acres, stretching twenty-five miles in length and



twelve miles in breadth, and its elevation averages fifteen hundred feet, though some of its tors, the enormous rocks of granite crowning its hills, rise considerably higher, the loftiest of these, the Yes Tor, near Okehampton, being two thousand and fifty feet high. The moor is composed of vast stretches of bog and stunted heather, with plenty of places where peat is cut, but the pretty wooded valleys of its numerous little streams make a pleasing contrast to the barren scenery of the higher plateaus. These streams have many little waterfalls and "stickles" or rapids, and most of them are well stocked with trout. The moor has been well described as "a monstrous lump of granite covered with a sponge of peaty soil." Legend tells us that all manner of hill- and water-spirits frequent this desolate yet attractive region, and that in Cranmoor Pool and its surrounding bogs, whence the Dart takes its rise, there dwelt the "pixies" and the "kelpies." The head-fountains of both the Dart and the Plym are surrounded with romance, as the cities at their mouths are famous in English history, and Spenser, in the *Faerie Queene*, announces that both Dart and Plym were present at the great feast of the rivers which celebrated the wedding of the Thames and Medway. At Princetown, near the centre of the great moor, and at about fourteen hundred feet elevation above the sea, is the Dartmoor convict prison, originally constructed about the

beginning of the present century for prisoners taken in the wars against France. It is said to have contained nine thousand French prisoners in 1811, while subsequently in the American War of 1812-14, about two thousand American seamen who refused to serve in the British navy against the United States were confined here. The convicts of this prison have done much work at reclaiming the adjacent moorland.

The courses of the Dartmoor rivers are short, but with rapid changes. In the moorland they run through moss and over granite; then among woods and cultivated fields, till, with constantly-broadening stream, the river joins the estuary or tidal inlet, and thus finds vent in the ocean. Strangely enough, with these short streams there are high points on the Dartmoor tors from which both source and mouth of a river are visible at the same time. The Dart, with steadily-increasing flow, thus runs out of the moorland, and not far from its edge passes the antique town of Totnes, which Camden described as "hanging from east to west on the side of a hill," where the remains of an ivy-mantled wall upon the hill and two circular stages of the keep, one on top of the other like a larger and smaller cheese, are all that is left of Judhael's famous castle, which dates from the Norman Conquest. The most precious possession of Totnes, however, is the so-called "Brutus Stone," placed in the pavement of the

steep Main Street, "the very stone, according to hoary tradition, on which Brutus of Troy first set foot on landing in Britain. The surrounding country is remarkably picturesque, and is noted for its agricultural wealth. About two miles to the eastward is the romantic ruin of Berry Pomeroy Castle, founded upon a rock which rises almost perpendicularly from a narrow valley, through which a winding brook bubbles. It is overhung with foliage and shrubbery and mantled with moss and ivy, so that it is most attractive. The great gate, the southern walls, part of a quadrangle, and a few turrets are all that remain of the castle, which suffered severely in the Civil War. We are told that in its prime this castle was so extensive that it "was a good day's work for a servant but to open and shut the casements." Tradition states that the adjacent village was destroyed by lightning. This castle also dates from the Norman Conquest, and passed from its original possessors, the Pomeroyes, to Protector Somerset, the Duke of Somerset being the present owner.

The Dart, which is a rocky stream above Totnes and a favorite resort of the fisherman and sketcher, becomes navigable below the town, and has a soft, peculiar beauty of its own that has made it often compared to the Rhine ; but there is little comparison between them : the Dart has no precipitous cliffs or vine-clad hills, and no castle excepting at its

mouth. From Totnes to Dartmouth is about twelve miles, through exquisitely beautiful scenery, especially where the river passes the woods of Sharp-ham, the current narrowing to about one hundred and fifty feet, and flowing through an amphitheatre of over-arching trees rising in masses of foliage to the height of several hundred feet. The stream makes various sharp bends—a paradise for the artist—and finally it broadens out into an estuary like an inland lake, with a view over the intervening neck of land to Torbay, and beyond the coast-line at Exmouth and toward Portland. Thus we pass Greenway House, once the residence of Sir Walter Raleigh, and the “Anchor Rock” in mid-stream, marked by an old iron anchor, is pointed out as his favorite place for smoking his pipe, he having introduced both tobacco and potatoes from America into the kingdom. Three miles below we come to Dartmouth, the old houses built tier above tier on a steep hill running up from the harbor, while at the extreme point of the promontory, guarding the entrance to the estuary, is the little church of St. Petrox, with its armorial gallery and ruins of an ancient manor-house, and the castle, consisting of a square and a round tower, coming down from Henry VII.’s reign, when it was built for coast-defence. It is still used as a coast battery. On the opposite point of the harbor-entrance are the foundations of another castle, evidently built about the same time.

Dartmouth in early times was a port of great importance, and Edward III. first gave it a charter under the name of Clifton-Dartmouth-Hardness. Its merchants were then numerous and wealthy, and Cœur de Leon's crusaders assembled their fleet in the harbor in 1190. The French destroyed both it and Plymouth in 1377, and in 1403 the two towns, combining, ravaged the French coast and burned forty ships. The French retaliated the next year, but Dartmouth was too much for them, killing Du Chastel, the commander, and defeating his expedition. It suffered severely in the Civil War, and there are still traces of the land-fastenings of the iron chain stretched across the harbor to keep out the French.

THE PLYM.

Westward of the valley of the Dart is the valley of the Plym, also flowing out of Dartmoor. Two streams known as the Cad and the Meavy join to form this river, and though they are of about equal importance, the source of the Cad is generally regarded as the true Plym head, while a crossing upon it is known as the Plym Steps. Both are rocky, dashing mountain-streams, and such are also the characteristics of the Plym after the junction until it enters its estuary. The Plym Head is within the royal forest of Dartmoor, about twelve hundred feet above the sea, and in the wild and lonely moorland. The stream flows by the flat summit of Sheeps Tor,

one of the chief peaks on the southern border of the moor. Here in a hollow formed by overhanging rocks one of the Royalist Elfordes, whose house was under the tor, sought refuge, and amused his solitude by painting the walls of the cavern, which is known as the "Pixies' House," and is regarded by the neighbors as a dangerous place for children, to whom these little fairies sometimes take a fancy. It is not safe, they say, to go near it without dropping a pin as an offering between the chinks of the rock—not a very costly way of buying immunity. In Sheeps Tor churchyard in the valley below lies Sir James Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak, who died near there in 1868. As the streams course down the hillside they disclose frequent traces of the rude stone relics left there by an ancient people, the chief being the settlement at Trowlesworthy, where there is a circular hut enclosure about four hundred feet in diameter, with stone avenues leading to it and the entrances defended by portions of walls. These stones are nowhere large, however, rarely exceeding five feet high. Then we come to Shaugh, where the rivers struggle through rocky ravines and finally join their waters. The little Shaugh church crowns the granite rocks on one side, while on the other is the towering crag of the Dewerstone. This ivy-clad rock, which lifts its furrowed and wrinkled battlements far above the Plym, was the "Rock of Tiw," that powerful god of the Saxons from whom comes

the name of Tuesday. Once, we are told, in the deep snow traces of a human foot and a cloven hoof were found ascending to the highest point of the rock, which His Satanic Majesty seems to have claimed for his own domain. From this lofty outpost of the moor, if he stayed there, our all-time enemy certainly had a wide lookout. On the one hand is a grand solitude, and on the other a hilly country stretches to the seaboard, with the river-valley winding through woods and fields, and Plymouth Sound and its breakwater in the distance. Here, below the junction of the two streams, are the scant remains of the old house of Grenofen, whose inmates lived in great state, and were the Slannings who so ardently supported King Charles. A mossy barn with massive gables is the prominent feature of the ruins. The river runs down through the very beautiful vale of Bickleigh, and then under Plym Bridge, where it becomes broader and more tranquil as it approaches the head of the estuary. This region belonged to the priory of Plympton, and its Augustinian owners raised at the end of the bridge a small chapel where the traveller might pause for prayer before venturing into the solitudes beyond. The remains of this structure, however, are now slight. At Plympton St. Mary was the priory, and at Plympton Earl the castle of the earls of Devon, a brook flowing between them to the river. Both stand near the head of the estuary,

and are in ruins. The priory was the wealthiest monastic house in Devon, but the castle was only important as the headquarters of Plymouth's Royalist besiegers in the Civil War. The priory was the nurse of the noted port of Plymouth, and its earlier beginnings can be traced to the fostering care of the Augustinians, who developed the fishing-town that subsequently became the powerful seaport. Plympton, the old rhyme tell us, was "a borough-town" when Plymouth was little else than a "a furzy down." The priory was founded in the twelfth century, and was long patronized by the neighboring earls of Devon. The Augustinians, legend says, were the first to cultivate the apple in Devonshire, and the ruins still disclose the moss-grown "apple-garth." Little remains of the monastery beyond the old refectory doorway and walls. The town of Plympton Maurice is in the valley near by, famous as the birthplace of Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1723, but the house has been swept away, though the grammar-school in which his father taught remains. Reynolds is said to have made good use of the recollections of the grand scenery around his birthplace in furnishing landscape backgrounds for his pictures. The town afterwards elected him mayor, though he rarely visited his birthplace, but in lieu sent the corporation his portrait painted by himself. Here begins the broad estuary known as the Cattewater, at the mouth of which stands Ply-

mouth, the town covering the land between the Cattewater and the Hamoaze, the estuary of the Tamar, with its adjoining suburbs of Stonehouse and Devonport. Here are now a population of two hundred thousand, while the station is of vast importance as a government dockyard and barracks, with a chain of strong protecting fortifications for defence from attacks both by sea and land. Along the southern bank of the estuary extend the woods of Saltram, the seat of the Earl of Morley. Then we come to Cattewater Haven, crowded with merchant-ships, and the older harbor of Sutton Pool. Mount Batten on one side and Citadel Point on the other guard the entrance to the haven. It was here that the English fleet, under Lord Howard of Effingham, awaited the Armada in 1588; that Essex gathered his expedition to conquer Cadiz in 1596; and from here sailed the "Mayflower" with the Pilgrim Fathers on September 6, 1620. Plymouth harbor's maritime and naval history is interwoven with that of England, and it was the port of departure for the most noted expeditions of Drake, Hawkins, Cook, and other great navigators.

PLYMOUTH.

The port of Plymouth comprises what are called the "Three Towns"—Plymouth proper, covering about a square mile, Stonehouse, and Devonport, where the great naval dockyard is located. Ply-

mouth Sound is an estuary of the English Channel, and receives the Plym at its north-eastern border and the Tamar at its north-western, the sound being about three miles square and protected by the great granite breakwater a mile long, which took twenty-eight years to construct and cost about \$8,000,000, having on the outer end a lighthouse, and being defended by forts. The various barracks of Plymouth will accommodate a garrison of five thousand men. The Plym broadens into the Cattewater, used as a haven for merchant-vessels and transports and capable of furnishing anchorage to a thousand ships at one time. The Tamar (meaning the "Great Water") broadens into the Hamoaze, which is the naval harbor, and is four miles long, with sufficient anchorage-ground for the entire British navy. Sutton Pool is a tidal harbor now used by merchant-vessels. The coasts of Plymouth Sound are rocky and abrupt, and strong fortresses frown at every entrance. It is the naval dockyard that gives Plymouth its chief importance: this is at Devonport, which is strongly fortified by breast-works, ditches, embankments, and heavy batteries. The great dockyard encloses an area of ninety-six acres and has thirty-five hundred feet of water-frontage. There are here fine docks and also building-slips, where the great British war-ships are constructed. Another enclosure of seventy-two acres at Point Keyham is used for repairing ships, and a

canal seventy feet wide runs through the yards to facilitate the movement of materials. Immense roofs cover the docks. East of Devonport, divided from it by a creek, and adjoining Plymouth, is Stonehouse. Here are the great victualling yard, marine barracks, and naval hospital. The Royal William Victualling Yard occupies fourteen acres on a tongue of land at the mouth of the Tamar, and cost \$7,500,000 to build. Here the stores are kept and naval supplies furnished, its features being the vast government bakehouse, the cooperage, and the storehouses. Its front is protected by a redoubt, and to the eastward are the tasteful grounds of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe's winter villa. The marine barracks, which have the finest mess-room in England, will accommodate fifteen hundred men; the naval hospital, northward of Stonehouse, will furnish beds for twelve hundred. There are three thousand men employed about these great docks and stores, and they form the most extensive naval establishment in the world. Near Mount Wise are the Raglan Barracks, where there is a display of cannon taken from the Turks.

In Plymouth Sound is a bold pyramidal rock, the Isle of St. Nicholas, or Drake's Island, which is a formidable fortress. Mount Edgcumbe is on the western shore, and on the eastern side is Plymouth's pretty park, known as the Hoe, on the sea-front of the town, which commands an admirable view over

Plymouth Sound. From the middle rises a statue of Sir Francis Drake, erected in 1884, of whom Plymouth is very proud. He is said to have been playing bowls here when news was brought that the Spanish Armada had come in sight, and he immediately hastened to his ship. Near by is the Tercenary Memorial of the Armada, erected in 1890. Also on the Hoe was placed in 1882-4, the upper portion of the old Eddystone lighthouse, there being an extensive view from the top, including the new lighthouse which replaced it, fourteen miles to the southward on the Eddystone Rocks. Plymouth has marked the spot in front of the Custom House adjoining Sutton Pool with a slab, and on the wall an inscription, showing where the Pilgrims embarked on the "Mayflower." In the Guild-Hall a stained glass window commemorates this event, and there is also a portrait of Drake, with a quaint inscription describing him as "fellow traveller of the Sunn." He once sat in Parliament for Plymouth, and presented the town with the original aqueduct bringing its water-supply twenty-four miles from Dartmoor.

Having come down the Plym, we will now ascend the Tamar, past the huge docks and stores, and about five miles above see the great Albert Bridge, which carries the Great Western Railway, at a height of one hundred feet, from the hills of Devon over to those of Cornwall on the western shore. It is built on nineteen arches, two broad ones of four hun-

dred and fifty-five feet span each bridging the river, the entire structure being two thousand two hundred and forty feet long. This bridge was built by Brunel in 1859, and cost \$1,250,000. It is a tubular bridge, but the railway runs on a roadway suspended from the tubes. At the west end of the bridge is the quaint little fishing-town of Saltash, famed for the skill of its women in handling the oars. Their rowing is so excellent that they often beat the men in regattas. Out in the English Channel, fourteen miles from Plymouth, is its famous beacon—the Eddystone Lighthouse. Here Winstanley perished in the earlier lighthouse that was swept away by the terrible storm of 1703, and here Smeaton built his great lighthouse in 1759, one hundred feet high, which in 1882 was superseded by the new lighthouse. The Eddystone Rocks consist of twenty-two gneiss reefs extending about six hundred and fifty feet, in front of the entrance to Plymouth Sound. Smeaton's lighthouse, modelled after the trunk of a sturdy oak in Windsor Park, became the model for all subsequent lighthouses. It was as firm as when originally built, but the reef on which it stood had been undermined and shattered by the joint action of the waves and the leverage of the tall stone column, against which the sea struck with prodigious force, causing it to vibrate like the trunk of a tree in a storm. The foundation-stone of the new lighthouse was laid on a reef one hundred and

twenty-seven feet south of the old one in 1878. It is built of granite and rises one hundred and thirty-eight feet above the rock, its light being visible seventeen miles: it was first lighted May 18, 1882, and cost \$400,000 to construct.

TAVISTOCK.

A short distance up the Tamar it receives its little tributary the Tavy, running through a deep ravine, and on its banks are the ruins of Tavistock Abbey, founded in the tenth century and dedicated to St. Mary. Orgarius, the Earl of Devonshire, was admonished in a dream to build it, but his son Ordulph finished it. He was of great strength and gigantic stature—and could break down gates and stride across a stream ten feet wide. They still preserve, we are told, some of Ordulph's huge bones in Tavistock Church. The Danes plundered and burned the abbey, but it was rebuilt in greater splendor, and its abbot sat in the House of Peers. When it was disestablished, like Woburn it fell to Lord Russell, and it is now owned by the Duke of Bedford. The remains of the grand establishment, however, are but scanty, and its best memory is that of the printing-press set up by the monks, which was the second press established in England. The Duke of Bedford's attractive villa of Endsleigh is near Tavistock, and a short distance south of the town is Buckland Abbey, built on the river-bank by

the Countess of Devon in the thirteenth century. This was the home of Sir Francis Drake, and is still held by his descendants. Drake was born in a modest cottage on the banks of the Tavy about the year 1539. North of Tavistock, on the little river Lyd, are the ruins of Lydford Castle, surrounded by a village of rude cottages. Here originated the "law of Lydford," a proverb expressive of hasty judgment:

"First hang and draw,
Then hear the cause by Lydford law."

One chronicler accounts for this proverb by the wretched state of the castle jail, in which imprisonment was worse than death. At Lydford is a remarkable chasm where a rude arch is thrown across an abyss, at the bottom of which, eighty feet below, the Lyd rattles along in its contracted bed. This is a favorite place for suicides, and the tale is still told of a benighted horseman, caught in a heavy storm, who spurred his horse along the road at headlong speed to seek shelter in the village. Next day it was found that the storm had swept the bridge away, and the rider shuddered to think how his horse on that headlong ride through the tempest had leaped over the abyss without his knowing it.

THE NORTHERN COAST OF DEVON.

Exmoor is a broad strip of almost mountainous moorland extending through the northern borders of Somerset and Devon and down to the coast of Bristol Channel. Its hills descend precipitously to the sea, so that only small brooks flow northward from them, excepting the Lyn, which manages to attain the dignity of a river by flowing for some distance among the hills parallel to the coast. It was but recently that good roads were constructed across the slate and sandstone formations of this lonely moor, and on its northern edge, where the craggy headland of Greenaleigh is thrust out into the sea, is the harbor of Minehead, with a little fishing-village skirting its shores which is gradually developing into a fashionable watering-place. A short distance inland, and seated at the bases of the steep Brendon Hills, which rise in sharp wooded slopes above its houses, is the market-town of Dunster. On an outlying hill, projecting from the mass, the original lord of Dunster built his castle, perching it upon a rocky crag that Nature herself designed for a fortress. The Saxons called it their "Hill-tower." Its picturesque mass of buildings is of various dates, but much more modern than their early day, most of the present structure having been built in Queen Elizabeth's reign. The castle was held for King Charles in the Civil War, and besieged by the

Parliamentary troops, whose commander sent this bloodthirsty message to its governor: "If you will deliver up the castle, you shall have fair quarter; if not, expect no mercy: your mother shall be in front to receive the first fury of your cannon." The governor promptly and bravely replied, "If you do what you threaten, you do the most barbarous and villainous act that was ever done. My mother I honor, but the cause I fight for and the masters I serve are God and the king.—Mother, do you forgive me, and give me your blessing, and let the rebels answer for spilling that blood of yours, which I would save with the loss of mine own if I had enough for both my master and yourself." The mother also without hesitation answered him: Son, I forgive thee, and pray God to bless thee, for this brave resolution. If I live I shall love thee the better for it: God's will be done!" Whether the atrocious threat would have been put into execution was never decided, for a strong Royalist force soon appeared, routing the besiegers, capturing a thousand of them, and releasing the lady. But the castle was soon afterwards taken for the Parliament by Colonel Blake, subsequently the admiral. It was then demolished, and now the summit of the flat-topped hill, where formerly was the keep, is devoted to the peaceful amusement of a bowling-green, from which there are exquisite views of the Brendon Hills and far away over the Bristol Channel to the distant coast

of Wales. It was at Dunster Castle that William Prynne was shut up a prisoner by Cromwell. Prynne had been pilloried, shorn of his ears, and imprisoned by King Charles I. for his denunciations of the court, and then indulging in the same criticism of the Protector, he was confined at Dunster. It is now the headquarters for those who love the exciting pleasures of stag-hunting on Exmoor.

Journeying westward over the hills from Minehead, Dunkery Beacon is seen raising its head inland—a brown, heathy moorland elevated seventeen hundred and seven feet above the sea, the highest part of Exmoor. There is a grand panorama disclosed from its summit, though it is a toilsome ascent to get up there and overlook the fifteen counties it can display. Far below is the level shore of Porlock Bay, with the little village set in at the base of the cliffs. Here Southey was sheltered at its inn, and wrote a sonnet while he was “by the unwelcome summer rain detained;” and here the village has slept ever since the Danes harried and Harold burned it. Then the road climbs laboriously up the hill again to Porlock Moor, and as the top is reached, far away is seen a little grassy basin running like a streak off towards the north-west, and enclosed by steep hills, in which it is ultimately lost. This is the valley of the Lyn, and joining it is another little glen, with a hamlet of white cottages at the



junction : this is the Oare valley, the centre of some of the most stirring traditions of Exmoor, embodied in Blackmore's novel of *Lorna Doone*. Two centuries ago the lawless clan of the Doones established themselves in this lonely glen, from which issues the Badgeworthy Water not far away from the little village of Oare. Here was Jan Ridd's farm, and near it the cataract of the Badgeworthy Waterslide, while above this cataract, in the recesses of Doone Glen, was the robbers' home, whence they issued to plunder the neighboring country. The novel tells how Jan Ridd, who was of herculean strength, was standing with his bride Lorna at the altar of the little church in Oare when a bullet wounded her. Out rushed Jan from the presence of his wife, dead as he thought, to pursue the murderer. He was unarmed, and rode after him over the moorland, tearing from an oak a mighty bough as he passed under it. To this day the rent in "Jan Ridd's tree" is shown. Then came the struggle, and an Exmoor bog swallowed up the murderer, who was the last of the robber chieftains ; and afterwards the bride recovered and the happy pair were united. Exmoor is the only place remaining in the kingdom where the wild stag is still hunted with hounds, the season being in the early autumn, when all the inns are crowded, and on the day of a "meet" all the country seems alive.

LYNTON AND LYNMOUTH.

From Oare the valley of the Lyn can be followed down to the sea, flowing through its wooded gorge and disclosing many pretty views. It runs rapidly over the rocks, and when at last seeking the sea, the little stream manages to escape out of the hills that have so long encompassed it, we again find coupled together an upper and a lower town—Lynton, perched four hundred feet above on the crags, and Lynmouth, down by the water's edge, both in grandly-picturesque locations. An inclined plane railway up the cliffs, run by water power, connects them. Crowded between the bases of the crags and the pebbly beach is the irregular line of old cottages beside the bubbling stream, with creeping vines climbing over their walls and thatched roofs, while beyond is thrust out the ancient pier that made the port of Lynmouth. Up on the crags, with houses nestling here in nooks and perched there upon cliffs, Lynton mounts by zigzag paths, until, on a rocky terrace above it, it gets room to spread into a straggling street. The two streams called the East and West Lyn unite here before seeking the sea, and join their currents at the edge of the town. Here they leap over the boulders :

“Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle and foaming weir,
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings.”

Southey rapturously described the East Lyn Vale as the "finest spot, except Cintra and Arrabida, that I ever saw." It is like a miniature glen in the Alps or the Pyrenees, and every turn in the road up to the Waters-meet, where the Brendon joins the Lyn, discloses new beauties. It is an exquisite combination of wood, rock, and stream that baffles description. Gentle flowers grow here to luxuriant perfection, protected from all chilling blasts and with ample moisture to assist the sunshine in their cultivation. But barely a mile east of Lynton on the coast there is told a different story: there is a valley of rocks, where between two ridges of hills the vale is covered with stones and almost completely laid bare, a terrific mass of boulders, the very skeleton of the earth. Overhanging the sea is the gigantic "Castle Rock," while facing it from the inland side, at an elbow of the valley, is a queer pile of crags known as the "Devil's Cheese-Ring." From the castle is a view over the sea and of the romantic towns, with the little river flowing alongside and the tower on the pier at Lynmouth beach, while far westward the moorland spreads away towards those other romantic spots, Ilfracombe and Clovelly.

COMBE MARTIN AND ILFRACOMBE.

Let us skirt along the precipitous Devonshire coast westward from the Lyn, where the cliffs rise high and abruptly from the water, with foliage on

the hills above them and sheep browsing like little white specks beyond. Thus Exmoor is prolonged westward in a broad and lofty ridge of undulating hills, through which a stream occasionally carves its devious course in a deep and sheltered valley that comes out to the sea between bold, rocky headlands. Far out northward over the sea loom up the coasts of Wales in purple clouds. Soon in a breach in the wall of crags we find Combe Martin, its houses dotted among the gardens and orchards clustering thickly around the red stone church. Here were silver-mines long ago, and here lived Martin of Tours, to whom William the Conqueror granted the manor which to this day bears his name. The neighboring hills grow the best hemp in Devon, and the crags guarding the harbor are known as the Great and Little Hangman, the former, which is the higher, standing behind the other. The local tradition says that once a fellow who had stolen a sheep was carrying the carcase home on his back, having tied the hind legs together around his neck. He paused for breath at the top of the hill, and, resting against the projecting slab, poised the carcase on the top, when it suddenly slipped over and garroted him. He was afterwards found dead, and thus named the hills. Near here was born, in 1522, Bishop Jewel of Salisbury, of whom it is recorded by that faithful biographer Fuller that he "wrote learnedly, preached painfully, lived piously,

died peacefully." To the westward are Watersmouth, with its natural arch in the slaty rocks bordering the sea, and Hillsborough rising boldly to guard a tiny cove. Upon this precipitous headland is an ancient camp, and it overlooks Ilfracombe, the chief watering-place of the northern Devonshire coast. Here a smart new town has rapidly developed, with paths cut upon the cliffs and encroachments made along the shore. High upon a pyramidal headland stands the ancient chapel where in the olden time the forefathers of the village prayed to St. Nicholas for deliverance from shipwreck. Now a lighthouse is relied on for this service. The promontory is connected with a still bolder and loftier headland, the Capstone Rock. The town is built on the slope of the hills overlooking these huge round-topped crags, but its streets do not run down to sand-beaches. There is little but rocks on the shore and reefs in the water, worn into ridges of picturesque outline, over which the surf breaks grandly in time of storm. We are told that in a cave near by, Sir William Tracy, one of the murderers of St. Thomas à Becket at Canterbury, concealed himself while waiting to escape from England. He and his accomplices were ordered to purge themselves by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, but Tracy was not able to accomplish it. The winds of heaven always drove him back whenever he tried to embark, for he had struck the first blow

at Becket. He was buried in Morthoe Church beyond Ilfracombe. Few would believe that five hundred years ago Ilfracombe was the chief port of these coasts, and that in the fourteenth century it furnished six ships to the English fleet when Liverpool sent only one.

MORTE POINT AND BIDEFORD.

A few miles westward the coast-line suddenly bends to the southward, the angle being marked by a wild, rocky headland known as Morte Point, which is so thoroughly repulsive that the Devonshire proverb describes it as "the place on earth which Heaven made last and the devil will take first." It is a chaos of rock-ridges, the sea washing against it on three sides, and is a noted place for wrecks. Far out at sea can be seen a half-submerged black rock which the Normans christened the Morte Stone, or "Death Rock." To the southward sweeps a fringe of yellow sand around Morte Bay, and behind the headland is the little village of Morthoe, where Tracy is buried. Beyond the boundary of the bay, at Baggy Point, is another and broader bay, whose shores make a grand sweep to the westward again. This is Barnstaple Bay, into which flows a wide estuary forming the outlet of two rivers: the northernmost is the Taw, and at the head of its estuary is Barnstaple. The other is the Torridge, and upon it, at about nine miles distance from Barnstaple, is

the small but prettier town of Bideford. This is described by Kingsley in *Westward Ho*, as a little white town, sloping upward from its broad tidal river, paved with yellow sands, and having a many-arched old bridge towards the uplands to the westward. The wooded hills close in above the town, but in front, where the rivers join, they sink into a hazy level of marsh and low undulations of sand. The town has stood almost as it is now since Grenville, the cousin of William the Conqueror, founded it. It formerly enjoyed great commercial prosperity under the patronage of the Grenvilles, reaching its height in the seventeenth century. The old quay remains. The ancient bridge, which is a remarkable one, was built five hundred years ago, and is constructed on twenty-four piers, firmly founded, yet shaking under the footstep. The superstitious say it is of miraculous origin, for when they began to build it some distance farther up the river, each night invisible hands removed the stones to their present position. It is also a wealthy bridge and of noble rank, having its heraldic coat-of-arms (a ship and a bridge proper on a plain field) and owning broad estates, with the income of which "the said miraculous bridge has from time to time founded chantries, built schools, waged suits-at-law, and, finally, given yearly dinners, and kept for that purpose the best-stocked cellar of wines in all Devon."

CLOVELLY.

The coast of Barnstaple Bay sweeps around to the westward again, and here under the precipitous crags, nestling in one of the most picturesque nooks in all England, is Clovelly. From an inland plateau of considerable elevation the land falls steeply to the sea, with a narrow strip of sand or shingle sometimes interposed, whereon the surf dashes before it reaches the rocks. Dense foliage, with here and there a protruding crag, overhangs the cliffs. Ravines occasionally furrow the rocky wall, and in one of these Clovelly is situated, beginning with some scattered houses on the margin of the plateau above, descending the cliff in one steep street, and spreading out about a miniature harbor on the edge of the sea. There are few such streets to be seen elsewhere—not made for wheeled vehicles, but paved in a series of broad steps, over which the donkeys and the population plod with the produce of the fleet of fishing-boats the village owns. It is narrow, with strangely-shaped houses jumbled together alongside, and balconies and bay-windows, chimneys and gables—all mixed up together. Here Kingsley spent most of his boyhood, and hither flock the artists to paint odd pictures for almost every British art-exhibition. The quaint cottages are all white-washed and have gay green doors and lattices. Its little pier was built in Richard II.'s time, when as now it was a

landing-place for the mackerel- and herring-boats. This quay has recently been somewhat enlarged. Clovelly Court, the home of the Careys, is near by, with its beautiful park extending out to the tall cliffs overhanging the sea, and the charming "Hobby Drive," an avenue three miles long, with most beautiful views over land and sea. On one craggy point, known as Gallantry Bower, and four hundred feet above the waves, was an old watch-tower of the Normans, now reduced to a mere ring of stones; and to the westward a few miles the bold rocks of Hartland Point mark another angle in the coast as it bends southward towards Cornwall.

Eleven miles out at sea, rising four hundred feet and guarded all around by grim precipices, is Lundy Island. Here in a little cove are some fishermen's huts, while on the top is a lighthouse, and near it the ruins of the old Moresco Castle. We have already referred to Sir Walter Raleigh's judicial murder: it was accomplished mainly through the treachery of his near kinsman, Sir Lewis Stukely, then vice-admiral of Devon. This and other actions caused Stukely to be almost universally despised, and he was finally insulted by Lord Howard of Effingham, when he complained to the king. "What should I do with him?" asked James. "Hang him? On my sawl, mon, if I hung all that speak ill of thee, all the trees in the island were too few." Being soon afterwards detected in the royal palace

debasing the coin, he fled to Devon, a ruined man. But he found no friends, and, every door being closed against him, he sailed out to Lundy Island, and died alone in a chamber of the ruined castle. This island, which was formerly a haunt of smugglers and pirates, now belongs to a family named Heaven, and has a population of about fifty, mostly employed in the lobster and other fisheries. It has a new church with a tower seventy feet high, completed in 1897, not inappropriately called the church of St. Helena. The island is over three miles long and its coasts exhibit very fantastic rock scenery.

CORNWALL.

Pursuing the bold shores of Cornwall southward, we pass many crags and headlands, notably the Duke of Cornwall Harbor, protected by high projecting cliffs, and just below find the ruins of King Arthur's castle of Tintagel, located amid some of the most romantic scenery of this grand line of coast. Here King Arthur is supposed to have been born, and the fortress, built on a high rock almost surrounded by the sea, was evidently of great strength. On the shore are King Arthur's Cliffs, and their attractions, with the little church of Tintagel and the partly-ruined fishing-town of Bossiney, make the place a popular resort for poets and painters. Tintagel Castle was "Dundagil by the Cornish Sea," and the Arthurian legend sung by

Tennyson in the *Idylls of the King* is also told in condensed form by Mrs. Craik in her *Unsentimental Journey through Cornwall*. Pendragon, king of Britain, falling in love with Ygrayne, wife of the Duke of Cornwall, besieged them in Tintagel, slew the husband and the same day married the wife. A son was born, and by advice of the enchanter Merlin, was carried off from the seashore beneath Tintagel and confided to the care of a good knight, to be brought up as his own and christened Arthur. On the death of the king, Merlin produced the youth, who was recognized by his mother, and proclaimed king and successor of Pendragon. Arthur instituted the order of "Knights of the Round Table," who were "to go everywhere, punishing vice and rescuing oppressed virtue, for the love of God and of some noble lady." Arthur married Guinevere, daughter of King Leodegrance, who forsook him for the love of Sir Launcelot, his bravest knight and dearest friend. One by one, his best knights fell away into sin, and his nephew Mordred raised a rebellion, fought, wounded, and conquered him at Camelford near Tintagel. Seeing his end was near, Arthur bade his last faithful knight, Sir Bedevere, to carry him to the shore of a lake and throw in there his sword, Excalibur, when appeared a boat with three queens, who lifted him in, mourning over him, and he sailed away with them to be healed of his grievous wound. The legend is that he still lives in fairy

land, and will reappear to reinstate the order of Knights of the Round Table and rule his beloved England, perfect as he once tried to make it, but in vain.

Not far away in the interior, and standing near the Tamar River on the top of a steep hill, is Launceston Castle, with the town built on the adjacent slopes. The ruins, which are of great antiquity, cover considerable surface, the walls being ten or twelve feet thick, and the keep rising high upon the top of the hill, nearly one hundred feet in diameter. This keep is said to have been an ancient British structure, but most of the ruins are of Norman origin. Old Roman and also leather coins have been found here, and it was a renowned stronghold when William the Norman came to England and gave it to Robert, Earl of Moreton. It now belongs to the Duchy of Cornwall. It was garrisoned for King Charles in the Civil War, and was one of his last supports. The steep hill on which Launceston Castle stands gave it the original name of Dunhevel, or the "hill top." In one of its dungeons George Fox the Quaker was imprisoned in 1656. Westward in Cornwall is Camelford, over which frown the two Cornish mountains, Rowtor and Brown Willy, a short distance to the southward, rising respectively thirteen hundred and thirteen hundred and eighty feet. Brown Willy is the highest peak in Cornwall, and its name is a corruption of Bryn

Uhella, meaning the "highest hill." The Cornish range forms the backbone of the narrow peninsula which now juts out to the south-westward, marking the extreme point of England, and down which we will gradually journey. This great county of Cornwall into which we have come is noted for many things. It has a mild and most equable climate, the temperature averaging but 50° in winter and only 60° in summer. Its fisheries and mines are valuable, and the grand scenery of its coast cliffs around the Land's End is most attractive. The Prince of Wales is also the Duke of Cornwall and has valuable estates in the county. American competition, however, has seriously interfered with the Cornish mines of copper, tin, lead, and silver, and many of them are now closed. The tin mines of Cornwall were worked by the Phœnicians long before the Christian era, and the maximum output of copper, about one hundred and eighty thousand tons, was reached in 1861. We are told, however, that these industries have so greatly declined that one has now to go to America to see Cornish miners. The original inhabitants were of Celtic origin, but their ancient language is now extinct. The last person who is said to have spoken it died in 1777. Probably the widest fame Cornwall has had, however, comes from its squab and other pies, which are made up of everything, and often of such heterogeneous materials, it has become a local proverb that

the devil will never enter Cornwall for fear of being put into a pie. Crossing the Cornish mountains, we come to Liskeard, in a beautiful country filled with ancient Roman remains. A short distance from Liskeard is Dozmare Pool, the lake into which King Arthur is said to have thrown his sword, Excalibur. The local legend is that the Cornish man-demon Tregeagle is condemned to empty this pool with a limpet-shell, as penalty for his unjust stewardship when in human form. Going down to the southern coast, we reach Fowey with its picturesque harbor and pier at the mouth of the river Fowey, with the Sharpitor and Kilmarth Mountains beyond, twelve hundred and twelve hundred and seventy-seven feet high respectively. Fowey harbor, sheltered by high hills richly clothed with green, is the "haven under the hill" of which the balladist sings, and near its quaint old pier, almost covered with houses, is Fowey Church, recently effectually restored. The town has always had a naval flavor, and the "gallants of Fowey" in the fourteenth century helped largely to lay the foundation of England's navy before the days of Drake and the other "sea-dogs of Devon."

THE LIZARD PENINSULA.

The Cornish peninsula upon approaching its termination divides into two, with the semicircular sweep of Mount's Bay between them. To the south-

ward juts out the Lizard, and to the westward Land's End. While the latter is the westernmost extremity of England, the Lizard is usually the earliest headland that greets the mariner. The Lizard peninsula is practically almost an island, the broad estuary of the Helford River on one side and a strange inlet called Looe Pool on the other narrowing its connecting isthmus to barely two miles width. To the northward of the Helford River is the well-known port of Falmouth. Inland are the great Cornwall tin- and copper-mines. These metals are mostly mined on the black moorlands, which offer little attraction to the tourist, who gladly avoids them for the picturesque shores of Falmouth harbor. The broad estuary of the river Fal, guarded by bold headlands, forms Carrick Roads, and the western one of these also guards the entrance to Falmouth harbor, which Leland describes as being in his day "the principal haven of all Britain." Though long frequented, however, no town stood on its shores until the seventeenth century. When Raleigh came back from his voyage to Guiana there was but a single house on the shore, where his crew were lodged, and he, being impressed with the advantages of the location for a port, laid before Queen Elizabeth a plan for the foundation of a town. But it was a long while before anything came of it, and the place was not named Falmouth or incorporated until the reign of Charles II. It became a post-office packet-

station for the Atlantic ports in the last century, and Byron in his day described it as containing "many Quakers and much salt fish." Its Cornish name is Pen-combick, meaning "the village in the hollow of the headland," which has been corrupted by the mariner into "Penny-come-quick," because on one occasion the landlady of the solitary inn sold the liquor engaged for a party of visitors to a parcel of thirsty Dutch sailors who had just landed, and, being taken to task for it, explained that the "penny come so quick" she could not deny them. Pendennis Castle guards the entrance to Carrick Roads, and was built by Henry VIII., being enlarged by Elizabeth. It and Raglan were the last castles holding out for King Charles. Lightning greatly injured Pendennis in the last century, but it is still maintained as a coast-defence fortress. On the opposite portal of the harbor stands St. Mawe's Castle. The ramparts of Pendennis afford a view of extreme beauty.

On the narrow neck of land uniting the Lizard peninsula to the mainland stands Helston, formerly guarded by a castle that has long since disappeared, and named, we are told, from the great block of granite that once formed the portal of the infernal regions. The master of those dominions once, when he went abroad, carried his front door with him, and was met in this neighborhood by St. Michael, whereupon there was a "bit of a fight"

between the two adversaries. His Satanic Majesty was defeated, and, dropping his front door, fled. The great boulder, which thus named the town, is built into a wall back of the Angel Inn, and they hold an annual festival on May 8th to commemorate the event. Looe Pool cuts deeply into the land to the westward of Helston, and the district south of it is an elevated plateau, bare and treeless generally, but containing many pretty glens, while the shore is lined with sequestered coves. Here grows the Cornish heath-flowers, which are most beautiful in the early autumn, while the serpentine rocks of its grand sea-cliffs, relieved by sparkling golden crystals and veins of green, red, and white, make fine ornaments. Upon the coast, southward from Helston, is Mullyon Cove, a characteristic specimen of the Lizard scenery. A glen winds down to the sea, displacing the crags to get an outlet, and disclosing their beautiful serpentine veins. A pyramidal rock rises on one hand, a range of serpentine cliffs on the other, and a flat-topped island in the front. In the serpentine cliffs is the portal of a cave that can be penetrated for over two hundred feet, and was a haunt of the smugglers in former days, the revenue officers generally winking at them for a share of the spoils. We are told that in the last century the smugglers here had six vessels, manned by two hundred and thirty-four men and mounting fifty-six cannon—a formidable fleet—and when Falmouth

got a collector sufficiently resolute to try to break them up, they actually posted handbills offering rewards for his assassination. At one place on shore they had a battery of six-pounders, which did not hesitate to fire on the king's ships when they became too inquisitive. The coast is full of places about which tales are told of the exploits of the smugglers, but the crime has long since become extinct there because it no longer pays. South of Mullion are the bold headlands of Pradanack Point and Vellan Head, while beyond we come to the most noted spot on the Lizard peninsular coast.

KYNANCE COVE AND LIZARD HEAD.

Kynance Cove is the opening of one of the many shallow valleys indenting the inland plateau, with crags and skerries thrown over the sea, showing that the cliffs on the shore have not, as usual, maintained an unbroken front to the waves, but have been knocked about in wild confusion. Groups of islands dot the cove; Steeple Rock rears its solitary pinnacle aloft; the Lion Rock crouches near the southern verge. It is as wild a place as can well be imagined, and at low water strips of sand connect these rocks with the mainland, though the quickly-rising waters often compel the visitor to run for it. At the water's edge, when the tide is low, little wave-worn caverns are disclosed in the cliffs, which are known as the "Drawing-room," the "Parlor,"

etc. On the smooth face of the landward slope of one of the larger islands there are two orifices looking like the slit of a letter-box. The upper is called the "Post-Office," and the lower one the "Bellows." If you hold a sheet of paper in the former, a gust of air will suddenly suck it into the aperture. Then if you look into the "Post-Office" to investigate its secrets, a column of spray will as suddenly deluge you with a first-class shower-bath. This is on Asparagus Island, and by climbing to the top of the rock the mystery is solved. The rock is almost severed by a fissure opening towards the sea: a wave surges in and spurts from the orifices on the landward side, then recedes and sucks the air back through them.

From the cove at Kynance down to the extremity of the Lizard the scenery is everywhere fine. Here is the southernmost extremity of England, there being three headlands jutting into the sea near one another, the westernmost being the Old Lizard Head. Upon the middle one are the lighthouses that warn the mariner. Black cliffs above, and a sea studded with reefs below, give this place a forbidding aspect. One of the reefs is known as "Man-of-War Rock," from the wreck of a vessel there, and the weapons cast upon the neighboring shore gave it the name of the "Pistol Meadow." The other headland supports a telegraph-station, and a submarine cable goes down into the sea, to

reappear again upon the distant shores of Portugal. From here the signals are sent that give notice of arriving ships. Beneath the cliffs rises out of the sea that strange black columnar crag, looking like a projecting pulpit, which is known as the Bumble Rock. In the green sward above the cliffs a yawning gulf opens its rocky mouth, and is called the Lion's Den. It terminates in a rocky tunnel which communicates with the sea through a natural archway. This was a cavern, the rocky roof of which fell in about sixty years ago. Nestling under the middle headland is the tiny port of Polpeor, the little harbor of the Lizard, a fishermen's paradise in a small way. Around on the eastern coast of the peninsula the rocks are also fine, and here are the fishing-villages of Lizard Town and Landewednack, the latter having a strange old church, reputed to be the last in which a sermon was preached in the Cornish tongue. The grave of one of the rectors tells that he lived to be one hundred and twenty years old, for people live long in this delicious climate. These villages are devoted to the pilchard-fishery, and during the season the lookout-men can be seen perched on the cliffs watching for the approach of a shoal to warn the fishing-boats that are ready to put to sea from the sheltered coves below. Great crags are tumbled into the ocean, and the coast abounds in caves, with occasionally a quarry for the serpentine. Beyond can be traced the dim outline of the

headlands guarding Falmouth entrance. This is an unique district, whose rock-bound coast is a terror to the mariner, but a delight to the geologist and artist, and whose recesses are about the only places in England not yet penetrated by the railway, which has gridironed the British kingdom everywhere else.

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

The western peninsula of Cornwall juts far out beyond Mount's Bay, which acquires its name from what is probably the most remarkable crag in all this wonderful region. This was the *Ictis* of the ancient geographers, an object so conspicuous as to attract attention in all ages. It is a mass of granite rising from the sands, covering about twenty-five acres, and the top of the church which crowns it is elevated two hundred and thirty-eight feet. It is impossible by either pen or pencil to give an adequate idea of St. Michael's Mount—of the shattered masses of the rock itself, its watch-turrets and batteries, the turf and sea-plants niched in its recesses, and the gray, lichen-covered towers that rise from the summit. Cornish tradition says that the giant Cormoran built the first fortress here; and he is one of those unfortunate giants whose fate is told under the name of Corincus in the veritable history of Jack the Giant-killer, who slew him. The archangel St. Michael afterwards appeared to some hermits on its rocks, and this gave the mount its

religious character and name. Milton has written of it in *Lycidas* :

“Or whether thou to our moist views denied,
Sleep’st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks towards Namancos and Bayona’s hold.”

It was always a strongly-defended place, and became a Benedictine monastery—at first as an offshoot of the greater abbey of St. Michael in Normandy, which in situation it resembles, and afterwards as an independent establishment. It was a stronghold as well as a religious house, however, and was notorious as the “back-door of rebellion,” frequently besieged. The crowning square tower is that of the monastic church, and St. Michael’s Chair is on the battlements—a stone beacon which is of great importance to all newly-married couples in that region, for it bestows the ascendancy on the husband or wife who first sits in it. It is of this chair Southey’s ballad about the adventurous Rebecca was written; and he tells that just as she was installed,

“Merrily, merrily rang the bells,
And out Rebecca was thrown.”

The family of St. Aubyn, Baron St. Levan, hold the mount, and they have thoroughly restored the buildings, adding some fine apartments. It is accessible only when the receding tide for about three hours

leaves bare the natural causeway that connects the island with the shore.

PENZANCE AND THE LAND'S END.

This whole peninsula is filled with hut-villages, cromlechs, and other prehistoric remains of its ancient people, but we have not the space to devote to their description, however agreeable it might be. Hill-castles and caves are also frequent, each with its traditions. The chief town is Penzance, or the "Holy Headland," jutting out into Mount's Bay, where once was a chapel dedicated to St. Anthony, who with St. Michael kept guard over this favored region. Here is another prosperous seat of the pilchard-fishery, and among its people the favorite toast is to the three Cornish products, "tin, fish, and copper." Once, they tell us, seventy-five millions of these fish were caught in a single day. They rise in small shoals from the depths of the sea, then unite into larger ones, and finally, about the end of July, combine into a mighty host, led by the "Pilchard King" and most powerful of the tribe. The lookouts on the crags give warning, and then begins the extraordinary migration that calls out all the Cornish fishermen. Pursued by hordes of sea-birds and predatory fish, the pilchards advance towards the land in such vast numbers as to discolor the water and almost to impede the passage of vessels. The enormous fish-army passes the Land's End, a

grand spectacle, moving along parallel to the shore, and then comes the harvest.

On the southward of the granite mass that forms the extremity of the peninsula rises the Logan Rock, the entire headland being defended by remains of ancient intrenchments. The Logan itself is a granite block weighing seventy tons, and so nicely balanced that it will oscillate, though this is done with some difficulty since Lieutenant Goldsmith in 1824, with the aid of a boat's crew, wantonly upset it. This prank cost the foolish young officer \$10,000 expended in replacing it. Another rocking stone on the promontory is called the "Logan Lady." On the way to the Logan stone we pass the little village of Mousehole, where lived the last people able to speak the Cornish tongue, and in Paul Church near by is the tomb of Dolly Pentreath, the latest survivor of them, who died in 1777. Near here, as we go towards the western extremity of the peninsula, are several old churches, many ancient remains that have yielded up their chief curiosities for museums, and remarkable cliffs projecting into the sea, the strangest of them being the "holed headland of Penwith," a mass of columnar granite which the waves have shattered into deep fissures. Then beyond is the Land's End itself, the most westerly point in England, with the rocks of the Longships out in the water with their guardian lighthouse. The extreme

point of the Land's End, the ancient Bolerium, is about sixty feet high and pierced by a natural tunnel, but the cliffs on each side rise to a greater elevation. Among the detached rocks out in the sea are two sentinels, one on either hand, that to the south being known as the "Armed Knight," and that to the north, the "Irish Lady." The faint outlines of the Scilly Islands, which are about fifty in number, five of them inhabited, the Cassiterides of the ancients, are seen on the distant horizon, but all else is a view over the boundless sea. The Land's End is a vast aggregation of granite, which Sir Humphrey Davy, the Cornish chemist, natural philosopher, and poet, who was born at Penzance in 1778, has thus depicted :

"On the sea

The sunbeams tremble, and the purple light
 Illumes the dark Bolerium : seat of storms ;
 High are his granite rocks ; his frowning brow
 Hangs o'er the smiling ocean. In his caves
 There sleep the haggard spirits of the storm.
 Wild, dreary, are the schistine rocks around,
 Encircled by the wave, where to the breeze
 The haggard cormorant shrieks ; and far beyond,
 Where the great ocean mingles with the sky,
 Are seen the cloud-like islands gray in mists."

LONDON TO THE SOUTH COAST.

X.

LONDON TO THE SOUTH COAST.

The Surrey Side—The Chalk Downs—Guildford—The Hog's Back—Albury Down—Archbishop Abbot—St. Catharine's Chapel—St. Martha's Chapel—Albury Park—John Evelyn—Henry Drummond—Godalming—Haslemere—Leith Hill—Redland's Wood—Holmwood Park—Dorking—Weller and the Marquis of Granby Inn—Deepdene—Betchworth Castle—The River Mole—Box Hill—The Fox and Hounds—The Denbies—Ranmore Common—Battle of Dorking—Wotton Church—Epsom—Reigate—Pierrepont House—Longfield—The Weald of Kent—Goudhurst—Bedgebury Park—Kilndown—Cranbrook—Bloody Baker's Prison—Sissinghurst—Bayham Abbey—Tunbridge Castle—Tunbridge Wells—Penshurst—Sir Philip Sidney—Hever Castle—Anne Boleyn—Knole—Maidstone—Leeds Castle—Tenterden Steeple and the Goodwin Sands—Hop-gardens—Hayes Place—Rochester—Gad's Hill—Chatham—Canterbury Cathedral—St. Thomas à Becket—Falstaff Inn—Isle of Thanet—Reculver—Margate—Broadstairs—North Foreland—Ramsgate—The Cinque Ports—Sandwich—Rutupiæ—Ebbsfleet—Goodwin Sands—Walmer Castle—South Foreland—Dover—Shakespeare's Cliff—Folkestone—Hythe—Romney—Dungeness—Rye—Winchelsea—Hastings—Pevensey—Battle Abbey—Hailsham—Hurstmonceaux Castle—Beachy Head—Brighton—The Aquarium—The South Downs—Dichling Beacon—Newhaven—Steyning—Wiston Manor—Chanctonbury Ring—Arundel Castle—Chichester—Selsea Bill—Goodwood—Bignor—Midhurst—Cowdray—Dunford House—Selborne—Gilbert White; his book; his house, sun-dial, and church—Greatham Church—Winchester—The New Forest—Lyndhurst—Minsted Manor—Castle Malwood—Death of

William Rufus—Rufus's Stone—Beaulieu Abbey—Brockenhurst—Ringwood—Lydington—Christchurch—Southampton—Netley Abbey—Calshot Castle—The Solent—Portsea Island—Portsmouth—Gosport—Spithead—The Isle of Wight—High Down—Alum Bay—Yarmouth—Cowes—Osborne House—Ryde—Brading—Sandown—Shanklin Chine—Bonchurch—The Undercliff—Ventnor—Niton—St. Lawrence Church—St. Catharine's Down—Blackgang Chine—Carisbrooke Castle—Newport—Freshwater—Brixton—The Needles.

GUILDFORD.

CROSSING over the Thames in London to the Surrey side, we proceed southward to that vast chalk-measure which, like a miniature mountain-wall, divides the watershed draining into that river from the Weald of Sussex and of Kent. This chalky hill is here and there breached by the valley of a stream, and through it the Wey and the Mole, to which we have heretofore referred, flow northward to join the current of the Thames. In the gap formed by each there is a town, Guildford standing alongside the Wey, and Dorking on the Mole. Both develop magnificent scenery on the flanks of the chalk-ranges that surround them; and we will now go about thirty miles south-west from London and visit Guildford, the county-town of Surrey, which has about fifteen thousand population and was described by Cobbett as the most "happy looking" town he ever saw. It is a place of great antiquity, and its origin is involved in the mystery that surrounds the early history of so many English towns.

It was a royal manor in the days of King Alfred, being granted to his nephew, and it was here a few years before the Norman Conquest that the ætheling Ælfred was captured. Harold, the son of Canute, wished to destroy him to secure the succession to the throne. He forged a letter purporting to be from his mother, Queen Emma, inviting Ælfred to come to England, and sent his minister Godwine forward, who met and swore allegiance to Ælfred, lodging him at Guildford, and most of his comrades in separate houses there. In the night Harold's emissaries suddenly appeared, slew his comrades, and carried Ælfred off to Ely, where he was loaded with fetters, and, being tried by some sort of tribunal, was blinded and then put to death. The monks of Ely enshrined his body, and, of course, miracles were wrought by it. The castle was built on the Wey after the Norman Conquest, and Henry II. made it a park and royal residence, so that it was long called the King's Manor. In Charles I.'s time it was granted to the Earl of Annandale. The situation of Guildford is picturesque; the chalk-range is narrowed to a line of steep, ridgy hills almost as straight as a wall and severed by the valley of the Wey. This pretty stream escapes from the Weald to the southward between the Hog's Back on the west and Albury Down on the east, the valley narrowing so as to form a natural gateway just where the river emerges. A bridge was

built here, and this determined the site of the town, which straggles up the Hog's Back and the Down, and also spreads out in the broadening valley of the emerging river. High up in the hills that make the eastern slope of the valley is the old gray castle-keep, with an ancient church-tower lower down and a new church by the waterside. From the bridge runs straight up this hill the chief thoroughfare of the town, High Street. The shapeless ruins of the old castle, the keep alone being in good condition, are not far away from the upper part of this street, crowning an artificial mound encompassed by what once was a ditch, but now is chiefly a series of gardens. The ancient church-tower, part way down the hill, is dedicated to St. Mary, but has been shorn of its original proportions in order to widen a street. This was done, we are told, for the convenience of George IV., who used to pass in a coach along this street on his way from London to Brighton. The tower is low and unassuming, and is supposed to date from the time of King Stephen. The new church of St. Nicholas stands by the river, and Guildford also possesses another church built of brick. None of these churches have spires, and therefore some local wit has written,

“Poor Guildford, proud people;
Three churches—no steeple.”

The High Street climbs the hill past many quaint buildings, particularly the old Town-Hall, where the

hill is somewhat less steep. Its upper stories project beyond the lower, being supported by carved beams, and the town-clock hangs over the street. Abbot's Hospital, built by Guildford's most noted townsman, George Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, is also in this street. He was born in a humble cottage, and the legend tells us that his mother, before the event, dreamed that if she could eat a pike she would have a son who would be a great man. She was unable to buy the fish anywhere, but, drawing a pailful of water from the river, to her surprise found a pike in it. When George was born the tale was told, and several distinguished people offered to become his sponsors. They gave him a good education, and he was graduated at Balliol College, Oxford, and made Dean of Westminster. He was one of the revisers of the Scriptures who prepared the King James revision in the seventeenth century, was made a bishop, and in 1611 Archbishop of Canterbury. His brother was Bishop of Salisbury, and another brother Lord Mayor of London. He was a great hunter, as were most ecclesiastics at that time, and in 1621, when shooting at a buck, his arrow accidentally pierced the arm of a gatekeeper, who soon bled to death. The archbishop was horror-stricken, settled an annuity upon the widow, and to the close of his life observed Tuesday, the day of the accident, as a weekly fast. This occurrence raised a hot dispute in the Church as to

whether the archbishop, by having blood on his hands, had become incapable of discharging the duties of his sacred office. He retired to his hospital at Guildford while the inquiry was conducted, was ultimately exonerated, and in 1625 died. This hospital is built around a small quadrangle, and in its gateway-tower the unfortunate "King Monmouth" was lodged on his last journey from the defeat at Sedgemoor to London. Abbot, according to the inscription on the walls, founded this charity for "a master, twelve brethren, and eight sisters"—all to be unmarried and not less than sixty years of age, and chosen from Guildford, preference to be given to "such as have borne office or been good traders in the town, or such as have been soldiers sent, and who have ventured their lives or lost their blood for their prince and country." The number of inmates is now increased, the endowment having accumulated. Guildford used to maintain the piety of its people by requiring that all should attend church and listen to a sermon, or else be fined a shilling. Over on the other side of the valley, on a grassy spur protruding from the Hog's Back, are the ruins of St. Catharine's Chapel, built in the fourteenth century. The local tradition tells that this and St. Martha's Chapel, on an adjacent hill, were built by two sister-giantesses, who worked with a single hammer, which they flung from hill to hill to each other as required. St. Catharine's Chapel

long since fell in ruins, and not far away on the slope St. Catharine's Spring flows perennially. On Albury Down is a residence of the Duke of Northumberland, Albury Park, laid out in the seventeenth century by John Evelyn, famous for his devotion to rural beauties, and the residence during the present century of Henry Drummond, the banker, politician, and theologian, the most caustic critic of his time in Parliament, and the great promoter of the Church of the Second Advent.

One of the great attractions of the neighborhood of Guildford is a walk along the top of the curious chalk-ridge called the Hog's Back, elevated from three hundred and fifty feet to five hundred feet, which may be taken for ten miles, with grand and unimpeded views on either side all the way to Farnham. At Godalming, four miles from Guildford, is the famous Charterhouse School, which has five hundred boys and was removed there from London in 1872. At Haslemere just beyond, George Eliot lived, and Tennyson built himself the Aldworth House on the south side of Blackdown Hill south of the town, where he died in 1892. The great Hindhead Hill rises nine hundred and three feet, near Haslemere, and Professor Tyndall spent the evening of his life in a house near the summit, dying there in 1893. Near Farnham are the fragmentary remains, very prettily situated on the banks of the Wey, of the Cistercian monastery dating from the

twelfth century, Waverley Abbey, a visit to which is said to have suggested to Sir Walter Scott the title of his first novel.

DORKING.

Proceeding eastward along the chalk-hills for about twelve miles, we come to the breach made in them by the valley of the Mole for the passage of that strange little river. Here, however, appears a second and parallel range of hills, distant about four miles, the long and generally flat-topped ridge culminating in the commanding summit of Leith Hill. This is the highest ground in this part of England, rising nine hundred and sixty-five feet, a broad summit sloping gradually down towards the north, but presenting to the south a steep and, in places, a precipitous ascent. At its foot is the residence known as Leith Hill Place, where Mr. Hull lived in the last century, and built the tower for an outlook that crowns its summit, leaving orders in his will that he should be buried there. The tower was partially burned in 1877, but has been restored. The view from the top of Leith Hill is grand, although it takes some exertion to get there, and it discloses a panorama of typical English scenery over the white chalk-downs, dappled with green and darker woodlands, with the Thames lowlands far away to the north, while to the southward the land falls abruptly to the great valley of the Weald, a plain of rich red

earth, with woods and grain-fields and hedgerows stretching away to the dim line of the South Downs at the horizon. Pleasant little villas and old-time, comfortable farm-houses are dotted all about with their dovecotes and outbuildings. To the eastward is the Redlands Wood, crowned by a tall silver fir, and just beyond is Holmwood Common, whereon donkeys graze and flocks of geese patiently await the September plucking.

Dorking lies in the valley of the Mole, just south of the high chalk-ranges, at the foot of wooded hills, and with its bordering meadows stretching out to the river-bank. It is an ancient town, appearing in the Domesday Book under the name of *Dorchinges*, and standing on the route which Julius Cæsar took through these hills on his invasion of Britain. After the Norman Conquest the manor became the property of Earl Warrenne, and as a favorite halting-place on the road between London and the south coast in the Middle Ages it thrived greatly and was noted for the number of its inns. Its chief street—High Street—runs parallel with the chalk-hills and presents a picturesque variety of old-time houses, though none are of great pretensions. Among them is the long, low structure, with a quaint entrance-gate in the middle, suggestive of the days before railroads, and known as the White Horse Inn. The ancient Cardinal's Cap has been transformed into the Red Lion Inn, and the Old King's Head,

the most famous of these hostelries, has been removed to make room for the post-office. This latter inn was the original of "The Marquis of Granby, Dorking," where that substantial person, Mr. Weller, Senior, lived, and under the sway of Mrs. Weller the veteran coachman smoked his pipe and practised patience, while the "shepherd" imbibed hot pineapple rum and water and dispensed spiritual consolation to the flock. An old stage-coachman who lived years ago at Dorking is said to have been Dickens's original for this celebrated character, and the townsfolk still talk of the venerable horse-trough that stood in front of the inn wherein the bereaved landlord immersed Mr. Stiggins's head after kicking him out of the bar.

The parish church is the only public building of any pretension in Dorking, and it is quite new, replacing another structure whose registers go back to the sixteenth century, containing, among other curious entries, the christening in 1562 of a child whose fate is recorded in these words: "Who, scoffing at thunder, standing under a beech, was stroke to death, his clothes stinking with a sulphurous stench, being about the age of twenty years or thereabouts, at Mereden House." The Dorking fowls all have the peculiarity of an extra claw on each foot, being white and speckled, and a Roman origin being claimed for the breed, which is most delicate in flavor and commands a high price. On the south-

ern outskirts of the town is Deepdene, now occupied by the dowager Duchess of Marlborough, a mansion surrounded by magnificent trees and standing on the slope of a hill. It was the home of the Hopes, its late owner, H. T. Hope, having been the author of the novel *Anastasius*. He was a zealous patron of art, and first brought Thorwaldsen into public notice by commissioning him to execute his "Jason" in marble. The house contains many rare gems of sculpture, including Canova's "Venus Rising from the Bath," with paintings by Raphael, Paul Veronese, and others. It was here that Disraeli wrote the greater part of *Coningsby*, and in its preface he records that the novel "was conceived and partly executed amid the glades and galleries of the Deepdene." A *dene* or glade opening near the house gives the place its name, the grounds being extensive and displaying gardens and fine woods. The scenery of this glade is beautiful, while from the terrace at the summit of the hill, where there is a Doric temple, a magnificent view can be had far away over the lowlands. Deepdene is attractive both within and without, for its grand collection of art-treasures vies with Nature in affording delight to the visitor. The ruins of Betchworth Castle, built four hundred years ago, are alongside the Mole. "The soft windings of the silent Mole" around Betchworth furnished a theme for Thomson, while Milton calls it "the sullen Mole that runneth under-

neath," and Pope, "the sullen Mole that hides his diving flood." Spenser has something to say of the

"——Mole, that like a nousling mole doth make
His way still underground till Thames he overtake."

This peculiarity comes from the river hiding itself under Box Hill, where, after disappearing for about two miles, it comes bubbling up out of the ground again. This disappearance of streams in hilly regions is not unusual. Box Hill, beneath whose slopes the Mole passes, is part of the great chalk-range rising steeply on the eastern side of the gap where the river-valley breaks through. Its summit is elevated four hundred feet, the hill being densely wooded and containing large plantations of box, whence its name. One of these box-groves covers two hundred and thirty acres. On the brow of Box Hill, Major Labillière, a singular character, was buried in 1800. He lived in Dorking, and, becoming convinced that the world had been turned topsyturvy, selected his grave, and gave instructions that he should be buried head downward, so that at the final setting right of mundane affairs he would rise correctly. In the Mole Valley, at the base of Box Hill, in a pretty little house called the "Fox and Hounds," Keats finished his poem of *Endymion*, and here Lord Nelson spent his last days in England before leaving on the expedition that closed with his greatest victory and death at Trafalgar.

Upon the hill on the western side of the gap are the Denbies, from which there is a view all the way to London. At the back of this high hill is Ranmore Common. The Denbies are the scene of the "Battle of Dorking," having been held by the English defensive army in that imaginary and disastrous conflict wherein German invaders land upon the southern coasts, destroy the British fleets by torpedoes, triumphantly march to the base of the chalk-ranges, fight a terrific battle, force their way through the gaps in the hills, capture London, and dethrone England from her high place among the great powers of Europe. This was a summer-time magazine article, written to call English attention to the necessity of looking after the national defences; and it had a powerful effect. Westward of Dorking there is fine scenery, amid which is the little house known as the "Rookery," where Malthus the political economist was born in 1766. Wotton Church stands alongside the road near by, almost hid by aged trees—a building of various dates, with a porch and stunted tower. Here John Evelyn was taught when a child, and the graves of his family are in a chapel opening from the north aisle. Wotton House, where Evelyn lived, is in the adjacent valley and at the foot of the famous Leith Hill. His favorite pastime was climbing up the hill to see over the dozen counties the view discloses, with the sea far away to the southward on the Sussex

coast. The house is an irregular red-brick building of various dates, the earliest part built in Elizabethan days, and it contains many interesting relics of Evelyn, whose diary has contributed so much to English history from the reign of King Charles I. to Queen Anne. He was a great botanist, and has left a prominent and valuable work in *Sylva*, his treatise on trees. It was to the north-west of Wotton, on a tract of common known as Evershed Rough, that Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, while riding with Earl Granville in 1873, was thrown from the saddle by his stumbling horse, and striking the ground with his head was almost immediately killed. A cross marks the sad and lonely spot.

EPSOM AND REIGATE.

On the northern verge of the chalk-downs, and about fifteen miles south of London, is the famous race-course at Epsom, whither much of London goes for a holiday on the "Derby Day." Epsom is a large and rather rambling town located in a depression in the hills, and two hundred years ago was a fashionable resort for its medicinal waters, so that it soon grew from a little village to a gay watering-place. Its water was strongly impregnated with sulphate of magnesia, making the Epsom salts of the druggist, and also with small quantities of the chlorides of magnesium and calcium. None of these salts are now made at Epsom,

they being manufactured artificially in large amounts at a low price. The Epsom well, however, that produced the celebrated waters, still remains on the common near the town. From a watering-place Epsom became transformed into a race-ground more than a hundred years ago. There is a two days' meeting in April, but the great festival comes in May, continuing four days from Tuesday to Friday before Whitsuntide, unless Easter is in March, when it occurs in the week after Whitsunday. Wednesday is the grand day, when a vast crowd gathers to witness the Derby race, established in 1780, and named from the Earl of Derby's seat at Woodmansterne, near by. This is a race of a mile and a half for three-year olds. The Oaks Stakes are run for on Friday over the same course, but for three-year-old fillies only. This race is named from Lambert's Oaks, near the neighboring village of Banstead. The race-hill is elevated about five hundred feet above the sea, and the grand stand, which is the most substantial in England, affords magnificent views, stretching far away beyond Windsor Castle and the dome of St. Paul's in London. Epsom Downs on the Derby Day show the great annual festival of England, but at other times the town is rather quiet, though its Spread Eagle Inn is usually a headquarters for the racing fraternity.

The ruins of Reigate Castle are a short distance

south of Epsom, the pretty village of Reigate standing near the head of the lovely Holmsdale on the southern verge of the chalk-ranges. Beautiful views and an unending variation of scenery make this an attractive resort. Surrey is full of pleasant places, the homes of the merchants and bankers of London, disclosing quaint old houses that bring down to us the architecture of the time of Elizabeth and the days of the "good Queen Anne." Some of these buildings, which so thoroughly exemplify the attractions of the rural homes of England, are picturesque and noteworthy. They are usually the old-time models now being reproduced by modern architects, combining novelty without and comfort within, and they are just far enough from London to make them pleasant country-houses, with all the advantage of city luxuries.

THE WEALD OF KENT.

Proceeding eastward along the chalk-downs and over the border into Kent, we reach the Wealden formation, the "wooded land" of that county—so named by the Saxons—which stretches between the North and South Downs, the chalk-formations bordering this primeval forest, but now almost entirely transformed into a rich agricultural country. The Weald is a region of great fertility and high cultivation, still bearing numerous copses of well-grown timber, the oak being the chief, and furnish-

ing in times past the material for many of its substantial oaken houses. The little streams that meander among the undulating hills of this attractive region are nearly all gathered together to form the Medway, which flows past Maidstone to join the Thames. It was the portions of the Weald around Goudhurst that were memorable for the exploits of Radford and his band, the originals of G. P. R. James's *Smugglers*. Goudhurst church-tower, finely located on one side of the highest hills of the Wealden region, gives a grand view on all sides, especially to the southward over Bedgebury Park. In this old church of St. Mary are buried the Bedgeburys and the Colepeppers. Their ancient house, surrounded by a moat, has been swept away, and the present mansion was built in the seventeenth century out of the proceeds of a sunken Spanish treasure-ship, Sir James Hayes, who built the house, having gone into a speculation with Lord Falkland and others to recover the treasure. This origin of Bedgebury House is recorded on its foundation-stone: it has been greatly enlarged by successive owners, and is surrounded by ornamental gardens and grounds, with a park of wood, lake, and heather covering two thousand acres. In the neighboring church of Kilndown, Field-marshal Beresford, the former owner of Bedgebury, reposes in a canopied sepulchre. Just to the eastward is Cranbrook, the chief market-town of the Weald, the ancient sanctuary of the Anabaptists, and the

historical centre of the Flemish cloth-trade, which used to be carried on by the "old gray-coats of Kent." Their descendants still live in the old-time factories, which have been converted into handsome modern houses. Edward III. first induced the Flemings to settle in Kent and some other parts of England, and from his reign until the last century the broadcloth manufacture concentrated at Cranbrook. When Queen Elizabeth once visited the town she was entertained at a manor about a mile from Cranbrook, and walked thence into the town upon a carpet, laid down the whole way, made of the same cloth that her loyal men of Kent wore on their backs. In Cranbrook Church were held the fierce theological disputes of Queen Mary's reign which resulted in the imprisonment of the Anabaptists and other dissenters by Chancellor Baker. Over the south porch is the chamber with grated windows known as "Bloody Baker's Prison." Among the old customs surviving at Cranbrook is that which strews the path of the newly-wedded couple as they leave the church with emblems of the bridegroom's trade. The blacksmith walks upon scraps of iron, the shoemaker on leather parings, the carpenter on shavings, and the butcher on sheepskins. In an adjacent glen almost surrounded by woods are the ruins of Sissinghurst, where Chancellor Baker lived and built the stately mansion of Saxenhurst, from which the present name of its ruins is derived.

The artists Horsley and Webster lived at Sissinghurst and Cranbrook for many years, and found there frequent subjects of rustic study. The Sissinghurst ruins are fragmentary, excepting the grand entrance, which is well preserved. Baker's Cross survives to mark the spot where the Anabaptists had a skirmish with their great enemy; and the legend is that he was killed there, though history asserts that this theological warrior died in his bed peaceably some time afterwards in London.

Near Lamberhurst, on the Surrey border, which Cobbett in his *Rural Rides* declared was "one of the most beautiful villages that man ever set his eyes upon," and on the margin of the Teise, is the Marquis of Camden's seat at Bayham Abbey. Its ruins include a church, a gateway, and some of the smaller buildings. It was once highly attractive, though small, and its ruined beauty is now enhanced by the care with which the ivy is trained over the walls and the greensward floor is smoothed. Ralph de Dene founded this abbey about the year 1200, and after the dissolution Queen Elizabeth granted it to Viscount Montague. It was bought in the last century by Chief-Justice Pratt, whose son, the chancellor, became Marquis of Camden. The modern mansion is a fine one of the Elizabethan era, and from it a five-mile walk through the woods leads to Tunbridge on the Medway. Chief among the older remains of this pleasantly-located and popular town is

Tunbridge Castle, its keep having stood upon a lofty mound above the river. This "Norman Mound," as it is called, is now capped with ruined walls, and an arched passage leads from it to the upper story of the elaborate gate-house, still in excellent preservation. Richard Fitzgilbert built the keep, and ruled the "League of Tunbridge," but his castle, after a long siege by Henry III., was taken away from his successor, who assumed the name of Gilbert de Clare. From the De Clares the stronghold passed to the Audleys and Staffords, and it is now held by Lord Stafford. The gate-house is a fine structure, square in form, with round towers at each corner. The ruins are richly adorned with mouldings and other decorations, and within is a handsome state-apartment. Tunbridge is a quiet town, standing where five of the tributaries of the Medway come together, over which it has as many stone bridges. One of these streams, the Tun, gives the town its name. In St. Stephen's Church, a badly-mutilated building with a fine spire, many of the De Clares are buried, and the quaint half-timbered building of the Chequers Inn helps maintain the picturesque appearance of the Tunbridge High Street. The spa of Tunbridge Wells, with its chalybeate springs and baths, is a few miles southward, but the days of its greatest glory have passed away, though fashion to a moderate extent still haunts its pump-room and parade. This famous

watering-place stands in a contracted valley enclosed by the three hills known as Mount Ephraim, Mount Zion, and Mount Pleasant. These names were originally given by the Puritans in the seventeenth century, who made Tunbridge Wells their favorite resort, though its invigorating air and pleasant surroundings were probably more attractive than its weak chalybeate springs. The chief street or parade is known as the Pantiles, deriving its name from the earlier style of pavement, and in the shops on this promenade are sold the wood-mosaics called "Tunbridge ware."

To the westward of Tunbridge, and in the Medway Valley, is Penshurst, celebrated as the home of Sir Philip Sidney—a grand, gray old house, built at many periods, begun in the fourteenth century and not completed until a few years ago. It is a pretty English picture within a setting of wooded hills and silver rivers, the pattern from which Sidney drew his description of "Laconia" in *Arcadia*. The buildings, particularly their window-heads, are ornamented with the tracery peculiar to Kent. The great hall, the earliest of these buildings, has a characteristic open-timber roof, while its minstrel-gallery, fronted by a wainscot screen, is ornamented with the badge of the Dudleys, the "bear and ragged staff." Within these halls are the family portraits of a noble lineage. Of Mary, daughter of Sir Henry Sidney and heiress of Sir John Dud-

ley, Duke of Northumberland, Ben Jonson wrote this epitaph:

“ Underneath this sable hearse
Lies, the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death ! ere thou hast slain another
Learned and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.”

Sir Philip Sidney was her brother, born at Penshurst in 1554. The estate came through various owners, until, in the reign of Henry II., it was granted to Sir William Sidney, who commanded a wing of the victorious English at Flodden. Sir Philip, we are told, would have been King of Poland had not Queen Elizabeth interposed, “lest she should lose the jewel of her times.” Algernon Sidney, beheaded on Tower Hill, was his descendant. Penshurst is now held by Baron de l'Isle and Dudley, whose name is Philip Sidney, to whom it has descended through marriage. On the estate stands the quaint old Penshurst Church, with its ivy-covered porch.

The Eden River falls into the Medway near Penshurst, and alongside its waters is the well-known castellated residence which still survives from the Tudor days, Hever Castle, where, it is said, Anne Boleyn was born. Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, her great-grandfather, who was Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Henry VI., began Hever Castle, which was completed by his grandson, Anne's father. It was

at Hever that King Henry wooed her. The house is a quadrangle, with high-pitched roofs and gables and surrounded by a double moat, and is now a farm-house. Here they show the visitor Anne Boleyn's rooms, and also the chamber where her successor, Anne of Cleves, is said to have died, though this is doubted. King Henry, however, seized the estate of Hever from his earlier wife's family, and granted it to his subsequently-discarded consort after he separated from her. Northward of Tunbridge, and near Sevenoaks, is Knole, the home of Baron Sackville, who will be recollected as Lionel Sackville Sackville-West, formerly British minister to the United States. This is one of the most interesting baronial mansions in England, both outside and interior having continued almost unchanged from the times of James I. and Charles I. It stands in a magnificent park, five miles in circumference, famous for its fine beech trees.

Proceeding along the Medway we reach the county-seat of Kent, Maidstone, "the town on the Medway," through which the river flows, the houses covering a broad surface on both banks, for it has over thirty thousand population. Archbishop Courtenay, of Canterbury, founded the two attractions of Maidstone in the fourteenth century, the elaborate Collegiate Church of All Saints and the adjoining College of All Saints, which was dissolved by Henry VIII. Here is also the former palace of the arch-

bishops of Canterbury, now a scientific and art school. In the suburbs a short distance to the eastward is Leeds Castle, once the great central fortress of Kent. Standing in a commanding position, it held the road leading to Canterbury and the coast, and it dates from the Norman Conquest. Its moat surrounds three islands, from which, as if from the water, rise its walls and towers. This castle and estate, originally given by William the Conqueror to the family of Creveccœur, are the residence of Mr. Wykeham Martin and contain many valuable antiquities.

All this region we are traversing in the fertile county of Kent is a land of hop-gardens, which are a characteristic feature of the scenery, and are especially attractive in August and September, when many thousands of hop-pickers are gathering the golden blossoms. It is also a land of fruits, and is especially prolific in apples and cherries. The hop-season being comparatively short, requires a great amount of imported labor, and what is called "hop-ping" gives an annual picnic and outing to great numbers of men, women, and children, who come out from the slums of London. A conspicuous feature of the gardens is the "oast house," in which the hops are dried, its curious cowl-like ventilator-top rising above the luxuriant vines. The best gardens are around Maidstone, and the most delicate variety of hop is the Kent "golding." The hop-

gardens now occupy about fifty-five thousand acres in England, nearly two-thirds being in Kent. The Weald of Kent in the south-eastern part is particularly fertile. There is said to be a curious rivalry between the "Men of Kent" who live to the westward of the Medway, and claim the superiority, and the "Kentish Men" to the eastward of the river. This has continued for centuries, and is generally attributed to the belief that the "Men of Kent" were the original inhabitants, who so stoutly resisted William the Conqueror on his march to London after the battle of Hastings. Not far away from Maidstone is Hayes Place, where Lord Chatham died in 1778, and William Pitt was born in 1759. It was here that Benjamin Franklin visited Lord Chatham in 1775, before the latter's famous speech on the American War. In the neighboring Holwood Park is the "Emancipation Oak," beneath which William Wilberforce is said to have told Pitt that he intended beginning his movement in Parliament for the abolition of slavery.

Near the eastern border of the Weald is Tenterden, famous for its church-steeple, which Bishop Latimer has invested with a good story. The bishop in a sermon said that Sir Thomas More was once sent into Kent to learn the cause of the Goodwin Sands and the obstructions to Sandwich Haven. He summoned various persons of experience, and among others there "came in before him an olde

man with a white head, and one that was thought to be little lesse than an hundereth yeares olde. When Maister More saw this aged man he thought it expedient to hear him say his minde in this matter, for being so olde a man, it was likely he knew most of any man in that presence and company. So Maister More called this olde aged man unto him, and sayd, ‘Father, tell me if ye can what is the cause of this great arising of the sande and shelves here about this haven, the which stop it up that no shippes can arrive here. Ye are the oldest man that I can espie in all this companye, so that, if any man can tell any cause of it, ye of likelihoode can say most in it, or at leastwise more than any man here assembled.’ — ‘Yea, forsooth, good master,’ quod this olde man, ‘for I am wellnigh an hundereth years olde, and no man here in this companye anything neare unto mine age.’ — ‘Well, then,’ quod Maister More, ‘how say you in this matter? What think ye to be the cause of these shelves and flattes that stop up Sandwich Haven?’ — ‘Forsooth, syr,’ quoth he, ‘I am an olde man; I think that Tenterton Steeple is the cause of Goodwin Sandes. For I am an olde man, syr,’ quod he, ‘and I may remember the building of Tenterton Steeple, and I may remember when there was no steeple at all there. And before that Tenterton Steeple was a-building there was no manner of speaking of any flattes or sandes that stopped the haven; and, therefore, I thinke that Tenterton

Steeple is the cause of the destroying and decaying of Sandwich Haven.' And even so to my purpose," says Latimer in conclusion, "is preaching of God's worde the cause of rebellion, as Tenterton Steeple is a cause that Sandwich Haven is decayed." Now this "olde aged man" had some excuse for his theory in the Kentish tradition which says that the abbot of St. Augustine, who built the steeple, used for it the stones collected to strengthen the sea-wall of Goodwin Sands, then part of the main land. The next storm submerged the district, of which the Goodwins are the remains, and thus the steeple caused the quicksands, according to the Kentish theory.

ROCHESTER AND CHATHAM.

The Medway flows past the city of Rochester, the river being crowded with vessels and crossed here by a bridge with a swinging draw, below which are two railway bridges. This very ancient city, which retains all its antique flavor, was the *Doubris* of the original Britons, and became the *Durobrivæ* of the Romans, a name which the Saxons, probably in honor of Rufus, changed into *Hrafesceastre*, which was gradually converted into Rochester by the subsequent Normans. The castle of Rochester, the surrounding grounds now being a park, is a most conspicuous feature, its massive Norman keep towering above the river, being over seventy feet square and

rising one hundred and four feet high. This castle was built in the twelfth century by William Corbeil. Rochester also has a fine old cathedral, long somewhat dilapidated, but which has been restored. We are told that St. Augustine, when he labored to evangelize Britain, founded here a missionary church about the year 600, and consecrated the first bishop of Rochester in 604. At the Conquest, however, this church was in ruins. Gundulf, who had been the architect of the White Tower in London, was the second Norman bishop of Rochester, and brought here a colony of Benedictines and built a new church, consecrated in 1130, which was afterwards partly burnt, the choir and transepts being rebuilt in the thirteenth century. Among its tombs is that of St. William of Perth, who lived in the thirteenth century, a Scottish baker, who came on a pilgrimage to Canterbury, and was murdered near Rochester. This tomb, by attracting many pilgrims, became a source of great wealth to the cathedral and the town. Here is also the tomb of Bishop Walter de Merton, who died in 1277, the founder of Merton College, Oxford. Bishop Gundulf's stone coffin is kept as a relic. There are also a quaint monument to Richard Watts and a tablet in memory of Charles Dickens, who died in 1870. Watts founded, on the High Street in Rochester, in 1579, the "Watts' Charity House" for "six poor travellers, not being rogues or proctors," which is de-



scribed in Dickens's *Tale of the Seven Poor Travellers*. It is curious that when King Charles II. came back to England in May, 1660, to claim his crown, he passed a night in Rochester in the "Restoration House," a picturesque red-brick mansion with many windows; and when the exile King James II. fled from England in 1688 he embarked in disguise from Rochester. The present Victoria and Bull Inn is the old Bull Inn down by the bridge, which was so warmly extolled by Mr. Alfred Jingle in *Pickwick* as a "good house—nice beds." Charles Dickens lived near Rochester at Gad's Hill, the scene of Falstaff's encounter with the "men in buckram." There is a fine view from the hill, and Dickens's home, where he died, is an old-fashioned brick house. The ruins of Cooling Castle are about four miles northward, the home of Sir John Oldcastle, supposed to have been the prototype of Falstaff. The Cooling Marshes are the scene of the opening incidents of *Great Expectations*. At Cobham, west of Rochester, is the Leather Bottle Inn, in which Mr. Tracy Tupman of *Pickwick* sought solitude and solace. Here is the noted Cobham Hall, the residence of Earl Darnley, standing in a nobly-wooded park seven miles in circumference.

Rochester, as we proceed down the river, gradually develops into Chatham, though its bustling streets are in sharp contrast with the quiet of the older town. The powerful modern defensive work

of Fort Pitt rises over Chatham to defend the Medway entrance and that important dockyard. The town is chiefly an active street about two miles long. The dockyard is one of the largest in England, and its defensive works make it a powerful fortress. This royal dockyard, founded by Queen Elizabeth, extends nearly three miles along the river, and embraces an area of five hundred acres, there being from three thousand to five thousand workmen employed. There is a large basin of eight hundred feet width, having six thousand feet of quay frontage, and the wet-docks, graving-docks, building-slips, and other adjuncts are on a most extensive scale, the largest naval vessels being built and fully equipped here. The Gun Wharf contains a large park of artillery, and there are barracks for six thousand men extending along the river. Chatham has several military and naval hospitals. Opposite the dockyard is Upnor Castle, built by Queen Elizabeth, and used as a powder-magazine and torpedo-school. This castle, the original defensive work of Chatham, was bombarded by Van Tromp when he came up the Medway in Charles II.'s reign—an audacity for which he was afterwards punished. The suburb of Brompton is completely enveloped by the forts and buildings of the post, contains barracks and hospitals for several thousand men, and is also the headquarters of the Royal Engineers. In front of the Royal Engineers' Institute is a fine bronze

statue of General Gordon, seated on a camel, which was erected in 1890. The British troops bound for India generally embark from the Medway at Chatham. In the suburb of Gillingham, where the old fort was erected in Charles I.'s reign, are the headquarters of the religious sect known as Jezreelites, or the "New and Latter House of Israel," who have built a temple and large schools. Beyond, the high road leading through Canterbury to Dover, laid out by the Romans, is their famous Watling Street.

CANTERBURY.

Leaving the estuary of the Medway, still farther east in Kent, in the vale of the Stour, is the ancient cathedral city of Canterbury, whereof Rimmer says it "is one of the most delightful cities in England for an antiquary." The British village of Durwhern was established here anterior to the Roman invasion, deriving its name from Dwr, meaning "water." When the Romans came they made it one of the military stations on the road to London, Latinizing it as Durovernum. When the Saxons overran England they called it Cantwarabyrig, which translated means the burgh of the men of Kent, and this in the progress of time was gradually resolved into Canterbury. In the year 597 St. Augustine arrived here from Rome to convert heathen England, and King Ethelbert received him with great friendliness, embracing Christianity with ten thousand of his

people, and St. Augustine became the first archbishop of Canterbury. Archbishop Theodore, in the seventh century, was the first who obtained practical recognition of his primacy from the bishops of England, but it was not until after Becket's murder, in 1170, that Canterbury became the undisputed head of the Anglican church. Among the famous archbishops have been Dunstan, Lanfranc, Anselm, Thomas à Becket, Stephen Langdon, Cranmer, Pole, and Laud. The great cathedral of Canterbury is in the centre of the town, and is approached through the quaint narrow street of Mercery Lane, so called because it was devoted to the sale of small wares, and in it once stood the Chequers Inn that was the resort of Chaucer's pilgrims. At the end of this lane is the principal entrance to the cathedral close—Prior Goldstone's Gate, commonly called Christ Church Gate, built in 1517: it was formerly surrounded by turrets, but these have been partly taken down. The arms of Becket are carved upon the gateway, and beyond it rise the gray towers of the venerable cathedral, which is the Christ Church of Canterbury. On the east side of the close is Broad Street, where part of the old city-walls are still preserved. This was the site of St. Augustine's monastery, and Lanfranc, the first archbishop after the Conquest, rebuilt the cathedral church, which was continued by his successor, Anselm. It was in this church that Becket was

murdered, and "in the glorious choir of Conrad" his corpse was watched by the monks on the following night. This choir was burned down four years later, but was afterwards rebuilt. The present cathedral consists of work extending from Lanfranc's time until that of Prior Goldstone in the fifteenth century, thus exhibiting specimens of all the schools of Gothic architecture, and it is therefore regarded as the best and safest guide to the study of the development of architecture in England. Canterbury Cathedral is among the largest churches in England, being five hundred and twenty-two feet long, and its principal entrance is by the south porch, built in 1400. The nave is striking, and in the choir the eye is immediately attracted by its great length, one hundred and eighty feet—the longest in the kingdom—and by the singular bend with which the walls at the eastern end approach each other. The architecture is antique, and the interior produces an impression of great solemnity. The north-western transept is known as the Transept of the Martyrdom, where Becket was slain just after Christmas by four knights in 1170. A small square piece cut out of one of the flagstones marks the spot, and there still remains the door leading from the cloisters by which Becket and the knights entered the cathedral, and the part of the wall in front of which the assassinated archbishop fell. There is an attractive window in this transept, the

gift of Edward IV. The cathedral is full of monuments, and in Trinity Chapel, behind the choir, where Becket had sung his first mass when installed as archbishop, was the location chosen for his shrine, but it long ago disappeared. The circumstances of Becket's death caused him to be canonized, and he became the most popular of English saints. It was the great fame of St. Thomas that made Canterbury Cathedral. His body, brought from the crypt, was placed in the shrine in 1220, and it was adorned with such magnificence that Erasmus, who visited it in 1512, has recorded that "gold was the meanest thing to be seen." King Henry VIII. in 1538 destroyed the shrine and confiscated its treasures, and is said to have burned St. Thomas's body, but there is another version to the effect that the body was re-interred, and some remains found in a stone coffin in the crypt in 1888 are believed by many to be those of Becket. Here is also the monument of Edward the Black Prince, with his effigy in brass, and suspended above it his helmet, shield, sword-scabbard, and gauntlets. Henry IV. is also buried in Canterbury, with his second wife, Joan of Navarre; Cardinal Pole, the last Roman Catholic archbishop, is entombed here; and in the south-western transept is the singular tomb of Langdon, archbishop in the days of Magna Charta, the stone coffin so placed that the head alone appears through the wall. In the crypt was originally Becket's tomb, which re-

mained there until 1220, and at it occurred the penance and scourging of Henry II. The cathedral has two fine western towers, the northern one, however, not having been finished until recently. The central tower, known as "Bell Harry," rises two hundred and thirty-five feet, and is a magnificent example of Perpendicular Gothic. In the close are interesting remains of St. Augustine's Monastery, including its fine entrance-gate and guest-hall, now part of St. Augustine's College, one of the most elaborate modern structures in Canterbury. The monastery had been a brewery, but was bought in 1844 by Mr. Beresford-Hope and devoted to its present noble object. In its cemetery were buried St. Augustine, King Ethelbert and his queen Bertha. On the hill above St. Augustine, mounted by the Longport road, is the "mother church of England," St. Martin's, which had been a British Christian chapel before the Saxons came into the island, and was made over to St. Augustine. The present quaint little building occupies the site of the one he erected. In the churchyard is the tomb of Dean Alford, who died in 1871, with the touching epitaph *Deversorium Viatoris Hierosolymam Proficiscentis*—"The Inn of a traveller on his way to Jerusalem."

Close to the old city-wall is Canterbury Castle, its venerable Norman keep being now used as the town gasworks. There are many old houses in Canterbury, and among them is the Falstaff Inn, still

a comfortable and popular hostelry, having a sign-board supported by iron framework projecting far over the street. Adjoining is the West Gate—the only one remaining of the six ancient barriers of the city built by Archbishop Sudbury, who was killed in 1381 by Wat Tyler's rebels. This gate stands on the road from London to Dover, and guards the bridge over a little branch of the Stour; the foundations of the lofty flanking round towers are in the river-bed. The gate-house was long used as a city-prison. It was in this weird old city that Chaucer located many of his *Canterbury Tales*, that give such an insight into the customs of his time. The landlord of the Tabard Inn in Southwark, whose guests were of all ranks, proposed a journey to Canterbury after dinner, he to adjudge the best story any of them told on the road. Chaucer's characters were all cleverly drawn and lifelike, while his innkeeper was a man of evidently high "social status," and, as he himself said, "wise and well ytaught." From Canterbury the river Stour flows on to the sea, whose generally low shores are not far away.

MARGATE AND RAMSGATE.

To the northward is the Isle of Thanet, the north-eastern portion of Kent, a fertile region partly separated from the mainland by the Stour, and having on its outer verge the noted London popular



watering-places of Ramsgate, Margate, and Broadstairs. The route to these passes Whitstable, where are grown the "natives" that are esteemed the finest oysters in England, and Herne Bay with its piers and esplanade, having a short distance out on the cliffs of the coast Reculver, which was the ancient Roman Regulbium, one of the fortresses erected to defend the channel separating Thanet from the main land. Some remains of the Roman *castrum* still exist. A palace was built here by King Ethelbert, and afterwards there was a church on the site. This church becoming dilapidated, was taken down in 1804, but the Trinity Board have since restored, as a landmark for seamen, "the Sisters," its two towers, said to have been originally erected by an abbess of Faversham to commemorate the escape of herself and her sister from drowning. The sea all along these coasts steadily encroaches upon the land.

Beyond is Margate, and five miles further is Ramsgate, the two great sea-coast excursion-resorts for the masses from London, both being aggregations of hotels, boarding-houses, and amusement-places for the populace. Margate is on the north-eastern extremity of Thanet, ninety miles from London. Its sandy beach is admirably adapted for bathing, and it has a spacious Marine Parade, a Jetty twelve hundred and forty feet long, and a pier nine hundred feet long, to accommodate the promenaders. Enor-

mous crowds come on Saturdays and Sundays in the season, and everything is provided to attract and amuse them. There is a pleasant walk along the cliffs at the edge of the sea, from Margate to Ramsgate, which passes the great lighthouse of the North Foreland on the extremity of Thanet. This was the Promontorium Acantium of the Romans, and off it the English fleet had the misfortune to be defeated by the Dutch in 1666. About a mile further on is Broadstairs, so named from the breadth of its "stair" or gap in the cliffs which gives access to the sea. An ancient flint arch in Harbor Street, called the York Gate, was originally built to protect this passage. This was a favorite resort of George Eliot and Charles Dickens, and the latter's residence is called "Bleak House."

Ramsgate, just beyond, is graphically described by Baedeker as "a somewhat less Cockneyfied edition of Margate," although in July and August it is overrun by almost as many excursionists, and George Eliot calls it "a strip of London come out for an airing." Its North Sands extending towards Broadstairs are very hard and smooth. It has a harbor of refuge formed by two stone piers, with a joint length of three thousand feet, which is of great importance to vessels, and also a spacious iron promenade pier. The fine Jewish synagogue at Ramsgate was built by Sir Moses Montefiore, and its elaborate Roman Catholic church of St. Augustine,

standing on the western cliff, is regarded as perhaps the masterpiece of the elder Pugin. Pegwell Bay, just west of Ramsgate, is noted for its picnics and its shrimps, which are the usual accompaniment of a London outing. Near the centre of the bay is Ebbsfleet, which is revered as the actual landing-place, marked by a memorial cross, of St. Augustine and his accompanying monks. It is also usually described as the point of arrival of the legendary Saxon kings Hengist and Horsa. Ebbsfleet is getting constantly further away from the sea, owing to the gradual filling up of the bay. On the land side the surface rises westward to the high elevation of Osengal Hill, from which there is a grand view, the graves of the earliest Saxon settlers of Thanet covering the hilltop.

THE CINQUE PORTS.

Off the mouth of the Stour and the Goodwin Sands, and thence down the coast to Dover, is the narrowest part of the strait between England and France. This is a coast, therefore, that needed defence from the earliest times, and the cliff-castles and earthworks still remaining show how well it was watched. The Romans carefully fortified the entire line of cliffs from the Goodwin Sands around to Beachy Head beyond Hastings. There were nine fortresses along the coast, which in later times were placed under control of a high official known as the

“Count of the Saxon Shore,” whose duty was to protect this part of England against the piratical attacks of the northern sea-rovers. These fortresses commanded the chief harbors and landing-places, and they marked the position of the famous Cinque Ports, whose fleet was the germ of the British navy. They were not thus named until after the Norman Conquest, when John de Fiennes appeared as the first warden. The Cinque Ports of later English history were Sandwich, Dover, Hythe, Romney, and Hastings, each of which had its minor ports or “limbs,” such as Deal, Walmer, Folkestone, Rye, Winchelsea, and Pevensey, that paid tribute to the head port and enjoyed part of its franchises. The duty of the Cinque Ports was to furnish fifty-seven ships whenever the king needed them, and he supplied part of the force to man them. In return the ports were given great freedom and privileges; their people were known as “barons,” were represented in Parliament, and at every coronation bore the canopy over the sovereign, carrying it on silver staves having small silver bells attached. The canopy was usually afterwards presented to Becket’s shrine at Canterbury, and its bearers after the coronation dined at Westminster Hall at the king’s right hand. But the glory of these redoubtable Cinque Ports has departed. Dover is the only one remaining in active service; Sandwich, Hythe, and Romney are no longer ports at all; while Hast-

ings is in little better condition. The tides have gradually filled their shallow harbors with silt. Of the "limbs," or lesser ports, two, Winchelsea and Pevensey, are now actually inland towns, the sea having completely retired from them. Such has also been the fate of Sandwich, which in the time of Canute was described as the most famous harbor of England. The coast has greatly changed, the shallow bays beyond the old shore-line, which is still visible, being raised into green meadows. In this way the water-course that made Thanet on that side an island has been closed.

SANDWICH.

This silting up began at a remote era, closing one port after another, and Sandwich rose upon their decline. It is the most ancient of the Cinque Ports, and existed as a great harbor until about the year 1500, when it too began to silt up. In a century it was quite closed, traffic had passed away, and the town had assumed the fossilized appearance which is now chiefly remarked about it. Sandwich is now two miles from the sea in a direct line, and is accessible only by small river-craft along the Stour. The ancient town lingers as it existed in the Plantagenet days, time having mouldered it into quaint condition. Trees grow from the tops of the old walls, and also intrude upon the deep ditch with its round towers at the angles. Large open spaces,

gardens, and orchards lie between the houses within the walls of the city. Going through the old gateway leading to the bridge crossing the Stour, a little church is found, with its roof tinted with yellow lichens, and a bunch of houses below it covered with red, time-worn tiles, and the still and sleepy river near by. This was the very gate of that busy harbor which four centuries ago was the greatest in England and the resort of ships from all parts of the then known world. Its customs dues yielded \$100,000 annually at the small rates then imposed, and the great change that has been wrought can be imagined, as the visitor looks out over the once famous harbor to find it a mass of green meadows with venerable trees growing here and there. Sandwich presents in many places the singular cognizance of the Cinque Ports—a half-lion and a half-boat. It has no main street, its winding, narrow and irregular passage-ways being left apparently to chance to seek out their routes, while a mass of houses is crushed together within the ancient walls, with church towers as the only landmarks. These churches give the best testimony to the former wealth and importance of the town, the oldest being that of St. Clement, who was the patron of the seafarers. This church is rather large, with a central tower, while the pavement contains many memorials of the rich Sandwich merchants in times long ago. St. Peter's Church

remains only as a fragment; its tower has fallen and destroyed the south aisle. It contains a beautiful tomb erected to one of the former wardens of the Cinque Ports. The old code of laws of Sandwich, which still survives, shows close pattern after the Baltic towns of the Hanseatic League. Female criminals were drowned in the Guestling Brook, which falls into the Stour; others were buried alive in the "thief-duns" near that stream. Close by the old water-gate of Sandwich is the Barbican, and from it a short view across the marshes discloses the ancient Roman town of Rutupiae alongside the Stour, now known as Richborough, formerly at the verge of the sea, and the closed-up port of Ebbsfleet. Here was the oyster-ground of the Romans, who loved the bivalves as well as their successors of to-day. Of the walls of the Roman town there still remain extensive traces, disclosing solid masonry of great thickness, composed of layers of rough boulders encased externally with regular courses of squared Portland stone. There are square towers at intervals along these walls, with loopholed apartments for the sentinels. Vast numbers of Roman coins have been found in and around this ancient city, over one hundred and forty thousand, it is said, having come to light, belonging to the decade between 287 and 297, when Britain was an independent Roman island. Passing southward along the coast, we skirt the

natural harbor of the Downs, a haven of refuge embracing about twenty square miles of safe anchorage, and bounded on the east by the treacherous Goodwin Sands, where Shakespeare tells us "the carcase of many a tall ship lies buried." It is possible at low water to visit and walk over portions of these shoals, and they are then so firm that at times cricket-matches have been played upon them. They are, however, quicksands of such character that if a ship strikes upon them she will in a few days be completely swallowed up. Modern precautions have rendered them less formidable than formerly. The great storm of 1703, that destroyed the Eddystone Lighthouse, wrecked thirteen warships on the Goodwins, nearly all their crews perishing. According to the tradition, these sands were once a fertile island, with a mansion belonging to Earl Goodwin, which totally disappeared during a terrific gale that converted the island into a shoal, covered at high tide. The Deal boatmen have for centuries displayed their skill and courage in aiding mariners shipwrecked upon them. As we look out over them from the low shores at Deal and Walmer below Sandwich, or the chalk-cliffs of Dover beyond, a fringe of breakers marks their line, while nearer the coast merchant-ships at anchor usually crowd the Downs, which form a spacious and excellent harbor of refuge. In Walmer Castle is the official residence of the lord warden of the Cinque Ports,

which many famous men have held. Here lived Pitt, and here died the Duke of Wellington in 1852, closing his great career. The present occupant is the Marquis of Salisbury. The low-lying shore near Deal is generally believed to have been the first landing-place of Julius Cæsar in Britain.

DOVER.

Beyond, the coast rises up from the low sandy level, and rounding the South Foreland, on which is a fine electric lighthouse of modern construction, we come to the chalk-cliffs, on top of which are the dark towers of Dover Castle, from whose battlements the road descends to the town along the water's edge and in the valley of the little stream that gives the place its name—the Dour, which the Celts called the Dwr or “water,” and the Romans the Dubræ. The great keep of Dover dates from William Rufus's reign, and is one of the many badges left in England of the Norman Conquest. There are earthworks at Dover, however, of much earlier origin, built for protection by the Celts and Romans, and forming part of the chain that guarded this celebrated coast, of which Dover, being at the narrowest part of the strait, was considered the key. But no such Norman castle rises elsewhere on these shores. Its walls are twenty-three feet thick. “It was built by evil spirits,” writes a Bohemian traveller in the fifteenth century, “and is so strong that in no other

part of Christendom can anything be found like it." The northern turret on the keep, built by Henry II., rises four hundred and sixty-eight feet above the sea at the base of the hill, and from it can be had a complete observation of both the English and French coasts for many miles. Within the castle is the ancient Pharos, or watch-tower, a Roman work. Over upon the opposite side of the harbor is Shakespeare's Cliff, rising three hundred and fifty feet,

"——whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep."

There is no more impressive view in England than that from the Castle Hill of Dover, with the green fields and white chalk headlands stretching far away on either hand fringed by the breakers, the hills and harbors faintly seen across the strait in France, and the busy town of Dover lying at the foot of the cliff. This is half watering-place and half port of transit to the opposite coast. Its harbor is almost entirely artificial, and there has been much difficulty in keeping it open. That any port exists there now at all is due mainly to Raleigh's advice, and it also has at present a well-protected harbor of refuge, with the fine Admiralty Pier extending nearly a half mile into the sea, and a fort at the outer end, on which are mounted two formidable eighty-one ton guns. From the top of the hill there looks down upon this pier the Saluting-Battery

Gate of the castle, within which is kept that curious specimen of ancient gunnery known as "Queen Elizabeth's Pocket Pistol." This is a brass cannon, twenty-four feet long, cast at Utrecht in 1544, and presented by Charles V. to Henry VIII. Among the new fortifications connected with the castle is the formidable Fort Burgoyne, commanding the landward approach and standing on the hill to the north-west. It was off Dover that the Spanish Armada received its first serious check in 1588. The older harbor was designed chiefly for naval purposes, but the construction of an extensive commercial harbor is going on, and a new promenade pier was built in 1893. To the westward of Dover are the works connected with the projected Channel tunnel. This has been long desired by the railways to promote travelling convenience between England and France, the distance across being twenty-one miles, but neither government is disposed to encourage it. There has, however, been a vertical shaft sunk and the tunnel excavated for about a mile or more.

The railway route along the sea is tunnelled for three-quarters of a mile under Shakespeare's Cliff, and for about six miles more goes through repeated tunnels under other towering chalk-cliffs, and then farther down the coast reaches the ancient "limb" of Dover, which has grown into the rival port of Folkestone. This modern port, created to aid the necessities of travel across the Channel, stands at

the north-eastern corner of the Romney Marsh, a district that has been raised out of the sea and is steadily increasing in front of the older coast-line, shown by a range of hills stretching westward from Folkestone. Here was born in 1578 the famous Dr. William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and in 1881 a monument was erected in his memory. The Romney Marsh has made the sea retreat fully three miles from Hythe, whose name signifies "the harbor," though it is now an inland village, with a big church dedicated to St. Leonard, the deliverer of captives, who was always much revered in the Cinque Ports, their warlike sailors being frequently taken prisoner. In a crypt under its chancel is a large collection of skulls and bones, many of them bearing weapon scars and cuts, showing them to be relics of the wars. Whilst Hythe has lost its significance as one of the Cinque Ports, it is now a very important military station, and has the chief School of Musketry of the British army. Beyond Hythe the Rother originally flowed into the Channel, but a great storm in the reign of Edward I. silted up its outlet, and the river changed its course over towards Rye, so as to avoid the Cinque Port of Romney that was established on the western edge of the marshes to which it gave the name. Romney is now simply a village without any harbor, and of the five churches it formerly had, only the church of St. Nicholas remains as a

landmark among the fens that have grown up around it, an almost treeless but very fertile level plain with rich pastures, and intersected by dykes and ditches.

RYE AND WINCHELSEA.

The unpicturesque coast is thrust out into the sea to the point at Dungeness where the lighthouse stands a beacon in the region full of peril to the navigator; and then the coast again recedes to the cove wherein is found the quaint old town of Rye, formerly an important "limb" of the Cinque port of Hastings. It has about the narrowest and crookedest streets in England, the quaintest and most picturesque being Mermaid Street; and the sea is two miles away from the line of steep and broken rock along which "Old Rye" stretches. The ancient houses, however, have a sort of harbor, formed by the junction of the three rivers, the Rother, Brede, and Tillingham, and thus Rye supports quite a fleet of fishing-craft. Thackeray has completely reproduced in *Denis Duval* the ancient character of this place, with its smuggling atmosphere varied with French touches given by the neighborhood of the continent. At the south-eastern corner of the town is the Ypres Tower, built for a watch-tower in the twelfth century, and being named for William de Ypres, Earl of Kent. Rye stands on one side of a marshy lowland, and Winchelsea about three miles distant on

the other side, having between them, nearer the sea, Comber Castle, one of the coast defences erected by Henry VIII. The original Winchelsea, we are told, was on lower ground, and, after frequent floodings, was finally destroyed by an inundation in 1287. King Edward I. founded the new town upon the hill above. It enjoyed a lucrative trade until the fifteenth century, when, like most of the others, its prosperity was blighted by the sea's retiring. The harbor then became useless, the inhabitants left, the houses gradually disappeared, and, the historian says, the more massive buildings remaining "have a strangely spectral character, like owls seen by daylight." Three old gates remain, the Pipe Well Gate, the Land Gate, and the Strand Gate, where King Edward nearly lost his life soon after the town was built. It appears that the horse on which he was riding, frightened by a windmill, leaped over the town-wall, and all gave up the king for dead. Luckily, however, he kept his saddle, and the horse, after slipping some distance down the incline, was checked, and Edward rode safely back through the gate. There is a fine church in Winchelsea—St. Thomas of Canterbury—within which are the tombs of Gervase Alard and his grandson Stephen. They were the most noted sailors of their time, and Gervase in 1300 was admiral of the fleet of the Cinque Ports, his grandson Stephen appearing as admiral in 1324. These were the earliest admirals known in

England, the title, derived from the Arabic *amir*, having been imported from Sicily. Gervase was paid two shillings a day. At the house in Winchelsea called the "Friars" lived the noted highwaymen George and Joseph Weston, who during the last century plundered in all directions, and then atoned for it by the exercise of extensive charity in that town: one of them actually became a churchwarden.

HASTINGS AND PEVENSEY.

The cliffs come out to the edge of the sea at Winchelsea, and it is a pleasant walk along them to Hastings, with its ruined castle, the last of the Cinque Ports. This was never as important a port as the others, but the neighboring Sussex forests made it a convenient place for shipbuilding. The castle ruins are the chief antiques at Hastings, which is being gradually transformed into a modern watering-place in a pretty situation, the western suburb of St. Leonards' becoming the fashionable resort, which has a new Promenade Pier; and a fine esplanade extends for three miles along the sea front of both. The eastern end, however, has undergone little transition, and is still filled with the old-fashioned black-timber houses of the fishermen, their boats being drawn up on the shore. The battle of Hastings, whereby William the Conqueror planted his standard on English soil, was fought about seven miles inland. His ships debarked their troops all along this coast,

while St. Valéry harbor in France, from which he sailed, is visible in clear weather across the Channel. William himself landed at Pevensey, farther westward, where there is an old fortress of Roman origin located in the walls of the ancient British-Roman town that the heathen Saxons had long before attacked, massacring the entire population. Pevensey still presents within these walls the Norman castle of the Eagle Honour, named from the powerful house of Aquila once possessing it. The Bayeux Tapestry depicts the landing of William at Pevensey, which was a "limb" of Hastings. Its Roman name was Anderida, the walls, which are partly preserved, enclosing an irregular oval, the castle within being a pentagon, with towers at the angles. Beyond it the Sussex coast juts out at the bold white chalk promontory of Beachy Head.

The great battle of Hastings, in which William the Conqueror, on October 14, 1066, defeated and killed the Saxon king Harold, and the control of England was changed from Saxon to Norman rule, was fought at Battle, seven miles from Hastings, where there are now an ancient village with a couple of inns, and the ruins of the famous Battle Abbey, one of the most interesting and venerable historical monuments in the kingdom. The tradition is that while the great battle was being fought King William made a vow that if he was the victor he would found an abbey on the battlefield, and it stands on

the very spot where Harold fell. In his march inland from the coast William encountered the Saxons, who were intrenched behind a stockade on the heights of Senlac, on the south-eastern verge of the village. The abbey was entrusted to the care of the Benedictines, and its minster was consecrated in 1095. At the Reformation, when Henry VIII. turned them out, Battle Abbey was given to Sir Anthony Browne, his Master of the Horse, who converted the monastic buildings into a residence. It has had various owners since, the last being the Duchess of Cleveland. The tomb of Sir Anthony Browne is in the parish church at Battle, and among the graves in the churchyard is that of Isaac Ingall, who died in 1798, and who was an old retainer of one of the owners, his tombstone stating that his age was one hundred and twenty years. The gate-house by which visitors enter the precincts of the abbey was built in 1338, and Hawthorne describes it as "the perfect reality of a Gothic battlement and gateway, just as solid and massive as when it was first built, though hoary and venerable with the many intervening centuries." There are elaborate remains of the many monastic buildings, and the site of the high altar of the minster is said to have been located on the spot where King Harold's body was found. People who are genealogically inclined will be interested in the "Roll of Battle Abbey," a so-called list of Norman nobles who came over with the Con-

queror. This, however, is said to have been a forgery, the document which was burnt in the last century having been manufactured at a time when Norman lineage was regarded as fashionable among people anxious for a pedigree.

A short distance north-west from Pevensey is the great Sussex cattle-market at Hailsham, where the old Michelham Priory is used as a farmhouse and its crypt as a dairy. Not far away is Hurstmonceaux Castle, a relic of the times of Henry VI., a feudal fortified mansion built entirely of brick, being probably the largest English structure of that material constructed since the Roman epoch. Only the shell of the castle remains, an interesting and picturesque, but roofless, specimen of the half fortress, half mansion of the latter days of feudalism. The main gateway on the southern front has flanking towers over eighty feet high, surmounted by watch-turrets from which the sea is visible. The walls are magnificently overgrown with ivy, contrasting beautifully with the red brick. Great trunks of ivy grow up from the dining-room, and all the inner courts are carpeted with green turf, with hazel-bushes appearing here and there among the ruined walls. A fine row of old chestnuts stands beyond the moat, and from the towers are distant views of Beachy Head, its white chalk-cliffs making one of the most prominent landmarks of the southern coast.

BRIGHTON.

Westward of Beachy Head is the noted watering-place of this southern coast, Brighton, one of the favorite resorts of the Londoners, it being but fifty-one miles south of the metropolis, and by far the most frequented seaside watering-place in England. It is built on the slope of a hill, in the middle of a broad and shallow bay which stretches from Beachy Head, the great chalk promontory rising five hundred and seventy-five feet above the sea on the east, over to a point called Selsea Bill on the western verge, the entire sweep of the bay being bordered by white chalk-cliffs. This place originally was named Brighthelmston, from the Anglo-Saxon bishop Brighthelm, who is reputed to have founded it in the tenth century. There was a Roman settlement previously, of which numerous coins and other relics have been found. The lord of the manor in the eleventh century was the powerful Earl Godwin, the father of the last Saxon king Harold, who lost his kingdom and his life at the battle of Hastings. For eight centuries, during which the name was gradually changed to Brighton, the place had a quiet existence as a fishing-village. A fashionable physician, Dr. Russell, came here in 1753 and experienced the beneficial effects of sea-bathing, and owing to his commendation it began growing in importance. In 1782 George IV., then the Prince of

Wales, became its patron, and afterwards it grew in fame and fortune. Taken altogether, its large size, fine buildings, excellent situation, and elaborate decorations make Brighton probably the greatest sea-coast watering-place in Europe. It stretches for over four miles along a rather low shore, though in some places the cliffs rise considerably above the beach. Almost the entire sea-front, especially to the eastward, is protected by a strong sea-wall of an average height of sixty feet and twenty-three feet thick at the base. This wall cost \$500,000 to build, and it supports a succession of terraces available for promenade and roadway. In front the surf rolls in upon a rather steep pebbly beach, upon which are the bathing-machines and boats. Along the beach, and behind the sea-wall, Brighton has a grand drive, the Marine Parade, and King's Road, sixty feet wide, extending for four miles along the shore and in front of the buildings, with broad promenades on the sea-side ornamented with lawns and gardens, and on the other side a succession of houses of such grand construction as to resemble rows of palaces, built of the cream-colored Portland stone. The houses of the town extend far back on the hillsides and into the valleys, and the permanent population of one hundred and fifty thousand is largely augmented during the height of the season—October, November, and December. Enormous sums have been expended upon the decoration of this great resort, and



its Marine Parade, when fashion goes there in the autumn, presents a grand scene. From this parade piers extend out into the water, and are used for promenades, being, like the entire city front, brilliantly illuminated at night. The famous Chain Pier, built in 1823 at a cost of \$150,000, and extending eleven hundred and thirty-six feet into the sea, was destroyed by a gale in December, 1896. The West Pier, constructed in 1866, stretches out eleven hundred and fifty feet. There are also other similar constructions. The piers expand into wide platforms at the outer end, that of the West Pier being one hundred and forty feet wide, and here bands play and there are brilliant illuminations. Prince George built at Brighton a royal pavilion in imitation of the pagodas of the Indies, embosomed in trees and surrounded by gardens. This was originally the royal residence, on which he expended \$1,250,000, but his successors used it only rarely, and in 1850 the city bought it for \$265,000 for a public assembly-room. The great attraction of Brighton, however, is the aquarium, the largest in the world, opened in 1872. It is constructed in front of the Parade, and sunken below its level, stretches some fourteen hundred feet along the shore, and is one hundred feet wide, being surmounted by gardens and foot-walks. It is set at this low level to facilitate the movement of the sea-water, and its design is to represent the fishes and marine animals

as nearly as possible in their native haunts and habits, to do which, and not startle the fish, the visitors go through darkened passages, and are thus concealed from them, all the light coming in by refraction through the water. Their actions are thus natural, and they move about with perfect freedom, some of the tanks being of enormous size. Here swim schools of herring, mackerel, and porpoises as they do out at sea, the octopus gyrates his arms, and almost every fish that is known to the waters of that temperature is exhibited in thoroughly natural action. The tanks have been prepared most elaborately. The porpoises and larger fish have a range of at least one hundred feet, and rocks, savannahs, and everything else they are accustomed to are reproduced. The visitors walk through vaulted passages artistically decorated, and there is music to gladden the ear. This aquarium also shows the processes of fish-hatching, and has greatly increased the world's stock of knowledge as to fish-habits. The tanks hold five hundred thousand gallons of fresh and salt water. The Brighton aquarium has been the example for constructing others in all parts of the world. One of the novelties of this famous watering-place is the Seashore Electric Railway, opened in 1896, which is laid along the shore to the neighboring town of Rottingdean, being constructed just above low-water mark, the sea covering its tracks when the tide rises. The car, which ac-

commodates one hundred and fifty passengers, is a steel structure on sixteen wheels, which carries the passengers at a height of twenty-four feet above the rails, and nine feet above high water when the tide is deepest. The electric power station is at Rottingdean, and the car is worked by an overhead trolley. In the old parish churchyard of St. Nicholas at Brighton is the tomb of Captain Nicholas Tetterzell, who commanded the vessel which took Charles II. over to France when he escaped after the battle of Worcester. The favorite cognomen of this noted watering-place is "London-by-the-Sea," but it is so wanting in shade that it has been cynically described as chiefly made up of "wind, glare, and fashion." Numerous young trees have been planted, however, which may correct the glare of the white chalk, light buildings, and bright sea under the sunlight.

Back of Brighton are the famous South Downs, the chalk-hills of Sussex, which stretch over fifty miles parallel to the coast, and have a breadth of four or five miles, while they rise to an average height of five hundred feet, their highest point being Ditchling Beacon, north of Brighton, rising eight hundred and thirty feet, the highest point in Sussex. They disclose picturesque scenery, and the railways from London wind through their valleys and dart into the tunnels under their hills, whose tops disclose the gyrating sails of an army of windmills, while over their slopes roam the flocks of well-tended

sheep, often more than half a million in number, that ultimately become the much-prized South Down mutton. The chalk-cliffs bordering the Downs slope to the sea, and in front are numerous little towns, for the whole coast is dotted with watering-places. A few miles east of Brighton is the port of New Haven at the mouth of the river Ouse, on a much-travelled route across the Channel to Dieppe.

WISTON PARK.

To the westward of Brighton and in the South Downs is the antique village of Steyning, near which is Wiston Manor, an Elizabethan mansion of much historical interest and commanding views of extreme beauty. This is one of the most attractive places in the South Downs, a grand park with noble trees, herds of deer wandering over the grass, and the great ring of trees on the top of Chanctonbury Hill, planted in 1760. Charles Goring, the ancestor of the present owner, planted these trees in his early life, and sixty-eight years afterwards, in 1828, he then being eighty-five years old, addressed these lines to the hill:

“How oft around thy Ring, sweet Hill, a boy I used to play,
And form my plans to plant thy top on some auspicious day!
How oft among thy broken turf with what delight I trod!
With what delight I placed those twigs beneath thy maiden
sod!

And then an almost hopeless wish would creep within my breast :

‘Oh, could I live to see thy top in all its beauty dressed !’

That time’s arrived ; I’ve had my wish, and lived to eighty-five ;
I’ll thank my God, who gave such grace, as long as e’er I live ;
Still when the morning sun in spring, whilst I enjoy my sight,
Shall gild thy new-clothed Beach and sides, I’ll view thee with
delight.”

The house originally belonged to Earl Godwin, and has had a strange history. One of its lords was starved to death at Windsor by King John ; Llewellyn murdered another at a banquet ; a third fell from his horse and was killed. Later it belonged to the Shirleys, one of whom married a Persian princess ; it has been held by the Gorings for a long period. This interesting old mansion has a venerable church adjoining it, surmounted by an ivy-clad tower. Chanetonbury Hill rises eight hundred and fourteen feet, and its ring of trees, which can be seen for many miles, is planted on a circular mound surrounded by a trench, an ancient fortification. From it there is a grand view over Surrey and Sussex and to the sea beyond—a view stretching from Windsor Castle to Portsmouth, a panorama of rural beauty that cannot be excelled.

ARUNDEL CASTLE.

The little river Arun flows from the South Downs into the sea, and standing upon its banks is Arundel Castle, which dates from the tenth century. A

village of two steep streets mounts up the hill from the river-bank to the castle, which has unusual interest from its striking position and the long line of its noble owners—the Fitzalans and Howards. The extensive ramparts surround a ponderous keep, built in the twelfth century, and there are fine views in all directions. This is a favorite home of Henry Fitzalan Howard, the Duke of Norfolk, and is surrounded by an extensive park. The tombs of his ancestors are in the old parish church of St. Nicholas, built in the fourteenth century, alongside which the duke has constructed the magnificent Roman Catholic church of St. Philip Neri in Decorated Gothic, at a cost of \$500,000. The architect of this church was Mr. Hansom, who invented for the benefit of London the Hansom cab.

Westward of Arundel is Chichester, distinguished for its cathedral and cross, the ancient *Regnum* of the Romans, and afterwards the *Cissa Ceaster* of the Saxons, from which the present name is derived. The cathedral was originally begun in the latter part of the eleventh century, but was burnt down shortly after completion. It was rebuilt in the twelfth century, and again partially burnt, so that the present building has parts dating from the thirteenth to the fifteenth centuries, while the spire, two hundred and seventy-seven feet high, which collapsed in 1861, was afterwards restored, and is said to be the only spire of an English cathedral visible from the sea.

There is a detached campanile or bell-tower, built in the fifteenth century, on the north-western side, which makes Chichester peculiar among English cathedrals, and its western facade is lop-sided in appearance, the north-western tower having fallen in 1634. The whole cathedral has been restored during the present century, its length being four hundred and ten feet. When the Norman Conquest was complete King William transferred the see of Selsea, founded in the seventh century, to Chichester, and it has been the seat of a bishop ever since, the diocese being coterminous with the county of Sussex. This cathedral is additionally peculiar from having five aisles with a long and narrow choir. Here is buried Richard Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel in the fourteenth century. There is also a consistory court over the southern porch, reached by a spiral staircase, from which a sliding door opens into the Lollard's Dungeon. The Chichester market-cross, standing at the intersection of four streets in the centre of the town, is four hundred years old. These are the four principal streets, Chichester having been laid out in the characteristic square ground-plan of the Romans. In front of Chichester, but nine miles away, the low peninsula of Selsea Bill, heretofore referred to, projects into the sea and is the resort of innumerable wild-fowl. Three miles out of town is Goodwood, where the races are held. Goodwood is the seat of the Duke of Richmond and

Gordon, who has a fine park, and a valuable picture-gallery particularly rich in historical portraits. At Bignor, twelve miles from Chichester over the chalk-downs, are the remains of an extensive Roman villa, the buildings and pavements having been exhumed for a space of six hundred by three hundred and fifty feet. The Rother, a tributary of the Arun, flows down from Midhurst, where are the ruins of Cowdray, an ancient Tudor stronghold and mansion built in the sixteenth century, that was burned in 1793, its walls being now finely overgrown with ivy. Dunford House, near Midhurst, was the estate presented to Richard Cobden by the "Anti-Corn Law League."

SELBORNE.

Crossing from Midhurst over the border into Hampshire, the village of Selborne is reached, one of the smallest but best known places in England from the care and minuteness with which Rev. Gilbert White has described it in his *Natural History of Selborne*. It is a short distance south-east of Alton and about fifty miles south-west of London, while beyond the village the chalk-hills rise to a height of three hundred feet, having a long hanging wood on the brow, known as the Hanger, made up mainly of beech trees. The village is a single straggling street three-quarters of a mile in length, in a sheltered valley and running parallel with the Hanger. At each end of Selborne there rises a

small rivulet, the one to the south becoming a branch of the Arun and flowing into the Channel, while the other is a branch of the Wey, which falls into the Thames. This is the pleasant little place, located in a broad parish, that Gilbert White has made famous, writing of everything concerning it, but more especially of its natural history and peculiarities of soil, its trees, fruits, and animal life. He was born at Selborne in 1720, and died there in 1793, in his seventy-third year. He was the father of English natural history, for much of what he wrote was equally applicable to other parts of the kingdom. His modest house, overgrown with ivy, is one of the most interesting buildings in the village, and in it they still keep his study about as he left it, with the close-fronted bookcase protected by brass wire-netting, to which hangs his thermometer just where he originally placed it. The house has been little if any altered since he was carried to his last resting-place. He is described by those who knew him as "a little thin, prim, upright man," a quiet, unassuming, but very observing country parson, who occupied his time in watching and recording the habits of his parishioners, quadruped as well as feathered. At the end of the garden is still kept his sun-dial, the lawn around which is one of the softest and most perfect grass carpets in England.

The pleasant little church over which White pre-

sided is as modest and almost as attractive as his house. It was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and measures fifty-four by forty-seven feet, being almost as broad as it is long, consisting of three aisles, and making no pretensions, he says, to antiquity. It was built in Henry VII.'s reign, is perfectly plain and unadorned, and without painted glass, carved work, sculpture, or tracery. Within it, however, are low, squat, thick pillars supporting the roof, which he thinks are Saxon and upheld the roof of a former church, which, falling into decay, was rebuilt on these massive props because their strength had preserved them from the injuries of time. They support blunt Gothic arches. He writes that he remembers when the beams of the middle isle were hung with garlands in honor of young women of the parish who died virgins. Within the chancel is his memorial on the wall, and he rests in an unassuming grave in the churchyard. The belfry is a square embattled tower forty-five feet high, built at the western end, and he tells pleasantly how the three old bells were cast into four in 1735, and a parishioner added a fifth one at his own expense, marking its arrival by a high festival in the village, "rendered more joyous by an order from the donor that the treble bell should be fixed bottom upward in the ground and filled with punch, of which all present were permitted to partake." The porch of the church to the southward is modern and shelters

a fine Gothic doorway, whose folding doors are evidently of ancient construction. The vicarage stands alongside to the westward, an old Elizabethan house.

Among the singular things in Selborne to which White calls attention are two rocky hollow lanes, one of which leads to Alton. These roads have, by the traffic of ages and the running of water, been worn down through the first stratum of freestone and partly through the second, so that they look more like water-courses than roads. In many places they have thus been sunken as much as eighteen feet beneath the level of the fields alongside, so that torrents rush along them in rainy weather, with miniature cascades on either hand that are frozen into icicles in winter. These lanes, thus rugged and gloomy, affright the timid, but, gladly writes our author, they "delight the naturalist with their various botany." The old mill at Selborne, with its dilapidated windsails, presents a picturesque appearance, and up on the chalk-hills, where there is a far-away view over the pleasant vale beyond, is the Wishing Stone, erected on a little mound among the trees. All these things attracted our author's close attention, and as his parish was over thirty miles in circumference, as may be supposed his investigations covered a good deal of ground. His work is chiefly written in the form of a series of letters to friends, and he occasionally digresses

over the border into the neighboring parishes to speak of their peculiarities or attractions. They all had in his day little churches, and the parish church of Greatham is a specimen of the antique construction of the diminutive chapels that his ancestors handed down to their children for places of worship, each surrounded by its setting of ancient gravestones. The *History of Selborne* shows how the country parson in the olden time, whose flock was small, parish isolated, and visitors few, amused himself; but he has left an enduring monument that grows the more valuable as the years advance. In fact, it is a text-book of natural history; and so complete have been his observations that he not only describes all the plants and animals, birds, rocks, soils, and buildings, but he also has space to devote to the cats of Selborne, and to tell how they prowl in the roadway and mount the tiled roofs to capture the chimney-swallows. How he loved his home is shown in the poem with which his work begins. We quote the opening stanza, and also some other characteristic portions of this ode, which describes the attractions of Selborne in the last century:

“ See Selborne spreads her boldest beauties round,
 The varied valley, and the mountain ground
 Wildly majestic: what is all the pride
 Of flats with loads of ornament supplied?
 Unpleasing, tasteless, impotent expense,
 Compared with Nature's rude magnificence.

Oft on some evening, sunny, soft, and still,
 The Muse shall hand thee to the beech-grown hill,
 To spend in tea the cool, refreshful hour,
 Where nods in air the pensile, nest-like bower;
 Or where the Hermit hangs his straw-clad cell,
 Emerging gently from the leafy dell;
 Romantic spot! from whence in prospect lies
 Whate'er of landscape charms our feasting eyes;
 The pointed spire, the hall, the pasture-plain,
 The russet fallow, and the golden grain;
 The breezy lake that sheds a gleaming light,
 Till all the fading picture fails the sight. . . .

Now climb the steep, drop now your eye below,
 Where round the verdurous village orchards blow;
 There, like a picture, lies my lowly seat,
 A rural, sheltered, unobserved retreat.

Me far above the rest, Selbornian scenes,
 The pendant forest and the mountain-greens,
 Strike with delight: . . . There spreads the distant view
 That gradual fades, till sunk in misty blue."

WINCHESTER.

About sixteen miles south-west of Selborne is the chief city of Hampshire and one of the great historical cities of the realm—Winchester—built on the side of a chalk-hill rising from the valley of the Itchen, a stream that was Izaak Walton's favorite fishing-ground. This is one of the most ancient towns in England, having been known prior to the Roman Invasion as *Caer Gwent*, or the "White Castle," which was Latinized into *Venta Belgarum*, the British tribe which lived here having been the Belgæ. The Saxons took possession in 495 and

named it Winte Ceaster, making it the capital of the Saxon kingdom of Wessex. Birinus, the "Apostle of the West of England," converted the people to Christianity in 635, making it the see of a bishop, and it became afterwards the seat of government of Alfred the Great, then of Canute the Dane, and finally of William the Conqueror, the name being gradually transformed to Winchester. It was a rival of London in commercial importance for a time after the Norman Conquest, but a fire almost destroyed the place in 1141, and it soon lost its importance, so that after several centuries of venerable rest it now approximates twenty thousand population. Nothing remains of the earlier cathedral, which was replaced by the present structure, begun in the eleventh century, but not finished until the fifteenth. Winchester cathedral is five hundred and sixty feet long, being the longest in England, and its nave is in the highest degree impressive, extending two hundred and sixty-five feet. The western front has recently been restored. Within the cathedral are many noted tombs, including that of William Rufus, and above the altar is West's painting of the "Raising of Lazarus." In the presbytery are six mortuary chests containing the remains of kings and bishops of the ancient Saxon kingdom of Wessex. St. Swithin's shrine was the treasure of Winchester: he was bishop in the ninth century, and the especial patron of the city and

cathedral. Originally interred in the churchyard, his remains were removed to the golden shrine given by King Edgar, though tradition says this was delayed by forty days of rain, which is the foundation of the popular belief in the continuance of wet weather after St. Swithun's Day, July 15th. In the Lady Chapel, Queen Mary was married to Philip of Spain in 1554, and the chair on which she sat is still preserved there. The cathedral close is extremely picturesque, surrounded by houses of considerable antiquity. Among the prelates of Winchester were William of Wykeham and Cardinal Beaufort: the former founded St. Mary Winton College there in the fourteenth century, still one of the leading public schools of England—a fine structure, with picturesque ruins of the old palace of the bishops, Wolvesey Castle near by; the latter, in the fifteenth century, built Cardinal Beaufort's Tower and Gateway in the southern suburbs, on the Southampton road, when he revived the foundation of St. Cross. This noble gateway, when approached from the city, is seen through the foliage, with a background of quaint high chimneys, church, and green leaves. The river Itchen flows alongside the road, half hidden among the trees. The St. Cross Hospital, with the thirteen poor brethren still living there in their black gowns and silver crosses, gives a vivid picture of ancient England. Adjoining the gateway on the left hand is the brewery, formerly

known as the "Hundred Men's Hall," because a hundred of the poorest men of Winchester were daily entertained there at dinner, and, as the repast was provided on a bountiful scale, the guests always had ample provisions to carry home to their families. The tower and surrounding buildings are excellent examples of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century. In this hospital the custom still prevails of giving the wayfarer a horn of ale and dole of bread, the ale being brewed on the premises and of the same kind made there centuries ago. In the College of St. Mary Winton, while extensive new buildings have been added, the picturesque older portions remain nearly unaltered, and surround two quadrangles. This school is attended by four hundred boys, and is the preparatory school for New College at Oxford. Among the curious old portions are the cloisters, with the names of various eminent pupils cut in the stone, including Bishop Ken, 1646, and the lavatory, which the boys call Moab, as likewise they have named Edom the shoe-blackening place, having diligently searched the Scriptures and found authority for this in the sixtieth Psalm, eighth verse: "Moab is my washpot; over Edom will I cast out my shoe." The old West Gate of Winchester, the only survivor of the city's four gates, is a well-preserved specimen of the military architecture of the time of Henry III. Winchester Castle was originally built by William the Norman, and continued a residence of

the kings until Henry III., but of it little remains beyond the hall and some subterranean fragments. Here hangs on the wall what is said to be the top of King Arthur's round table. There is a beautiful cross in Winchester, recently restored, and originally erected on the High Street by Cardinal Beaufort, who seems to have spent much of his vast and ill-gotten wealth in splendid architectural works. Shakespeare introduces him in *Henry VI.*, and in the scene that closes his career truthfully depicts him :

“If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live and feel no pain.”

Near Winchester are Hursley and Otterbourne, both of which livings were held by Rev. John Keble, afterwards bishop, the author of the *Christian Year*, who died in 1866 and is buried in Hursley churchyard. The church was rebuilt by him from the profits of his book.

THE NEW FOREST.

The Itchen flows into the estuary of Southampton Water, and from its western shores spreads far away the domain of the New Forest, stretching down into the south-western part of Hampshire. This is a remnant of the forests that once covered the greater part of the island, and is the most exten-

sive left in the English lowlands. It was made a royal forest by William the Norman, and thus continues to the present time, the largest tract of uncultivated land and one of the finest examples of woodland scenery in the kingdom. It covers almost the whole surface between Southampton Water and the Avon, which is the western border of Hampshire, but in recent years its area has been gradually curtailed, though its extent has never been accurately measured. Stretching about fifteen miles from east to west and twenty miles from north-west to south-east, it includes about ninety-one thousand acres, of which twenty-six thousand belong to private landowners, two thousand are the absolute property of the Crown, and the remaining sixty-three thousand acres have common and other rights due to a large number of tenants, though the title is in the Crown. About twenty-five thousand acres are covered with timber, but only five thousand acres of this is old timber, the remainder having been planted with trees within the last two hundred years. The surface is gently undulating, becoming hilly in the northern parts; the soil is usually arid, and the scenery discloses wide expanses of heathery moor, often marshy in the lower grounds, with here and there copses that gradually thicken into woodland as the true forest district is approached. The chief trees are oak and beech, which attain to noble

proportions, while there are occasional tufts of holly and undergrowth.

Almost in the centre of the forest is the village of Lyndhurst, regarded as the best point of departure for its survey—a hamlet with one long street and houses dotted about on the flanks of a hill, the summit of which is adorned by a newly-built church of red brick with bath-stone dressings. Within this church is Sir Frederick Leighton's fresco of the "Wise and Foolish Virgins." In the ponderous "Queen's House," near the church, lives the chief official of the forest, and here are held the courts. Formerly, this official was always a prince royal and known as the lord warden, but now his powers are vested in the "First Commissioner of Woods and Forests:" here the poacher was in former days severely punished. In the Verderers' Hall, in the "Queen's House," is kept as a precious relic an old stirrup, which one tradition says belonged to King William Rufus, while another is to the effect that dogs small enough to pass through it were exempted from the "expeditation," or removal of the middle claw, formerly inflicted on dogs belonging to private persons living in the forest. The New Forest was originally not only a place for the king's pleasure in the chase, but it also furnished timber for the royal navy, though this fell into disuse in the Civil War. Subsequently parts were replanted, and William III. planted by degrees six thousand acres with

trees. The great storm of 1703 uprooted four thousand fine trees, and then again there was partial neglect, and it was not until within a half century that a serious effort was made fully to restore the timber. There have been twenty thousand acres planted: a nursery for young trees has been established, and about seven hundred acres are annually planted, the young oaks being set out between Scotch firs, whose more rapid growth protects the saplings from the gales, and when they are able to stand alone the firs are thinned out.

About four miles north of Lyndhurst and beyond Minstead is Rufus's Stone. Around Minstead Manor the land has long been enclosed and cultivated, and looks as little like a wild forest as can be imagined, while northward the ground rises to the top of Stony Cross Hill, disclosing one of the finest views in this region, looking down over a wide valley, with cultivated fields on its opposite sides and woodland beyond, gently shelving to Southampton Water, of which occasional glimpses may be had. There is an abundance of woodland everywhere, checquered by green lawns. At our back is the enclosed park, within which some intrenchments mark the site of Castle Malwood, where tradition says that William Rufus passed the night previous to his death. The king just before dawn aroused his attendants by a sudden outcry, and rushing into the chamber they found him in such agitation that they remained there

until morning. He had dreamed he was being bled, and that the stream from his veins was so copious that it rose to the sky, obscuring the sun. The daylight also brought other omens: a foreign monk at the court had been dreaming, and saw the king enter a church, seize the rood, and rend it with his teeth; the holy image at first submitted to the insult, then struck down the king, who, while prostrate, vomited fire and smoke which masked the stars. The king, whose courage had returned with daylight, made light of the monk's tale, though he did not go to hunt as usual that morning, but after dinner, having taken liberal drafts of wine, rode out with a small party, including Walter Tyril, Lord of Pontoise, lately arrived from Normandy. They hunted throughout the afternoon, and near sunset the king and Tyril found themselves alone in a glade below the castle. A stag bounded by, and the king unsuccessfully shot at him; then another ran past, when Tyril shot his arrow, bidden, as tradition says, by the king "in the devil's name." The arrow struck William Rufus full in the chest, and he dropped lifeless. Tyril, putting spurs to his horse, galloped westward to a ford across the Avon into Dorsetshire. Soon after a charcoal-burner named Purkis, whose descendants still live in the New Forest, came past, found the king's body, and, placing it on his cart, bore it, still bleeding, to Winchester. Tyril's arrow had glanced from a tree,

which long existed, but, decaying, in the last century, Rufus's Stone was set up by the Earl of De la Warr to mark the spot. This became mutilated, and has been enclosed in an iron casing, with copies of the original inscriptions on the outside. It is now a cast-iron pillar about five feet high, with a grating at the top, through which may be seen the stone within. It stands on a gentle slope, not quite at the bottom of the valley, with pretty scenery around. Tyril got his horse shod at the Avon ford, for which offence the blacksmith afterwards paid an annual fine to the Crown. He was not very hotly pursued, however, and made his escape into Normandy, where he sturdily denied that the arrow was shot by him at all, laying the blame to a conspiracy of the king's enemies, of whom he had many.

Southward from Lyndhurst the road goes over undulating ground and through magnificent oaks and beeches to Brockenhurst, past a heronry at Vinney Ridge. This section contains some of the finest trees in the forest, with plenty of dense holly and an occasional yew. The ground discloses the bracken fern, and gray lichen clings thickly to the trunks and branches of the trees. The woodland views along this road are splendid, and only need the wild animals of a former era to bring back the forest-life of mediæval times. Off to the eastward, standing on the little river Exe, are the foliage-clad ruins of Beaulieu Abbey, founded by King John in

1204, and now held by the Duke of Buccleuch, who has a mansion near by. Here was buried John's mother, Eleanor of Aquitaine, and here came the widow of Warwick the king-maker, after the battle of Barnet, for sanctuary. Perkin Warbeck when defeated also took refuge at Beaulieu, where he surrendered on promise of mercy. The abbey is a wreck now, for after its dissolution we are told that its stones "went to build Henry VIII.'s martello tower at Hurst, and its lead to repair Calshot" on Southampton Water, while the gate-house serves as the entrance to the modern ducal mansion, and the refectory is the parish church. Here are the tombs of Mary Dore and Mary Do. The former was a noted witch, "who could transform herself into a hare or cat, and afflict or cure all the cattle in the neighborhood." The latter is credited with more celestial attributes in the obituary that survives her than were allotted her unfortunate companion; and the acrostic inscription on her tomb is often quoted:

"Merciless fate (to our greate griefe and woe)
A prey hath here made of our deere Moll Do,
Rapte up in duste and hid in earthe and claye
Yet live her soule and virtues now and aye;
Death is a debt all owe which must be paide:
Oh that she knew, and of it was not afraide!"

To the westward of Beaulieu is Brockenhurst, a pretty forest village, along whose main street we are told the deer formerly galloped on a winter's night,

to the great excitement of all the dogs therein. The forest almost blends with the village-green, and on a low artificial mound stands its church, with traces of almost every style of architecture since the Conquest, and guarded by a famous yew and oak. At Boldre, near Brockenhurst, lived Rev. W. Gilpin, the vicar of the parish, the author of several works on sylvan scenery, and reputed to be the original of the noted *Dr. Syntax*, who made such a humorous *Tour in Search of the Picturesque*. He now lies at rest under a maple alongside his church, in which Southey was married. Ringwood is the chief town of the western-forest border upon the level plain that forms the Avon Valley where Tyril escaped across the ford. It is not a very interesting place. A little up the river, near Horton, "King Monmouth" was captured after Sedgemoor, and from Ringwood he wrote the abject letters begging his life from King James, who turned a deaf ear to all entreaty. Alice Lisle, who was judicially murdered by Judge Jeffreys for sheltering two refugees from that battle, also lived at Moyle Court, near Ringwood. The chief inn is the White Hart, named in memory of Henry VII.'s hunt in the New Forest, where the game, a white hart, showed fine running throughout the day, and ultimately stood at bay in a meadow near the village, when, at the intercession of the ladies, the hounds were called off, the hart secured, given a gold collar,

and taken to Windsor. The inn where the king partook of refreshments that day had its sign changed to the White Hart. It was at Bisterne, below Ringwood, that Madonie of Berkeley Castle slew the dragon, for which feat King Edward IV. knighted him—a tale that the incredulous will find confirmed by the deed still preserved in Berkeley Castle which records the event, confers the knight-hood, and gives him permission to wear the dragon as his badge.

CHRISTCHURCH.

From Brockenhurst the Lymington River flows southward out of the New Forest into the Solent, across which is the Isle of Wight, steamers connecting Lymington at the mouth of the river with Yarmouth on the island. About twelve miles westward from Lymington is Christchurch, at the confluence of the Avon and Stour Rivers, which here form the estuary known as Christchurch Bay. The Avon flows down past Ringwood on the western verge of the New Forest, its lower valley being a wide grassy trough in a rolling plateau of slight elevation. The moors, with many parts too arid for cultivation, extend to the sea, having glens here and there whose sandy slopes are often thickly wooded, and whose beds are traversed by the “bournes” that give names to so many localities in this region. Along all the sea-border fashionable watering-places are

springing up, which enjoy views over the water to the distant chalk-downs of the Isle of Wight, one of the best being that from Boscombe Chine. Through this land the Avon flows, and the Stour enters it from the west, with the ancient town of Christchurch standing on the broad angle between them. It is of Roman origin, and the remains of a British castle crown the neighboring promontory of Hengistbury Head. The chief attraction is the magnificent Priory Church, founded before the Norman Conquest, but rebuilt afterwards and dedicated to the Holy Trinity. The ancient town was known as Twynham from the two rivers, and it then became Christchurch-at-Twynham, but the original name was ultimately dropped. It was a royal demesne in Edward I.'s reign, and Edward III. granted it to the Earl of Salisbury, whose countess was the heroine of the institution of the Order of the Garter. It is a sleepy, old-fashioned place, with little of interest excepting the Priory Church and the castle. The square church-tower rises high above the Avon, a landmark from afar, its mass of gray masonry catching the eye from away over the sea. The church is of large dimensions, cruciform in plan, with short transepts, and a Lady Chapel having the unusual peculiarity of an upper story. It is about three hundred and ten feet long, with the tower at the western end, and a large northern porch. The oldest part of the church was built in the twelfth

century by Flambard, Bishop of Durham, who was granted this priory by William Rufus. Subsequently he fell into disfavor, and the priory became a college of the Augustinians. Only the nave and transepts are left of his Norman church, the remainder being of later construction. The north porch, which has an extremely rich Decorated doorway, is of unusual size, having an upper chamber, and dating from the thirteenth century. The nave is of great beauty, being separated from the aisles by massive semicircular arches, rich in general effect, with a triforium above consisting of a double arcade, making it worthy to compete with the finest naves in England. The clerestory is more modern, being of Pointed Gothic, and the aisles are also of later construction: the northern aisle contains a beam to which is attached the legend that the timber was drawn out as if an elastic material "by the touch of a strange workman who wrought without wages and never spoke a word with his fellows." The western tower is of Perpendicular architecture, added by the later builders, and beneath it is the handsome marble monument erected to the memory of the poet Shelley, drowned at Spezzia in 1822: his family lived near Christchurch. The tower contains a peal of eight bells, two of them ancient, and from the belfry there is a noble view over the valleys of the two rivers, the distant moorlands and woods of the New Forest, the estuary winding sea-

ward and glittering in the sun, while beneath are the houses and gardens of the town spread out as on a map. Among the many monuments in the church is that to Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, the last of the line who possessed the priory, and the closing heir-ess of the race of Plantagenets. She was the mother of Cardinal Pole, the last Roman Catholic archbishop of Canterbury, who upheld the cause of the pope against Henry VIII., and she was a prisoner in the Tower, held as hostage for his good behavior. At seventy years of age she was ordered out for execution, but refused to lay her head upon the block, saying, "So should traitors do, and I am none." Then, the historian says, "turning her gray head in every way, she bade the executioner, if he would have her head, to get it as he could, so that he was constrained to fetch it off slovenly." She was beheaded in May, 1541, being too near in kinship to the throne to be allowed to live. Little is left of the ancient priory buildings beyond the ruins of the old Norman gateway. The castle of Christchurch has also almost disappeared, leaving only massive fragments of the wall of the keep crowning the mound. It was of slight historical importance; and a more perfect relic is the ruins of an ancient Norman house standing near by on the bank of the Stour, an ivy-clad shell of masonry still showing the staircase and interior apartment. This crumbling memorial of the

twelfth century was the home of Baldwin de Redvers, then Earl of Devon.

SOUTHAMPTON.

Crossing over the New Forest back to the Southampton Water on its eastern border, the river Itchen debouches on the farther shore near the head of the estuary, making a peninsula; and here is the celebrated port of Southampton, located between the river Itchen and the river Test, and having an excellent harbor. The Southampton Water extends from the Red Bridge, a short distance above the city, to Calshot Castle, about seven miles below, and varies in breadth from a mile and a half to two miles, the entrance being well protected by the Isle of Wight, which gives the harbor the peculiarity of four tides in the twenty-four hours—double the usual number, owing to the island intercepting a portion of the tidal wave in its flow both ways along the Channel, and this prolongs the stage of high water to two hours, a great advantage to the shipping. Southampton comes down from the Romans, and remains of their camp, Clausentum, now known as Bittern Manor, are still to be seen in the suburbs, while parts of the Saxon walls and two of the old gates of the town are yet preserved. The Danes sacked it in the tenth century, and afterwards it was the occasional residence of Canute, its shore being said to be the scene of his rebuke to his courtiers.

when he commanded the tide to cease advancing and it disobeyed. After the Norman Conquest the town carried on a large commerce with France and the Mediterranean, and in 1189 it was the port of embarkation of the English division of the Crusaders bound to the Holy Land under Richard Cœur-de-Lion. The army of Edward III. in 1345 sailed from Southampton for the conquest of France, and later in the fourteenth century foreign invaders came and almost destroyed the place, which was afterwards rebuilt by Richard II. and strongly fortified. In 1415 the English armies under Henry V. again took ship at Southampton for the invasion of France. Philip of Spain, the consort of Queen Mary, landed here in 1554. In July, 1620, the main body of the Pilgrim Fathers, who had been living in Holland, came from Delfthaven to Southampton in the "Speedwell," and here found the "Mayflower," the two ships proceeding to Plymouth, where the "Speedwell" was pronounced unseaworthy, and the voyage to America was made in the other vessel. For a long period afterwards its commerce languished and it was known chiefly as a watering-place, but within the present century extensive docks have been built, and it has become a great seaport, being the point of departure for steamship lines to all parts of the world, especially the East Indies and America, as it is but seventy miles south-west of London, and thus shortens the

sea voyage for trade from the metropolis. The American Steamship Line runs its express steamers between New York and Southampton, and it is the port of call of the North German and Hamburg-American steamship lines. The docks include five large dry-docks, one being the largest graving-dock in the world, two tidal basins, respectively of sixteen and eighteen acres, and a capacious closed dock; over two thousand vessels, with two millions aggregate tonnage, enter the port in a year. The harbor is a fine one, the channel being deep and straight, and affording good anchorage.

In exploring the antiquities of Southampton the visitor will be attracted by an ancient house of the Plantagenet period located on St. Michael's Square, said to have been occupied by Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, and the remains of the town-walls. The old Bargate in these walls crosses the High Street, dividing it into "Above Bar" and "Below Bar." This old gate was erected in the eleventh century, and was not long ago restored, but it still shows the original Norman arch. Above this archway is the Guild Hall, where are preserved the rude paintings formerly on the buttresses of the gate representing the ancient and renowned, but probably legendary, hero, Sir Bevis of Southampton, and the giant Ascupart, whom he defied and valiantly overcame in single combat. In the ancient walls are the antique towers known as Arundel Tower and Catch-

Cold Tower, and also a house (one of the oldest in England) built anterior to the twelfth century, and known as King John's Palace. Down near the water-side in Winkle Street (a name that suggested to Dickens one of the characters in *Pickwick*) is the ancient small hospital, known as *Domus Dei*, or *God's House*, erected in the twelfth century and still existing about as it then was. Its little chapel is used for religious services by the French residents, and a tablet records that in 1415 were interred here the Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scrope, and Sir Thomas Gray, who were executed for a conspiracy against the life of Henry V. On the Parade is a Saluting Battery with old guns, one of them dating from 1542. The Government Ordnance Survey and Map Office, an important establishment employing about four hundred men, is at Southampton. In its parks there are monuments to General Gordon, Lord Palmerston, and Dr. Isaac Watts, the latter having been born in Southampton in 1674. Sir John Millais was also a native of Southampton, and the famous actor E. A. Sothorn, who died in 1881, is buried in the cemetery. Southampton Park, called the Common, is a pretty enclosure of three hundred and sixty acres just north of the city. The picturesque ruins of Netley Abbey, a Cistercian monastery founded by Henry III. in the thirteenth century, are about three miles south of the city, and near them is the Netley Military Hospital, established

just after the Crimean War, both of them on the eastern bank of Southampton Water.

PORTSMOUTH.

We will follow the attractive Southampton Water down to its entrance, where the two broad channels dividing the Isle of Wight from the mainland—the Solent and Spithead—join, and at the point jutting out on the western angle pass Calshot Castle, founded for coast-defence by Henry VIII., and now occupied by the coast-guard. Skirting along Spithead, which is a prolongation of the Southampton Water, without change of direction, at about twenty miles from Southampton we round Gillkicker Point, forming the western boundary of Portsmouth harbor. Here is Gosport, and east of it is Portsea Island, about four miles long and two and a half miles broad, on which Portsmouth is located, with its suburbs known as Portsea, Landport, and Southsea. This is the chief naval station of England, and the joint population is about one hundred and eighty thousand. Portsmouth is on the south-western part of the island, separated from Portsea by a small stream to the northward, both being united in a formidable fortress whose works would require thirteen thousand men to man, though the ordinary garrison is about twenty-five hundred. The royal dockyard, covering three hundred acres, is at Portsea, and at Gosport, opposite, are the storehouses, the channel between them,

which extends for several miles between Portsea Island and the mainland, gradually widening until it attains three miles' breadth at its northern extremity. This channel affords anchorage for the largest vessels, and is defended by Southsea Castle, built by Henry VIII., on the eastern side and Moncton Fort on the western side of the entrance into Spithead, where the roadstead is sheltered by the Isle of Wight. Portsmouth was a port in the days of the Saxons, who in the sixth century called it Ports-muthe. It fitted out a fleet of nine ships to aid King Alfred defeat the Danes, and its vessels ineffectually endeavored to intercept the Normans when they landed near Hastings. In the fourteenth century the French burned the town, but were afterwards defeated with heavy loss. Ever since then the fortifications have been gradually improved, until now it is one of the strongest British fortresses. The Duke of Buckingham was murdered here in 1628, and part of the house where he was killed, then called the Spotted Dog Inn, still remains. In 1757, Admiral Byng was executed here, and in 1782 the ship "Royal George" was sunk with Admiral Kempenfelt and "twice four hundred men," a red buoy off Southsea marking the spot.

The town of Portsmouth contains little that is attractive beyond its ancient church of St. Thomas à Becket, built in the reign of Henry II., and containing on its register the record of the marriage of

Charles II. with Queen Catharine of Braganza in 1662. This marriage took place in the garrison chapel, which was originally the hospital of St. Nicholas, founded in the time of Henry III. The chief place of interest is the dockyard at Portsea, the entrance to which, by the Common Hard, or terrace fronting the harbor, bears the date of 1711. Here they have many relics of famous ships, and also vast numbers of boats, and all kinds of materials for building war-vessels, especially iron and armor-plated ships, with the docks and slips for their construction, covering about sixty acres. Off the dockyard lies at anchor the most famous of the "wooden walls of England, the "Victory," the ship in which Nelson died at Trafalgar, then his flagship and the most powerful vessel of the British navy. The stores across the harbor at Gosport are on a large scale, and are known as the Royal Clarence Victualling Yard. Here they have the provision-magazines and bake-houses, the latter having capacity to prepare and bake by machinery two hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds of ship-biscuit in one hour. The great mill which grinds the grain for these bake-houses cost nearly \$400,000 to erect and equip. There are also a large brewery, an extensive clothing department, and other adjuncts. Among the enormous establishments of the dockyard is the block-making department, which supplies the whole English navy with block-sheaves. It is

an interesting fact that the father of Charles Dickens was a clerk in this dockyard, and the great novelist was born in 1812 in a house on Commercial Road, Landport. The new and imposing Town Hall in Landport is not far away, a large building of classic architecture surmounted by a lofty clock-tower, and opened in 1890, having cost \$700,000. Out near Portsmouth Point is the house of John Pounds the cobbler, who founded the ragged school system in 1819, and also an old inn, which is said to be the noted Blue Posts of Captain Marryat's *Peter Simple*. In the southern part of Gosport is the Haslar Hospital for sick and disabled sailors and soldiers, with accommodations for two thousand. From Gill-kicker Point beyond, a sandbank stretches about three miles out from the shore in a south-easterly direction, and is called the Spit. This gives the name to the roadstead of Spithead, west of which is the quarantine station of Motherbank. This is the great roadstead of the British navy, and in the miles of docks, sheds, forges, basins, and shops of Portsmouth harbor that weary the tourist, who thinks he ought dutifully to go through them, are fashioned many of the marine monsters that modern improvements have made necessary in naval architecture. Porchester, the earliest seaport on this noted inlet, is the *Portus Castra* of the Romans, who founded here a castle of which parts still exist, and the outer court is surrounded by the ancient

Roman walls. The keep is of Norman origin, and it affords a fine view over the intervening strait to the Isle of Wight, spreading grandly over the scene beyond.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

Crossing over the narrow strait—for there is ample opportunity by several routes—we will complete this pleasant English tour by a journey beyond the Solent and Spithead to the Isle of Wight. This island, lying from three to six miles south of the English coast, is formed like an irregular lozenge about twenty-two miles long and thirteen broad, sixty-five miles in circumference, and is rich in scientific and historical associations, and a marvel of climate and scenery. Its name of Wight is said to preserve the British word “gwyth,” the original name having been “Ynys-gwyth,” or the “Channel Island.” The Roman name was “Vectis,” Rome having conquered it in Claudius’s time. The English descended upon it in the early part of the sixth century, and captured its chief stronghold, Whitgarasbyrg, now Carisbrooke Castle. It afterwards became part of the Saxon kingdom of Wessex, and St. Wilfrid, Archbishop of York, is said to have converted its people to Christianity. Then the Danes devastated it, and after the Norman Conquest it was subdued by Fitzosborne, Earl of Hereford, whose descendants ruled it until Edward I. recovered the wardenship for the Crown. Richard II. granted

it to the Earl of Salisbury, and Henry VI. created the Earl of Warwick, Henry Beauchamp, "king of the Isle of Wight," crowning him with his own hands. The title reverted to the Crown in the time of Henry VII. The French several times invaded the island, and it was the intention of the leaders of the Spanish Armada to capture and use it as a base for operations against England, but the English fleet harassed them so badly that they had to sail past without effecting a landing. In the Civil War the Isle of Wight made a considerable figure.

Beginning at the western end of the lozenge-shaped island, beyond which are the Needles, the entrance to the Solent is found, defended by successive batteries on every headland, with Hurst Castle over on the Hampshire shore. High Down, with its fine chalk-cliffs, rises six hundred feet above the sea, being haunted by numerous sea-gulls, and under it is Scratchell's Bay, a singular recess in the rock accessible only by boat, where the action of the water on the lower strata of the chalk-cliff has formed a grand natural arch, the entrance rising two hundred feet in height. Sheltered by the bold headland is Alum Bay (so called because alum is found), with its tinted sands in vertical stripes of green, gray, buff, and red, and from Headon Hill, its eastern boundary, the coast stretches away to Yarmouth, a little town on the Solent, at the mouth of the river Yar, where are the remains of one of the defensive



blockhouses built by Henry VIII. The shores of the strait trend to the north-east, with pleasant views across on the coast of Hampshire, until the northernmost point of the Isle of Wight is reached, where its chief stream, the Medina, flows into the strait through an estuary about five hundred yards wide. Here is Cowes, divided by the river into the West Cow and the East Cow, the plural form of the name being modern. It is a popular bathing-place, but gets the most fame from being the headquarters of the Royal Yacht Club; their house is the old castle at the Medina entrance, built by Henry VIII., it is said, with portions of the masonry of Beaulieu Abbey. The harbor, at the proper season, is usually dotted with yachts, for the three hundred members of the club own a large fleet and employ about two thousand of the best British sailors in their crews. There is steam communication with the mainland, and a railway runs inland to Newport, the chief town of the island. Near East Cowes is Whippingham, which was the birthplace of Dr. Arnold, the famous head-master of Rugby School. Ascending the Medina, the beautiful park and gardens of Osborne House, the marine residence of Queen Victoria, border its eastern margin. This was the ancient manor of Austerbourne, and its owner in the Civil War buried all his money and plate in an adjoining wood, called the Money Copse, so as to preserve them. When peaceful days came

back he went to get them, but found he had concealed them so thoroughly that they could not be recovered. The queen bought the estate in 1844, and the plain mansion was extended into an elegant marine villa just back from the sea-coast. It was the queen's childhood attachment to the locality that made her settle here, for when a young princess she had passed many pleasant days in the neighboring Norris Castle, which is now a seat of the Duke of Bedford. Whippingham is the station for Osborne House, and its little church was designed by the late Prince Consort, the queen attending its services when residing at Osborne. It was here that her favorite daughter, the Princess Beatrice, was married to Prince Henry of Battenberg in 1885.

East of the Medina the coast trends to the south-east, the shores being lined by fine villas surrounded with highly-cultivated grounds; indeed, the coast of the strait seems like an extended park. Here, opposite Portsmouth, is the famous watering-place of Ryde, in a beautiful situation, and with railways running across the island to Sandown and Ventnor. The land steeply rises from the sea, with the town stretching along its slope, a panorama of villas whose trees grow down to the water's edge. It is an ancient town, having existed in the reign of Richard II., when the French burned it, but none of the present buildings are of much antiquity, it having in later years been gradually converted into

a fashionable watering-place. The pier, a half mile long, is the popular promenade, and the Spithead roadstead in front is closely connected with English naval history. It was here that the "Royal George" went down on a calm day and drowned her admiral and eight hundred men: she was careened over, the better to make some repairs, and, a squall striking her, it is said the heavy guns slid down to the lower side and tipped the vessel over, when she quickly filled and sank. Here also, in 1797, was the great mutiny in Lord Bridport's fleet, the sailors, when the signal to weigh anchor was given, declining to do it until their just demands were granted; the mutiny was suppressed and the leaders severely punished. All the neighboring shores bristle with forts and batteries protecting the entrance to Spithead. Inland are the Binstead quarries, whose stone was in demand in the Middle Ages and built parts of Winchester Cathedral, Beaulieu Abbey, and Christchurch; also here are the scanty remains of Quarr Abbey, a Cistercian monastery founded in 1132, the name being derived from the quarries, which are rich in fossils.

Eastward of Ryde the coast is low and bends more to the southward, reaching the estuary known as Brading Harbor, a broad sheet of water at full tide, but a dismal expanse of mud at low water, through which a small stream meanders. At Brading is the old Norman church which St. Wilfrid

founded, and in which the Oglanders who came over with William the Conqueror are buried. Its chief fame, however, comes from the fact that for several years at the opening of this century Rev. Legh Richmond, author of the *Annals of the Poor*, was the curate. No work ever attained a greater fame than this little book of tracts recording the religious history of Elizabeth Walbridge the "Dairyman's Daughter" and little Jane the "Young Cottager." They were originally published in the *Christian Guardian*. In the Brading churchyard is the grave of little Jane, who died in January, 1799, at the age of fifteen. At Arreton, near by, are the cottage of Elizabeth and her tomb, the epitaph recording her death May 30, 1801, at the age of thirty-one. In 1822, Rev. Mr. Richmond revisited his old parish, and a letter written to his then congregation at Turvey in Bedfordshire records that he put up the gravestones to little Jane and the Dairyman's Daughter, and that the father and mother of Jane were at the grave while her stone was putting up. Extensive remains of a Roman villa with tessellated floors have been discovered at Morton, near Brading, and to the eastward of them a hyptocaust. Rounding the Foreland, which is the easternmost point of the island, the chalk-rocks rise again, and Whitecliff Bay nestles under the protection of the lofty Culver Cliff as the coast-line bends south-west and then makes a grand semicircular sweep to the

southward around Sandown Bay. This wide expanse broadens between the two chalk-ridges that cross the Isle of Wight from its western side. The railway from Ryde runs across the chalk-downs to the growing watering-place of Sandown, standing on the lowest part of the shores of the bay. Here the coast is guarded by a grim fort, and here in the last century came the noted John Wilkes to recuperate after his contests with the House of Commons, which vainly tried to keep him out of his seat.

The chalk-ranges to the southward provide magnificent scenery, and two miles from Sandown, but on higher ground, is Shanklin, from which its celebrated chine descends to the sea. This little ravine is about four hundred and fifty yards long and at its mouth about two hundred feet deep. It has been gradually worn in the brown sandstone rock by the action of a diminutive brook that bubbles over a little cascade at the upper end. The rich colors of the crags, the luxuriant foliage of the slopes, and the rhapsodies of guide-books combine to give the Shanklin Chine a world-wide fame. It was here that a party of French under the Chevalier d'Eulx landed in 1545 to get some fresh water. The process was tedious, the stream being so small, and the chevalier and some of his party, wandering inland, were caught in an ambuscade. He and most of the others were killed, though they defended themselves bravely. South of Shanklin the chalk-cliffs are bold

and lofty, and off these pretty shores the "Eurydice" was lost in a squall, March 24, 1878, when returning from her training-cruise in the West Indies. It was at four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, and her ports being open when the squall struck her, she capsized and almost immediately foundered, only two survivors remaining out of three hundred persons on board. Climbing the cliffs south of Shanklin and crossing the summit, we reach Bonchurch on the southern coast, described by Dr. Arnold as the most beautiful thing on the sea-coast north of Genoa. Here villas are dotted and the villages are spreading into towns, for the coast of the Undercliff is becoming one of the most fashionable resorts the English have. Already complaints are made that a too general extension of settlements is interfering with the picturesque wildness of scenery and luxuriant vegetation that are the great charm of this delightful region. The Undercliff stretches along the southern coast for several miles to the westward of Bonchurch—an irregular terrace formed by the sliding forward of the chalk-downs, which dip gently towards the sea. This makes a lofty natural terrace, backed by cliffs to the northward and open to the full influence of the southern sun. It has the climate of Madeira, and is fanned by the sea-breezes that invigorate but do not chill. The mildness of the winter makes it a popular resort for invalids, and many greenhouse plants live out doors throughout

the year, the almost perpendicular rocks of the Undercliff absorbing during the day the heat that they radiate throughout the night. Yet at Bonchurch many who had sought health in this beautiful region ultimately found a grave, and of its churchyard it has been written, "It might make one in love with death to think one would be buried in so sweet a place." The ancient little Norman church of St. Boniface is still here, but a new and larger church was built not long ago. Here lies Rev. W. Adams, who wrote the allegory *Under the Shadow of the Cross*, and it is strictly true, for the cross raised as his monument casts its shadow on the slab over his grave. Admiral Hobson was born at Bonchurch, and ran away from the tailor's shop in which he was apprenticed, to come back knighted for his victory over the Spaniards at Vigo Bay. Ventnor, known as the "metropolis of the Undercliff," is beyond Bonchurch, and is also a thriving watering-place, above which rises the attractive spire of Holy Trinity Church, built by the munificence of three sisters.

From Ventnor the most beautiful part of the island coast stretches westward to Niton. The bold chalk-downs rise from their craggy bases, the guardians of the broken terrace intervening between them and the sea. Foliage and ivy cling to them; flowers cluster on the turf and banks and gleam in the crevices; and little streams come down the

ravines. Here was the smallest church of England and the most ancient on the Isle of Wight—St. Lawrence—twenty feet long, twelve wide, and six feet high to the caves. A chancel has lately been added, while below are the ivy-clad ruins of the ancient Woolverton Chapel. Near Niton, at Puckaster Cove, Charles II. landed after a terrific storm; and beyond is Roche End, the southern point of the island. The coast, a dangerous one, then trends to the north-west, and wrecks there are frequent, while inland, St. Catharine's Down, the most elevated land on the island, rises steeply, there being a magnificent view of the island from its summit, eight hundred and thirty feet high. Here in the fourteenth century was founded, on the highest part of the Isle of Wight, a chantry chapel where a priest prayed for the mariner and at night kept a beacon burning to warn him off the reefs. An octagonal tower of the chapel remains, but St. Catharine's lighthouse supersedes the pious labors of the priest; a column near by commemorates a visit of the Russian Czar to the summit of the hill in 1814. The wild scenery of this region is varied by the great landslip which in 1799 carried about one hundred acres down towards the sea, the marks of its progress being still shown in the rended rocks and wave-like undulations of the earth. About a mile to the westward is the most noted and wildest of the ravines of the island, the Blackgang Chine, (admission sixpence), now filled

with paths and summer-houses, for the thrifty hotel-keepers could not help domesticating such a prize. It is a more open ravine than that at Shanklin, and like it cut out by a tiny stream, while far away through the entrance is a distant view westward to Portland Isle and St. Aldhelm's Head. The rocks are dark green, streaked with gray and brown sandstone, looking like uncouth courses of masonry. The adjoining coast is guarded by grim crags on which many ships have been shattered. There are other chimes to the westward—all of great attractions, though of less size and celebrity. The coast is not of so much interest beyond, but the cliffs, which are the outposts of the chalk-measures, become more lofty at Freshwater Gate, where they rise five hundred feet, the chalk being separated by clearly-defined layers or ribbons of flint, the finest being those at the Main Bench, a favorite breeding-place for sea-fowl, whose prolonged point goes out to the Needles.

CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

Following up the Medina River a few miles, almost to the centre of the island, it leads to the metropolis, the little town of Newport, and here, upon an outer precipice of the chalk-downs overlooking the river-valley and the town, and elevated two hundred feet above the sea, is Carisbrooke Castle, of which the town was the "new port," hence its

name. The oldest part of the present remains of the castle comes down from Fitzosborne, but additions were afterwards made, and Queen Elizabeth, in anticipation of the descent of the Armada, had an outer line of defence constructed, pentagonal in shape and enclosing considerable space. The loyalty of the people in that time of trial was shown by their subscribing money and laboring without pay on these works. The ruins are not striking, but are finely situated on the elevated ridge. They are much decayed, but the entrance-gateway is well preserved, with its flanking round towers, portcullis, and ancient doors. Here lived Charles I. and two of his children. A small stone building within the enclosure covers the famous well of Carisbrooke, sunk in Stephen's days, two hundred and forty feet deep, of which ninety feet are filled with water. A solemn donkey in a big wooden wheel works the treadmill that winds the bucket up. Formerly, every visitor dropped a pebble into the well to hear the queer sounds it made in falling—"His head as he fell went knicketty-knock, like a pebble in Carisbrooke Well," used to be a proverb—but as this amusement threatened to fill up the well, it has been prohibited. The keep is at the north-eastern angle of the castle, polygonal in plan and of Norman architecture. Carisbrooke was held for the empress Maud against Stephen, but the failure of the old well in the keep, now filled up, caused its surrender.



The new one, which has never been known to give out, was then bored. In the reign of Charles I. the castle was invested by militia on behalf of the Parliament, and was surrendered to them by the wife of the governor, the Countess of Portland. She obtained specially advantageous conditions from the besiegers by appearing on the walls with a lighted match and threatening to fire the first cannon unless the conditions were granted. King Charles I. took refuge here in November, 1647, but soon found he was practically a prisoner. He remained ten months, twice attempting to escape. On the first occasion he tried to squeeze himself between the bars of his window, but stuck fast; on the second his plan was divulged, and on looking out the window he found a guard ready to entrap him below. He was taken to Newport and surrendered himself to the Parliamentary commissioners, but was ultimately returned to Carisbrooke. Then some army officers removed him suddenly to Hurst Castle on the mainland, and thence he was taken to Windsor and London for the trial that ended with his execution, on the block at Whitehall. Two of his children were imprisoned in Carisbrooke with him—the young Duke of Gloucester, afterwards sent to the Continent, and the princess Elizabeth, who died here in childhood from a fever. She was found dead with her hands clasped in the attitude of prayer and her face resting on an open Bible, her father's last

gift. She was buried in an unmarked grave in Newport Church, but the coffin was discovered in 1793, and when the church was rebuilt in 1856 Queen Victoria erected a handsome monument over the little princess, the sculptor representing her lying on a mattress with her cheek resting on the open Bible, the attitude in which she had been found. Newport has some ten thousand population.

FRESHWATER AND BRIXTON.

At Farringford, near Freshwater, on the western slope of the Isle of Wight, just where it begins to contract into the long point of the chalk-cliffs that terminate with the Needles, was the favorite residence of Tennyson. At Brixton, on the south-western coast is Bishop Ken's parsonage, where William Wilberforce spent the closing years of his life. The little rectory here is honorably distinguished as having given to the Church of England three of its famous prelates: Bishop Ken, one of the martyrs whom James II. imprisoned in the Tower, and whose favorite walk is still pointed out in the pretty garden; Bishop Samuel Wilberforce of Winchester, whose unfortunate death occurred in 1873 at Evershed Rough; and the late Bishop Moberly of Salisbury. The western extremity of the Isle of Wight is a peninsula, almost cut off from the main island by the little river Yar, which flows into the Solent at Yarmouth. This is known as the Freshwater Pen-

insula, and presents almost unrivalled attractions for the tourist and the geologist. The coast-walk around the peninsula from Freshwater Gate to Alum Bay extends about twelve miles. The bold and picturesque chalk-cliffs tower far above the sea, their dazzling whiteness relieved by the rich green foliage. Some of these hills rise four hundred feet, forming the chalk-downs that are the backbone of this most attractive island. Among these hills are bewitching little vales and glens, and almost every favored spot is availed of as a villa site. No part of England is more sought as a place of rural residence than this richly-gifted isle, thus set as a gem upon the southern shore of the kingdom.

THE NEEDLES.

With the terminating western cliffs of the chalk-hills of the Isle of Wight beyond High Down we will close this pleasant journey. The far-famed Needles are a row of wedge-like masses of hard chalk running out to sea in the direction of the axis of the range of hills. They do not now much resemble their name, but in earlier years there was among them a conspicuous pinnacle, a veritable needle, one hundred and twenty feet in height, that fell in 1764. At present the new lighthouse, built at the seaward end of the outermost cliff, is the nearest approach to a needle. The headland behind them is crowned by a fort several hundred feet

above the sea. There were originally five of these pyramidal rocks, but the waves are continually producing changes in their form, and now but three of them stand prominently out of the water.

And now our task is done. The visitor landing at Liverpool has been conducted through England, and has been shown many of its more prominent attractions, but not by any means all of them, for that would be an impossible task. But he has been shown enough to demonstrate the claim of the mother-country to the continued interest of the Anglo-Saxon race from everywhere beyond the sea; and to this pleasant panorama and description there cannot be given a better termination than at the lovely Isle of Wight, the perfection of English scenery and climate, whereof Drayton has written,

“Of all the southern isles, she holds the highest place,
And evermore hath been the great'st in Britain's grace;
Not one of all her nymphs her sovereign favoreth thus,
Embracèd in the arms of old Oceanus.”

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